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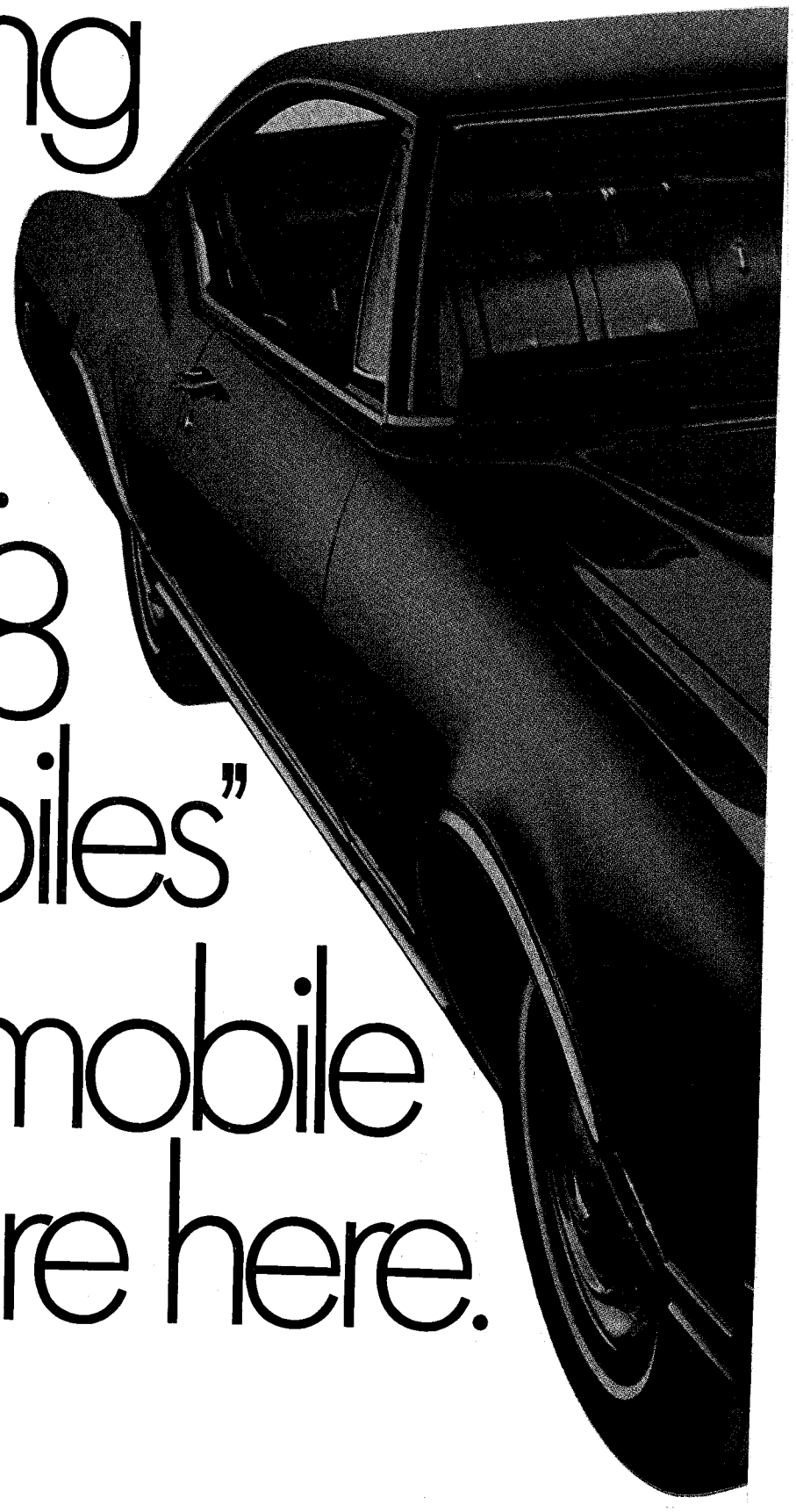

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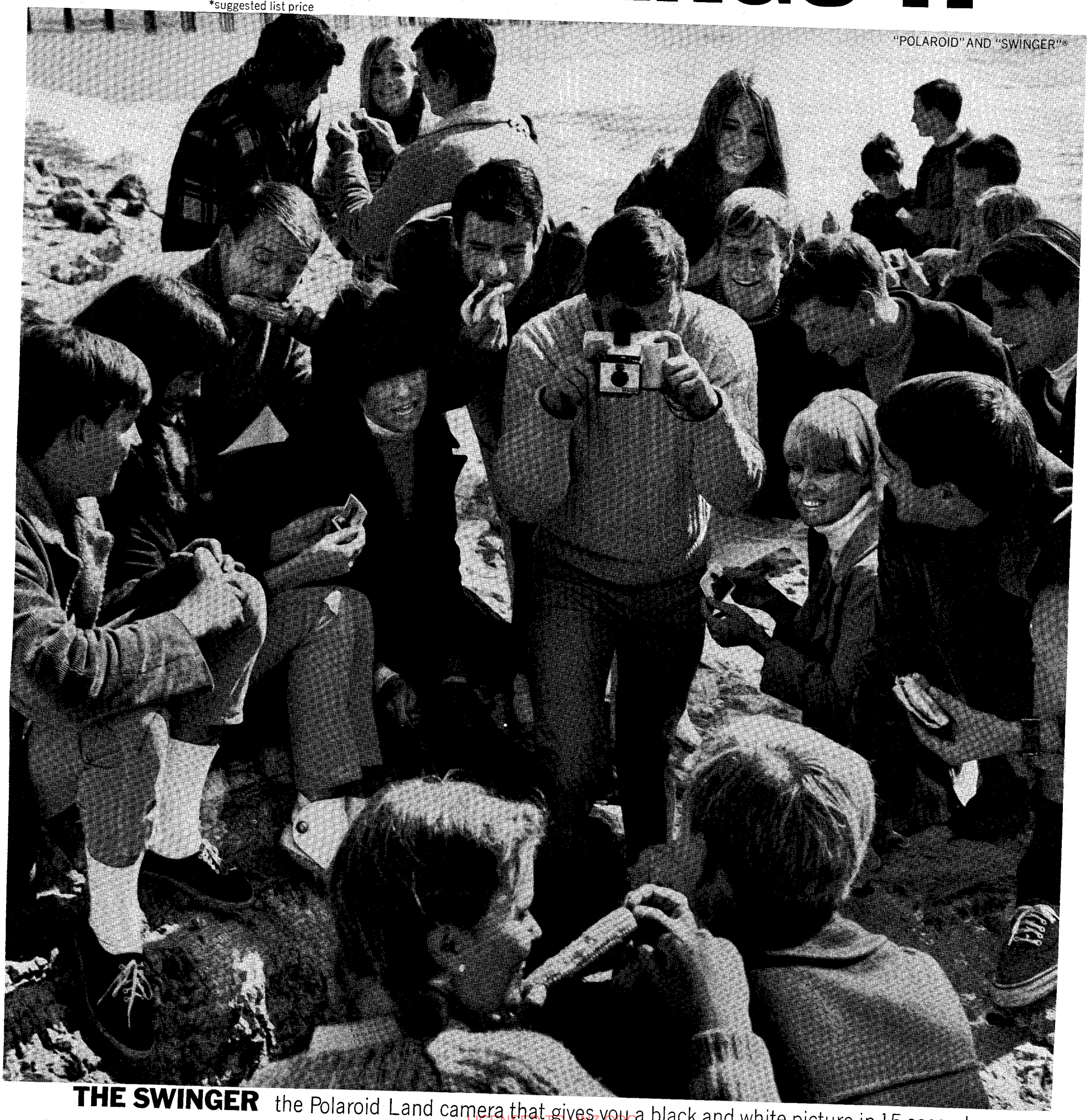

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The Saturday Evening
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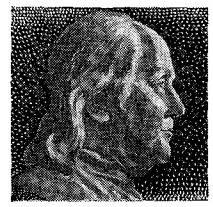

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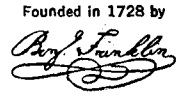

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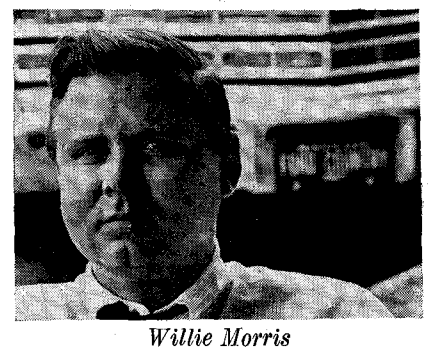
From the Editor

A mountain poet named Billy Edd Wheeler once wrote:

. . . Be kind
To one who cannot prove
He was a boy
By pointing to a tree, a house or creek
And saying from behind a rutted cheek,
"It was this world I was born into.
My father carried off this hill on his shoe
Into the house.
My mother swept it out."



Willie Morris

It is easy to lose a boyhood. Landmarks disappear—new lakes cover old valleys; highway cloverleafs take over swatches of the countryside; mountains are moved; cities are rebuilt. The brooding natural features that haunted us when we were young are not so secure as they once seemed to be. As old R.F.D. America fades away, our tracks are likely to be blotted out as if we had never come this way. It is a pity because the magic of the gone-and-forgotten days and people will be lost forever.

In this issue of the *Post* on page 38 there is a vivid and unusual remembrance of a boyhood. Willie Morris, editor of *Harper's* magazine, tells of growing up in Yazoo City, Mississippi. Morris speaks of the "subtle quality that made possible, in the heart of a young and vulnerable boy, an allegiance and a love for a small and inconsequential place." But there is the mythic river, the Yazoo, that is fed by the Tallahatchie (made famous by the *Ode to Billie Joe*), and the town that seems consequential because it is illuminated by that green-gold, late-afternoon light that is an inevitable part of a southern boyhood.

Willie Morris was fortunate enough to find the scene of his boyhood intact, and he found that the threads leading back to it, the strands of his identity, had not been cut by time or distance or change. I asked Morris what he feels about Yazoo City now. "The older I get, the more involved I am," he said. You have to feel that beyond all regionalism this story has a particular resonance for all of us who have left a place that we love.

Bill Emerson

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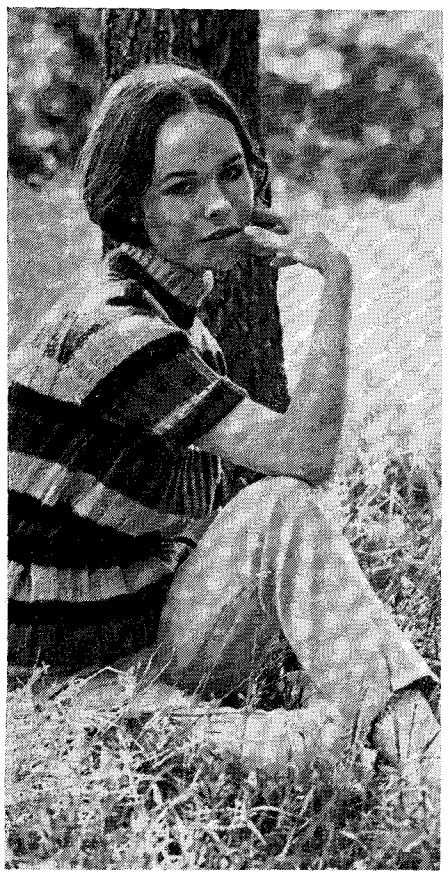
HOW OLD DO YOU HAVE TO BE TO BE YOURSELF?



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Letters

Japan's surrender

Sirs:

It pleased me enormously to read William Craig's brilliant summation of THE FALL OF JAPAN [August 26] (and to see my name, as an American interpreter, spelled correctly). Those thrilling days some 22 years ago are, of course, part of history, but to have them brought to life by so gifted and able a writer makes them more permanent. I, as one of the modest participants, am grateful to the author and to you.

FAUBION BOWERS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

William Craig's article gave in detail the agony suffered by the Japanese patriots before the surrender, a brief but violent moment of internal strife.

When I was S.M.O. of the U.S.S. *Gage*, we took the first Marines into Nagasaki after the bomb fell. We saw some of the frightful destruction. In Kure the devastation was just as bad, but all from conventional bombs. When we went ashore the people were polite and friendly, and we never knew about the frenzy that occurred in Tokyo. We went around unarmed, and the only emotion that seemed to be directed at us was curiosity. When I read Mr. Craig's article, it made me shudder.

DR. JAMES L. FISHER
Youngstown, Ohio

At home with R.F.K.

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed every moment with Robert Kennedy and his family [AT HOME WITH THE HEIR APPARENT, August 26]. Thanks to Robert S. Bird for a well-written article and to Philippe Halsman for the beautiful pictures.

MRS. VINCENT BONOFIGLIO
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Whatever gave you the unique idea of a story on Bobby K.? Good Old Scoop, you sure know how to pull those exclusives out of the hat! Look out—there he goes again! Throwing passes, sprinting, darting across the lawn, leaping, twirling, wheeee!

Considering how much the Kennedy dynasty has been shoved down the throats of the American public, this most recent story might well finish off R.F.K.

ROBERT V. ENLOW
Summit, N.J.

Dear Editor:

I can imagine you will get the usual letters protesting the featuring of the Kennedys. Anticipating this, I—who am neither Democrat nor Catholic—would like to register a vigorous "hip, hip, hurrah!" for such a family.

MRS. F. J. COLLINS
Redlands, Calif.

Editor:

Your article AT HOME WITH THE HEIR APPARENT would be better entitled AT HOME WITH THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE—very presumptive.

EDGAR STOESZ
Akron, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

One does get the impression that even if the Kennedys run out of names for future children, there will never be another Lyndon.

MRS. K. E. FISHER
Hummelstown, Pa.

Bouquets for Barsotti

Dear Sir:

I was really excited when I saw that cartoonist Charley Barsotti was finally mentioned in your magazine, in William Emerson's FROM THE EDITOR column [August 26]. I have always thoroughly enjoyed his fine cartoons and am glad he received this recognition.

MARY ANN SULLIVAN
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I worked with Charley Barsotti in Kansas City, grinding out greeting cards, and noticed right away some irritating characteristics of his: He is disturbingly original and has a mind that never quits. To top it all off, he has the gall to be unfailingly pleasant and good-natured.

Thank you for Barsotti on a regular basis—you have done us all a service.

TOM EATON
New York, N.Y.

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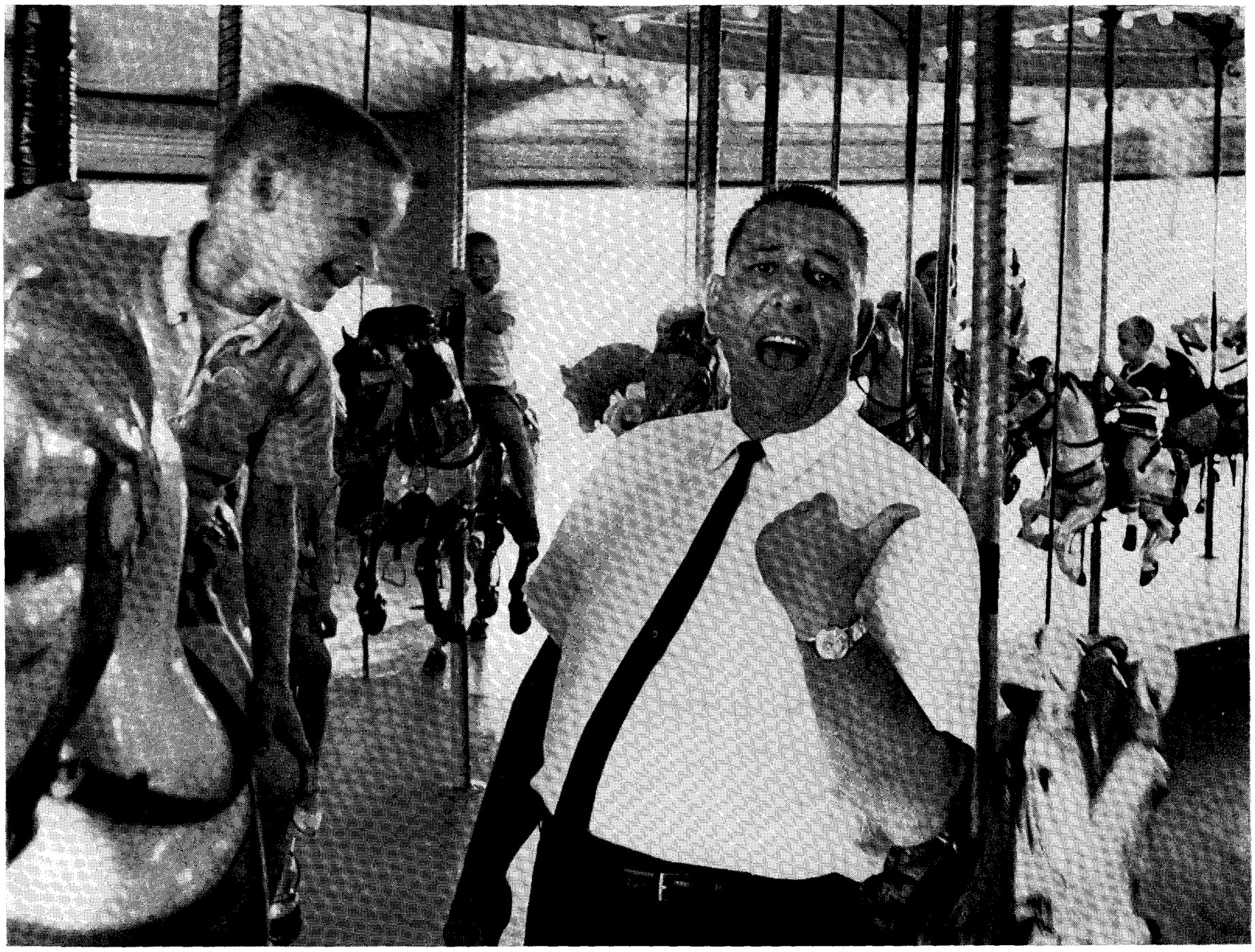

"These kiddy rides are a gold mine! I don't need life insurance!"

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Israel Yodlin talks it over with MONY man Allan Kameras

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"But Allan brought out something I hadn't realized. If anything happened to me, my wife would be left without an income until she could hire someone competent enough to run my business.

"I sat up and took notice. And when Allan came up with a thorough insurance plan, I took that, too.

"Actually Allan's initial plan for me was a two-part policy. First, the kind that builds cash I can use for retirement or my kids' education. The second, inexpensive term insurance to give me more protection now, yet could be converted into the cash-building kind later on.

"Recently I made that conversion. And I've bought additional insurance from Allan, too. It will give my wife extra protection now that we have more kids, and help toward my retirement.

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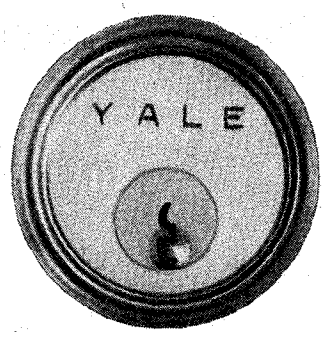

For safety's sake

Don't ask for trouble. Ask for Yale.

Letters

Return to Expo

Gentlemen:

For my very first letter to an editor I want to thank Anne Chamberlin for her delightful LETTER FROM EXPO 67 [August 26]. It was exactly as she described it. We stood in the U.S.A. queue for over an hour in the pouring rain—but we did have fun.

JANET HUCK
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sir:

It isn't necessary to visit Expo 67—just read Napoleon III's explicit description. For me, reading the article was like returning to the scene of the crime. One feature she overlooked—the very pleasant and helpful Canadian citizens.

MARILYN ESANDRIO
Wayne, N.J.

Dear Sir:

We are so sorry that Anne Chamberlin seems to travel with a little black cloud over her head. Our letter from Expo would be in direct contrast to hers. For us, Expo was fabulous.

ROSALIE HEDIN
Brookfield, Wis.

Dear Sir:

As a Canadian who's been to Expo nine times, I would like to set the record straight. There are many restaurants which serve delicious food without a two-and-a-half-hour wait, and many excellent pavilions rarely have long lines. Other aspects of the fair are extremely rewarding and worth every penny of the admission.

RUTH HUNTER
Ottawa, Ontario

Cry of the ghetto

Gentlemen:

Your editorial, THE CRY OF THE GHETTO, in the August 26 issue is one of the most sane and understanding statements on a problem which ought never to have existed.

REV. GORDON A. RIEGLER
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:

Your whole editorial page was a lot of hogwash. A first requirement of anybody really anxious to be rid of rats is to clean up his premises. Some of these rioters could have put their time and energy to better purpose and devoted themselves to their garbage-strewn alleys and their dirty dishes.

MRS. JOHN TURNBULL
Midwest City, Okla.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on your well-written and thought-provoking editorial. It is about time that Congress and the people realize that the ghetto of the American city is a problem for all Americans.

SAMUEL M. HILLARD
Johnstown, Pa.

Defining friendship

Dear Sir:

A warm handshake to Hortense Calisher on her article WE'VE LOST THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP [August 26]. It is time we recognize friendship as something other than P.T.A. smiles and church-picnic conversations. Miss Calisher did a fine job of translating an ineffable subject into words.

MARTHA C. MONTGOMERY
Spartanburg, S.C.

Dear Editor:

Some 20 years ago, on my arrival in this country, I too was overwhelmed with the warmth and exuberant friendliness of the Americans. It didn't take long for me to realize that this is nothing but a mannerism, a form directed toward friends and complete strangers alike.

I am convinced, as I watch my fellow Americans, that their taste in endless TV serials, participation games, organized trips, overcrowded cocktail parties, etc., is often only a substitute for the fulfillment of a basic need—the need for intimacy and closeness between one human being and another.

ELLA JACIN
Norwalk, Conn.

Welby Lee's search

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the account of Welby Lee's 20-year search for his father's killer ['I HUNTED 20 YEARS TO FIND MY FATHER'S KILLER', by Welby Lee, with Bard Lindeman, August 26]. If only we had more self-reliant citizens like Lee, how much freer from crime we would be.

HARRY R. ARMOUR
Chatham, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Welby Lee's little story makes interestin' fiction—his payin' his debt of honor and all, and forcin' nasty ol' Grover to pay his debt of crime. Still, there's somethin' in that I don't take kindly to, mostly the part about his doin' it over again.

EDMUND R. APFFELL, JR.
Monterey, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Welby Lee may still call his 20-year search a "debt of honor," but he seemed to me more like a pitifully vengeful individual to devote almost a quarter-century to such a cause.

MRS. DAVID L. WERMER
Battle Creek, Mich.

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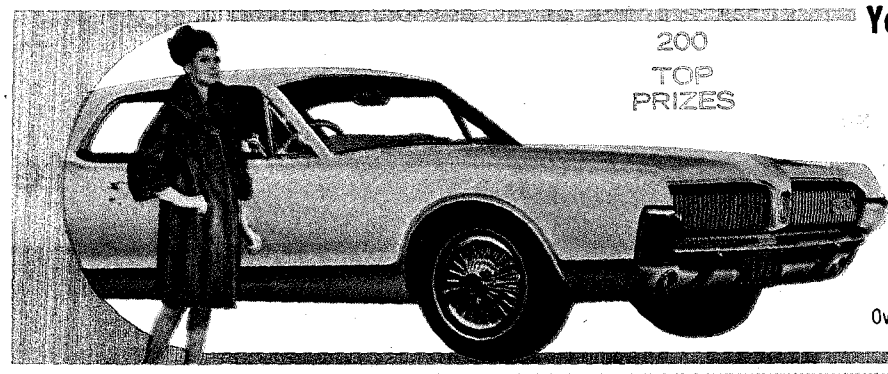

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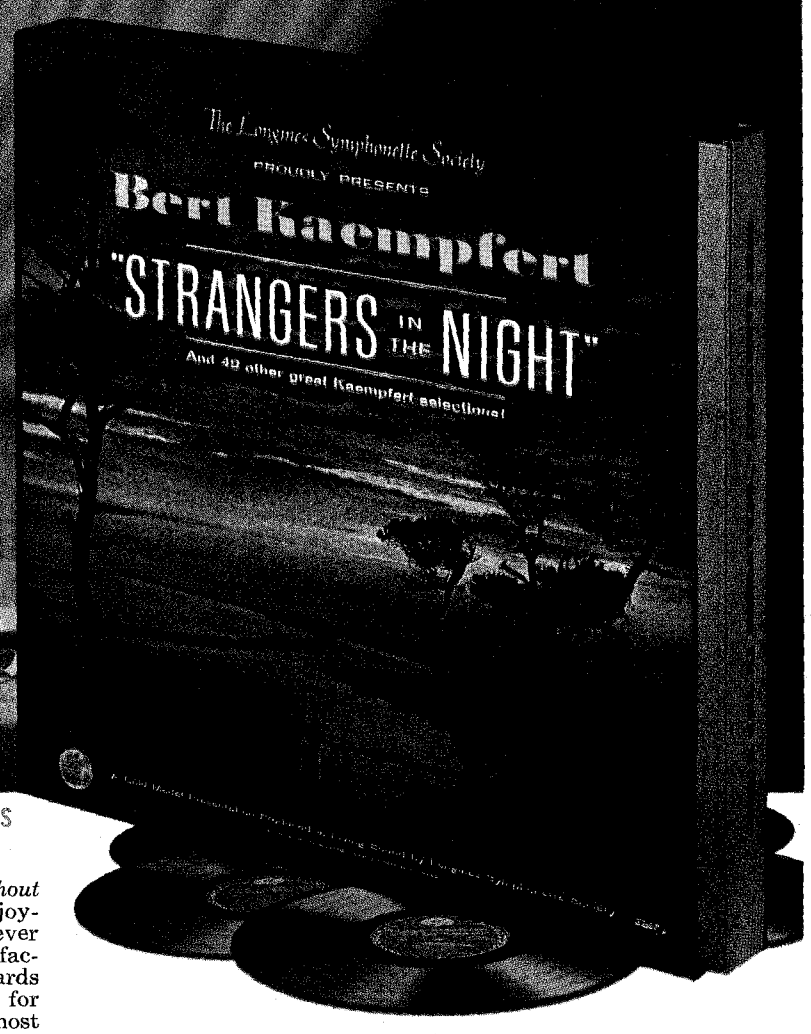

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Besame Mucho	Hold Me	La Cumparsita
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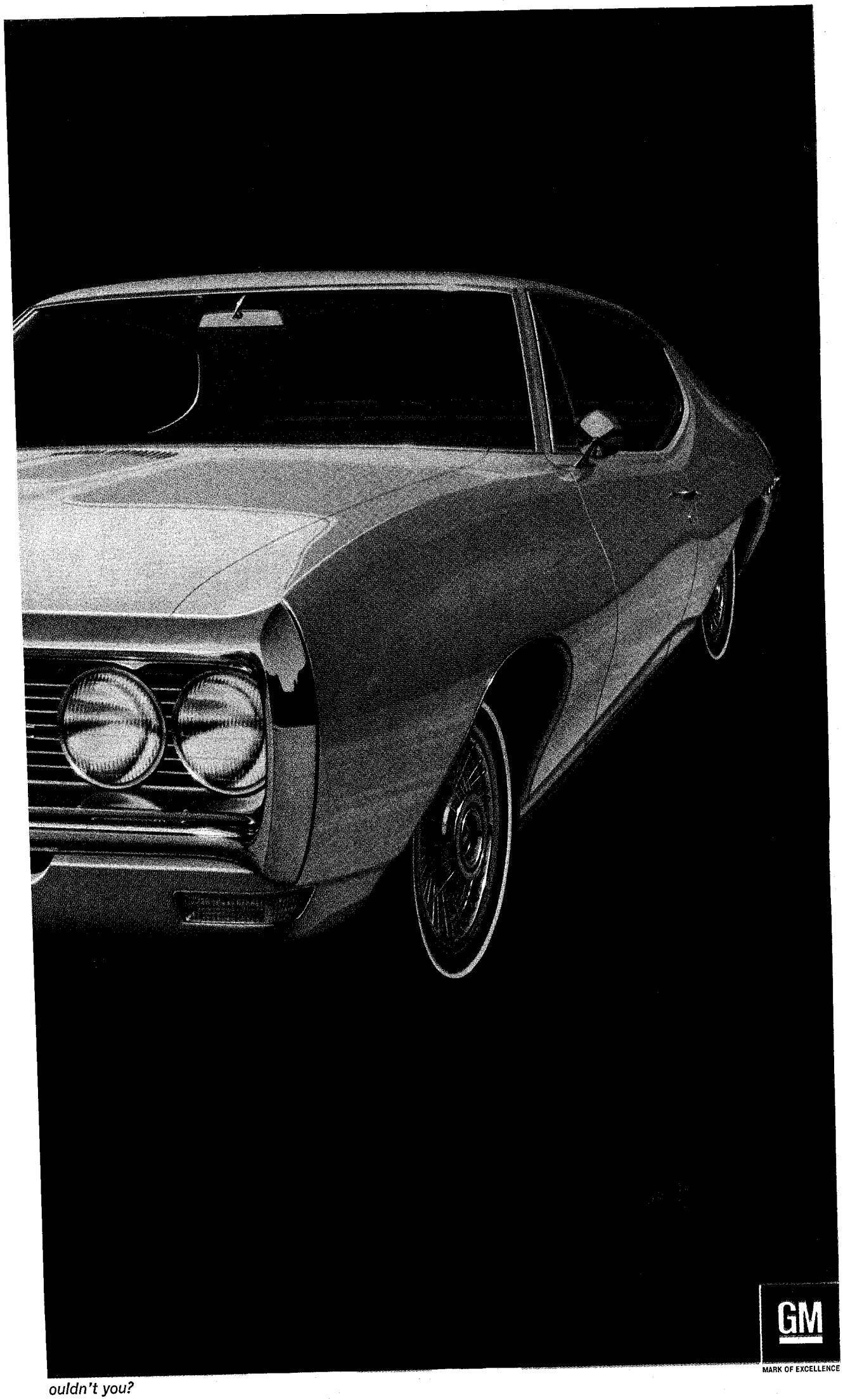

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Speaking Out

CONGRESS NEEDS REFORM

By Charles L. Weltner

The Congress likes to refer to itself as "the greatest deliberative body in the world." For the most part, the claim goes unrefuted. People outside of the Congress comprehend little, and care less, about its internal functioning. Those within enjoy the same complacence as members of other powerful institutions. Hence the claim becomes a part of the American folklore.

As a freshman congressman, who was to serve there four years, the writer came to Washington in full embrace of that concept. I soon learned that there is much about the Congress that does not accord with its self-image. These aberrations go far deeper than the occasional miscreant, or the passing arrogance of a few. Indeed, I remain impressed by the high degree of dedication and the prodigious output of energy exerted by the great majority of congressmen.

The fault of the Congress lies not in individuals but in the inexorable clankings and grindings and whirrings of a giant machine, patterned and regulated by precedents of long-dead days and long-dead men.

The congressman, in the popular view, is often a combination of corpulence, garrulity and affable roguery. Or, to those more favorably disposed, he is a student of times and trends, who spends busy days debating the great issues on the floor and long nights drafting bills for the governance of the Republic. Neither of these views is accurate. Congressmen are not so fat, so talkative, so venal, so studious, so combative, or so innovative. The standard of personal probity in the Congress, is, I am certain, much higher than in statehouses and city halls, and at least equal to that of society in general. Then, too, the demands of constituents, the exigencies of politics back home, the harassing burdens of patronage, and even the requirement of a few hours' sleep, reduce to a bare minimum the minutes available for legislative initiative. But of greater significance, the institution itself allows for precious little ingenuity.

The concept of democracy is founded on the precept that a free people, through free elections, assign power to such agents as they deem best able to serve them. And representative government proceeds, almost everywhere except in the Congress, on the theory that authority should be exercised by the "best man for the job." But this aspect of the democratic process comes to a halt before the lintels and columns of the Capitol. There, through a strict seniority system in both houses, it is not the best man who rules, but the man who has been around longest. The seniority system operates as the laws of the Medes and the Persians which changeth not, heedless of the competence of its beneficiaries. The premium which the Congress sets for its well-nigh all-powerful committee leadership is not ability but good politics back home, and good livers and arteries in Washington.

Logically, it would appear difficult to argue against the rather obvious alternative of letting the members of each committee choose their own chairman, or, as some have suggested, choose a chairman among the three most senior members.

But outcry over the seniority system is nothing new, and almost everybody is for reform—except those who have the effective power of reform. So the system clanks along, depressing eager spirits, diverting bright minds and discouraging apt members.

"No matter," the apologist says. "Laws are passed on the floor, not in committee. And on the floor a man of talent and ability can rise according to his gifts, not his age." In measure this is true. Younger men have given new direction to legislation—but seldom. The most critical measure in the history of the Republic must first come from committee, else it usually dies aborning. And even then it is not free from the meshes of the seniority system.

A bill, passing committee, goes to the Committee on Rules. That committee must decide whether to let the House decide to decide the measure. Without a "rule" (a resolution stating that it is in order for the House to take up a bill) nothing happens, except in rarest cases. With a "rule," the House is permitted to consume one hour's time, or 435 congressman-hours, voting on whether to vote. If the vote is affirmative, then the time set by the rule for debate is divided equally between the majority and minority. And who controls the time? The chairman of the committee sponsoring the bill and the senior member of the minority, who are vested with sole authority as to who will be permitted to speak, and for how long. If they desire, they may consume all the time by their own remarks. And the eager member, if he is to speak, must do so on his senior's terms. That usually means that he speaks, if at all, for two or three minutes, after time has first been allotted to committee members—on the basis of seniority, of course.

But, the apologist says, any member may offer an amendment, speak for five minutes, and have the House work its will upon his suggestion. Again, this is technically correct, except that the rules require the presiding officer of the House to recognize committee members first, and that is done on the basis of seniority. The aggressive newcomer must accordingly wait on the front row, popping up at the conclusion of each address, and sinking down again as the presiding officer recognizes his senior colleagues. (I once spent three hours on that front row. Just when the chairman seemed to be getting close to me, he would turn the gavel over to another colleague, who was unaware of my long wait. I finally obtained one and one half minutes of time—though perhaps the world is none the worse for it.) At last, however, recognition may come for a few precious minutes. And then there follows a strange reaction.

Chairmen are understandably reluctant to acknowledge that their bills are faulty, and so they almost always oppose amendments offered from the floor. They use two arguments. One is: "Our committee held lengthy hearings on this bill, and the gentleman did not see fit to come before us and give us a chance to study this very far-reaching amendment. Therefore it should be voted down. He can come back next year, and we'll be happy to hear from him." The alternate argument goes like this: "The gentleman offered that amendment to our committee, and we studied it very (*continued on page 16*)

Charles Longstreet Weltner was a Democratic Representative for Georgia in the 88th and 89th Congresses (1963–67) and resigned nomination for reelection. He now practices law in Atlanta.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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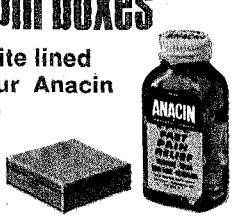

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to gain weight.

carefully and voted it down. Now, he shouldn't come to the floor, after that action by our committee, and try to amend this bill, when we have already disposed of the matter." One of the two approaches usually works.

The House, like individuals, grows weary of talk after a time, and imposes a time limit for debate and further amendments. Quite often, 10 minutes of remaining time must be divided among 20 members who wish to speak. "The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Maine for approximately one-half minute," comes the solemn pronouncement. What can the gentleman say? Nothing. I once tried to amend the District of Columbia home-rule bill with a provision to let 18-year-olds vote. By the time all committee members had spoken, and time had been limited, I would have had less than one minute to convince my colleagues of the validity of my position. Under the circumstances, the cause was hopeless, and discretion demanded that the amendment be withheld for another day (which never came).

Visitors to the Capitol are often impressed with the ringing of bells and the frantic scurrying in and out of the chamber. In many instances, the activity is meaningless. The Constitution provides that "a Majority of each (House) shall constitute a Quorum to do business." When the absence of a majority is noted by point of order, all business terminates pending a "call of the House." The clerk reads each member's name, and if he fails to answer, he reads it again. Then, tardy members may line up in the well of the House and be counted present. At the start of the procedure, the doorkeepers lock the massive doors to the chamber (a step originally designed to ascertain whether or not there was in fact a quorum at the time the point was made). However, the doors into the Speaker's Lobby remain hospitably open, and members pour in, answer, and then pour out again. All this consumes at least 30 minutes (217.5 congressman-hours) and accomplishes nothing. Before the call, perhaps 40 members were on the floor. By the time the Speaker declares, "Three hundred and eighty-six members having answered to their names, a quorum is present," the same few members are still there, and everyone else has left.

As a practical matter, the House is rarely attended by as many as the 218 members required for a quorum, and even when a record vote is in progress, quite often there are not that many on the floor at any one time. Quorum calls are usually initiated by a member who wishes to disrupt or delay the debates, or to postpone action. An example of the misuse of quorum calls took place in 1963, when one member, taking umbrage at what another was saying on a "Special Order" (a speech not connected with any pending legislative business), kept the House in session from 5:30 in the afternoon until 10:30 at night, answering innumerable quorum calls and harassing roll calls on purely procedural matters.

There are other curious practices that relate to the voting process. If two members of opposite persuasions refrain from voting and make a deal, the effect on the outcome is the same as though both had voted, and the *Record* will show one *for* and the other *against*. This is known as a "pair." A variation is the "live pair." A member casts his vote, then announces that he has a "live pair" with a colleague who, were he present, would have voted contra—whereupon the member withdraws his vote and answers "present." (One of the wittier members originated the "sleeping pair," devised to account for an absent colleague who might be sacked out in the congressional cloakroom during roll call.)

Another category is the "general pair," which comes about when one preference among absentees obviously outweighs the other. In such a case, all non-voting members are lumped together, two by two ("Mr. White with Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith with Mr. Jones")—all of which discloses absolutely nothing. Messrs. White, Brown, Smith and Jones do not vote either in person or by proxy. This is a ready refuge for those who wish to avoid taking a stand. Why not lay aside this antique, arcane device and insist that people vote—in person or by proxy?

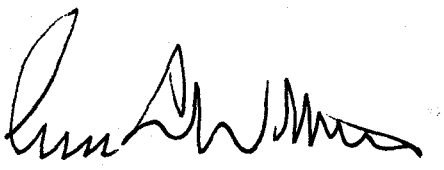
I do realize that the public "worries" about the Congress. But the terrors usually discussed are imaginary. For instance, lobbyists (or "industry representatives," as they prefer it) are not the sinister figures they are said to be. Most lobbyists are honorable and straightforward, and represent their clients much as a lawyer before a tribunal. They can often be valuable in explaining the impact of proposed legislation on a sector of the economy.

There is also a popular idea that the Congress can be turned into a rubber stamp for a President, and to make this charge can be a mere political tactic. In fact, the President simply does not have that much influence over an individual member's vote. He—L.B.J.—votes in only one congressional district, and even his own congressman from that district does not hesitate to oppose him on occasion.

There is also some fretting over the sheer number of bills pending—often over 10,000 a year. Yet, only a few hundred become law, and many of them are private relief bills. Most, of course, never see daylight, and their introduction is often mere fanfare, directed not to the Congress but the newspapers back home.

The basic problem for a congressman is that there is precious little time for study and innovation and precious little opportunity for success in his labors. In this environment, the impatient congressmen often despair of significant careers in our national legislature. The more pliable settle down within the hames and traces of the system, knowing that a safe course at home and a sage diet in Washington will someday vest in them the same illogical and inordinate powers under which they chafed as juniors. In the meantime, they can appoint rural mail carriers, make speeches to an empty chamber at day's end, and enjoy the world's finest bean soup.

These are the men who after 10 or 15 years in the Congress pronounce it "the greatest deliberative body in the world." The strangest part about their outrageous claim is that it's true.



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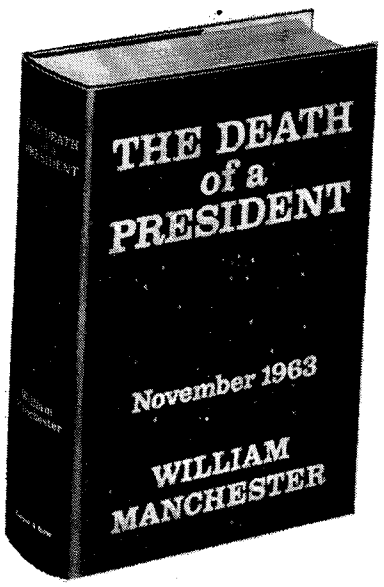

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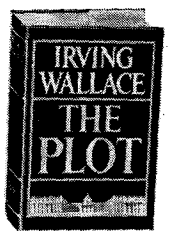

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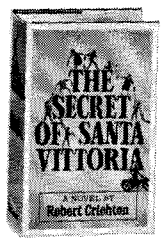

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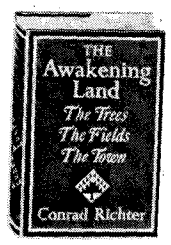

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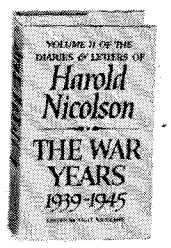

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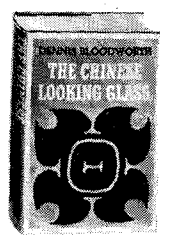

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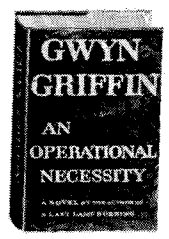

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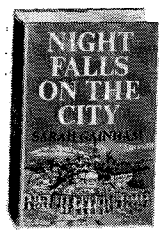

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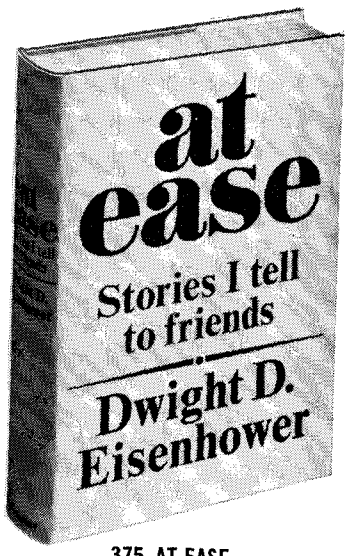

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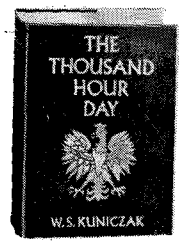

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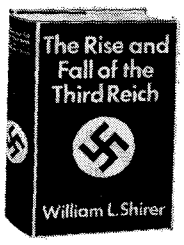

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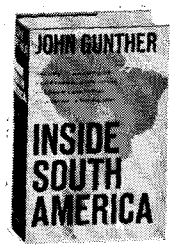

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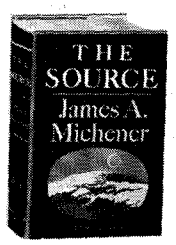

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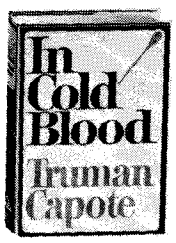

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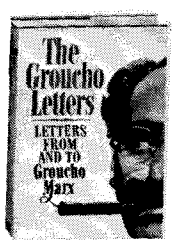

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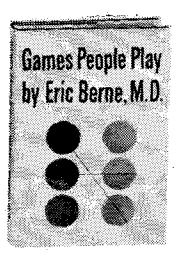

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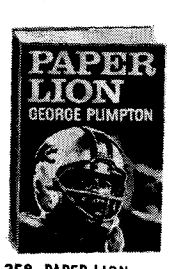

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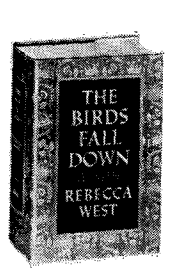

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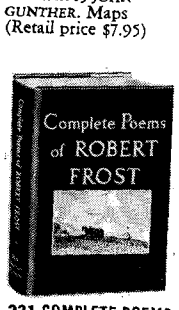

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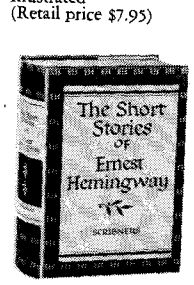

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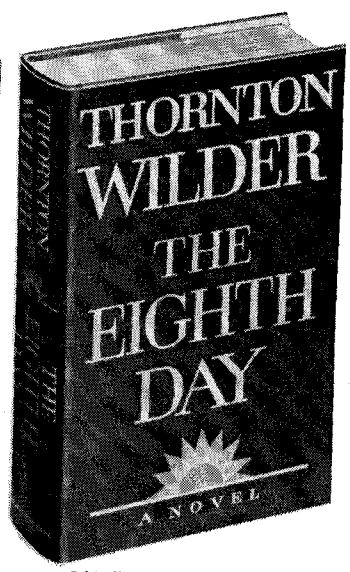

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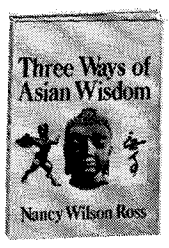

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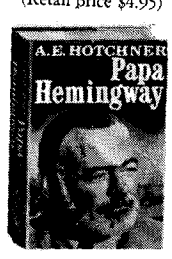

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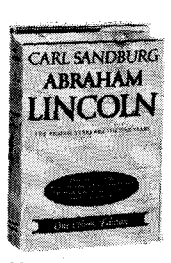

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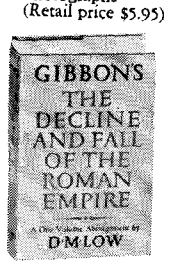

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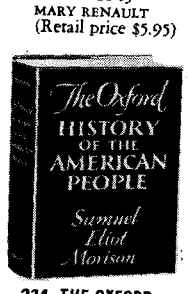

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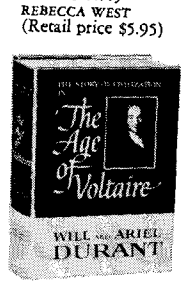

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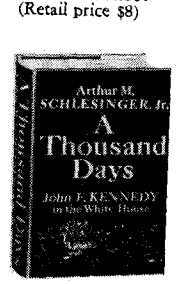

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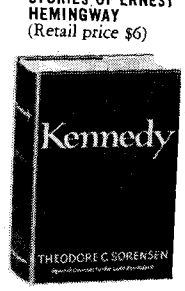

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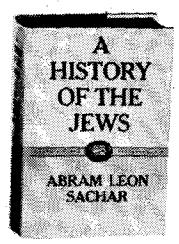

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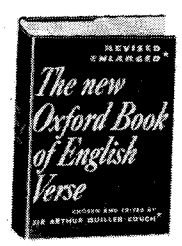

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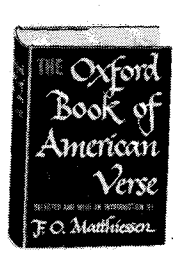

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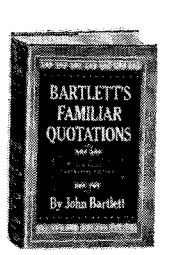

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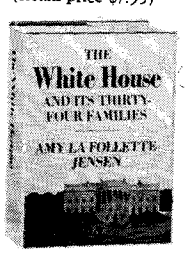

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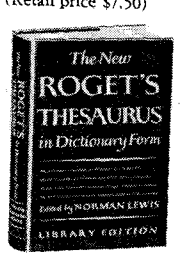

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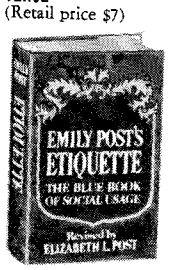

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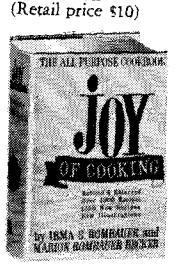

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'Never glad confident morning again'

WASHINGTON:

In recent weeks President Johnson has had what Johnson-watchers call "one of his long downs." Between bursts of characteristic energy, the President has been uncharacteristically dour and withdrawn. The President's "long down" matches the mood of Washington, for the Capital has never, at least since this reporter has known it, been less sure of itself.

There is irony—and tragedy as well—in the situation in which the President (together with all the rest of us) finds himself. As everybody knows, Lyndon Johnson's favorite quotation is from Isaiah—"Come now, and let us reason together." But in the twin crises that confront him, he can find no one to reason together with.

The new generation of Negro leaders is in no mood to reason together with the President, or any other member of the "white power structure," as the Newark "Black Power conference" made abundantly clear. Indeed, by the standards of the white majority, these people are simply not rational, and they are thus not open to reasonable discussion and accommodation.

To the orators of S.N.C.C. or C.O.R.E., looting and rioting are transmuted into noble "rebellion." Real Negro leaders like Whitney Young or Roy Wilkins are dismissed as "Uncle Toms," or "Lyndon Johnson's house niggers." To escape such labels, even a Martin Luther King frantically attempts to match irrationalities with Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown.

The President himself has compared the Negro extremists today to the white extremists of the '30's. According to this presidential theory, Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal gave the poor, the unemployed and the aged their first real break, and thus gave rise to a "revolution of rising expectations." The result was the extremism of a Father Coughlin, a Dr. Townsend, a Huey Long, which found expression in such slogans as "Every Man a King" and "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday."

Similarly, the Negroes have been given their first real break, and the result is Negro extremism, "Black Power," and even "Burn, baby, burn." No doubt there is validity in this theory. But the problem that confronts Lyndon Johnson goes deeper than the problem that confronted Franklin Roosevelt, because the lethal virus of racism is involved. The children of the followers of Coughlin or Huey Long are now absorbed into the great American middle class. The children of the "Negro revolution" have been taught to hate all whites, and are wholly and permanently alienated from the white majority. No miracle drugs have been found to cure the virus of racism, whether black or white.

The sad summer now ended provided evidence that the usual liberal prescription—jobs, housing, education—guarantees no cure. Mayor Cavanagh's administration in Detroit had done much for the Negro minority, and Mayor Lee's in New Haven had done more, but both cities erupted all the same. In short, it begins to seem that the race problem in the United States is inherently insoluble—that it is a sickness that may not be fatal but is incurable.

The President's other great problem, the war in Vietnam, also begins to seem beyond solution—at least by Lyndon Johnson. Among the tired policy-makers of the Johnson Administration, there has been a sad, slow facing-up to the near-certainty that there is no way either to win the war or to force Ho Chi Minh to negotiate before the election of 1968.

As Secretary of Defense McNamara has said, "Enemy operations in the South cannot, on the basis of any reports I have seen, be stopped by air bombardment—short, that is, of the virtual annihilation of North Vietnam and its people." If enemy operations in the South cannot be stopped by air power, they cannot be stopped at all, and the war will go on. No doubt there will be bombing pauses, peace probes, and the like. But in Washington the suspicion is hardening into conviction that Ho Chi Minh is determined to keep the war going at least until after the elections, in the hope and expectation that the United States will then settle for a thinly veiled surrender.

Until recently, the official Johnson Administration theory was that it would only be necessary to persuade the North Vietnamese that "they can't win in the South" (to quote Secretary McNamara), and they would then either withdraw or "move to negotiation." Nothing has recently been heard of this eminently logical theory. For it is clear by now that once American troops were committed in strength, Ho Chi Minh, who is no fool, never expected to win in the South. He expected to win in Washington, just as in 1954 he won not in Indochina but in Paris. For the first time, it begins to seem that Ho just might be right.

There is still a school of thought that the Communist main forces in the South can be defeated in the rather near future, and that thereafter Ho will be in a mood to "reason together" with President Johnson. But this school has dwindled so rapidly that it now consists of a minority of little more than one, the one being presidential adviser Walt Rostow.

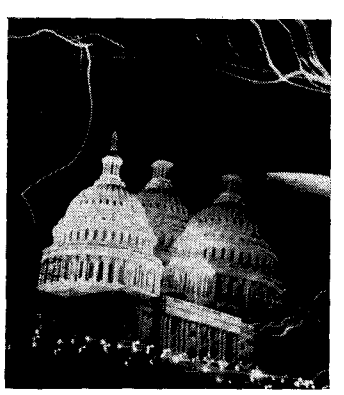
The only visible alternative is a long, inconclusive war, and as Ho remarked to the late Bernard Fall in an interview for this magazine some years ago, "Americans do not like long, inconclusive wars." On that point Ho was certainly correct. In recent weeks the desire to escape somehow, anyhow, from the Vietnamese war has steadily deepened.

Normally sensible politicians have taken to repeating, like an incantation: "We ought to go in and win, or get out." In fact, there is no way to "go in and win" short of the "virtual annihilation of North Vietnam and its people" and no way to "get out" short of capitulation and a betrayal of South Vietnam. Either course would utterly dishonor the United States. So the war in Vietnam begins to look like another insoluble problem, another incurable sickness with which we must somehow learn to live.

The idea that a problem may be insoluble is wholly alien to the American experience and tradition, which teach that anything can be done—a continent cleared, a great war won—that Americans are determined to do. This is one reason why Ho Chi Minh just might turn out to be right. For that still nameless figure, the Republican candidate for President, will be under a terrible temptation next year to promise a "solution" in Vietnam. If he is then elected, he may find that the only "solution" is capitulation, however veiled.

In any case, the race crisis at home and the long, frustrating war abroad together mark the end of the era of American innocence. Together they account for the erosion of confidence which you can smell these days in the Washington air. Indeed, the mood of Lyndon Johnson's Washington, like the mood of the President himself, recalls a line from Browning: "Never glad confident morning again."

Stewart Alsop



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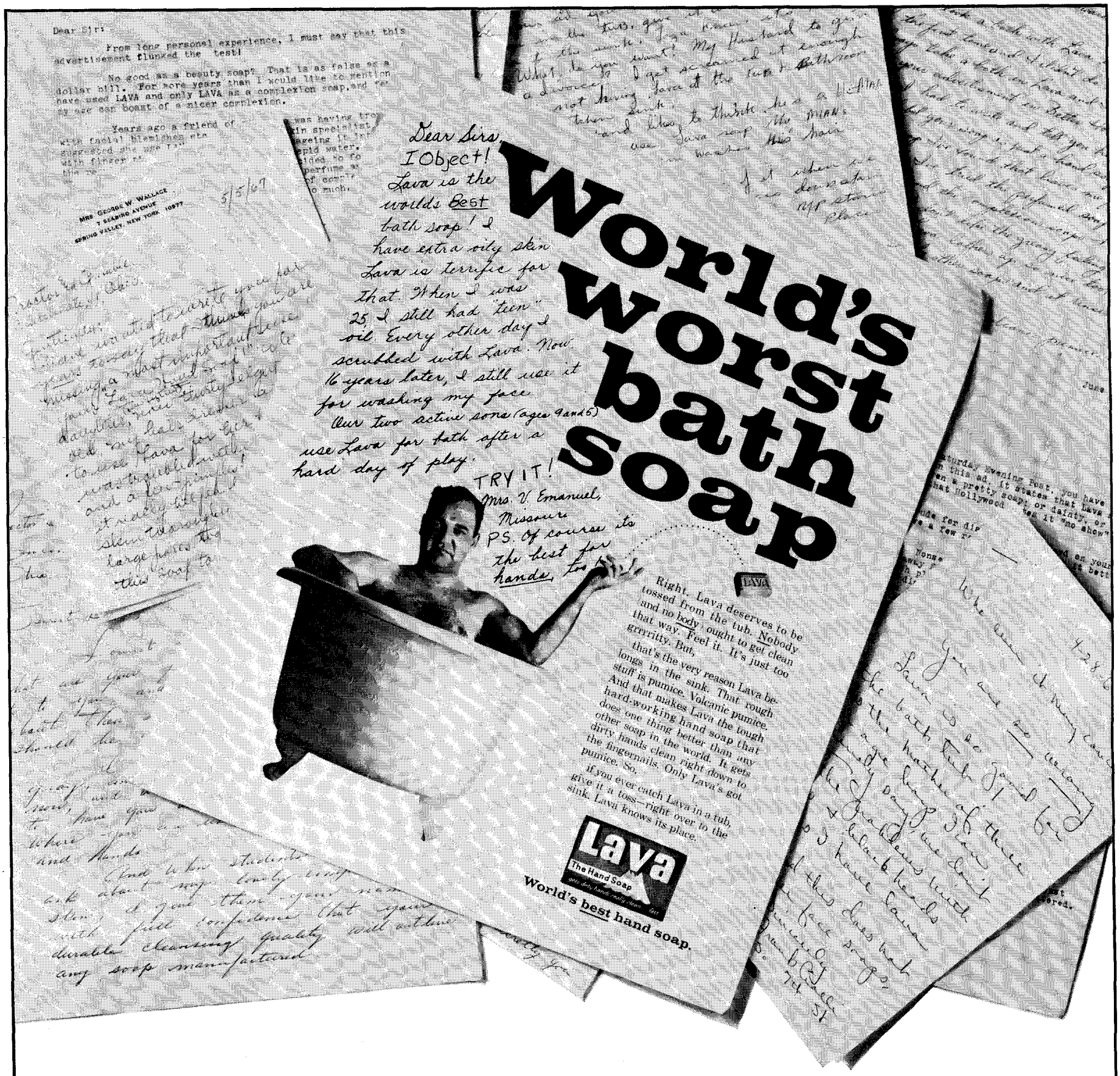
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worlds Best
bath soap! I
have extra oily skin
Lava is terrific for
That. When I was
25, I still had "teen"
oil. Every other day I
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16 years later, I still use it
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use Lava for bath after a
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World's worst bath soap
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tossed from the tub. Nobody
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grrrritty. But,
that's the very reason Lava be-
longs in the sink. That rough
stuff is pumice. Volcanic pumice.
And that makes Lava the tough,
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does one thing better than any
other soap in the world. It gets
dirty hands clean right down to
the fingernails. Only Lava's got
pumice. So,
if you ever catch Lava in a tub,
give it a toss—right over to the
sink. Lava knows its place.
Lava
The Hand Soap
World's best hand soap.

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For months we've been running ads saying Lava is the "World's Worst Bath Soap." And for months we've been getting letters saying that we're dead wrong. These Lava lovers use Lava for hands, sure—but they think it's great for baths, too.

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There's nothing like loyal customers, but we advertise Lava as a hand soap, because that's what it's made for. With hardworking grains of volcanic pumice. Pumice to scrub dirty hands clean. Clean right down to the fingernails.

That's what makes Lava the world's *best* hand soap.

Try it first for hands. We figure once you do, you might find other uses. And maybe *you'll* be writing us next. Join the club.

Lava
The Hand Soap
gets dirty hands really clean . . . fast

World's worst bath soap(?)
WORLD'S BEST HAND SOAP!

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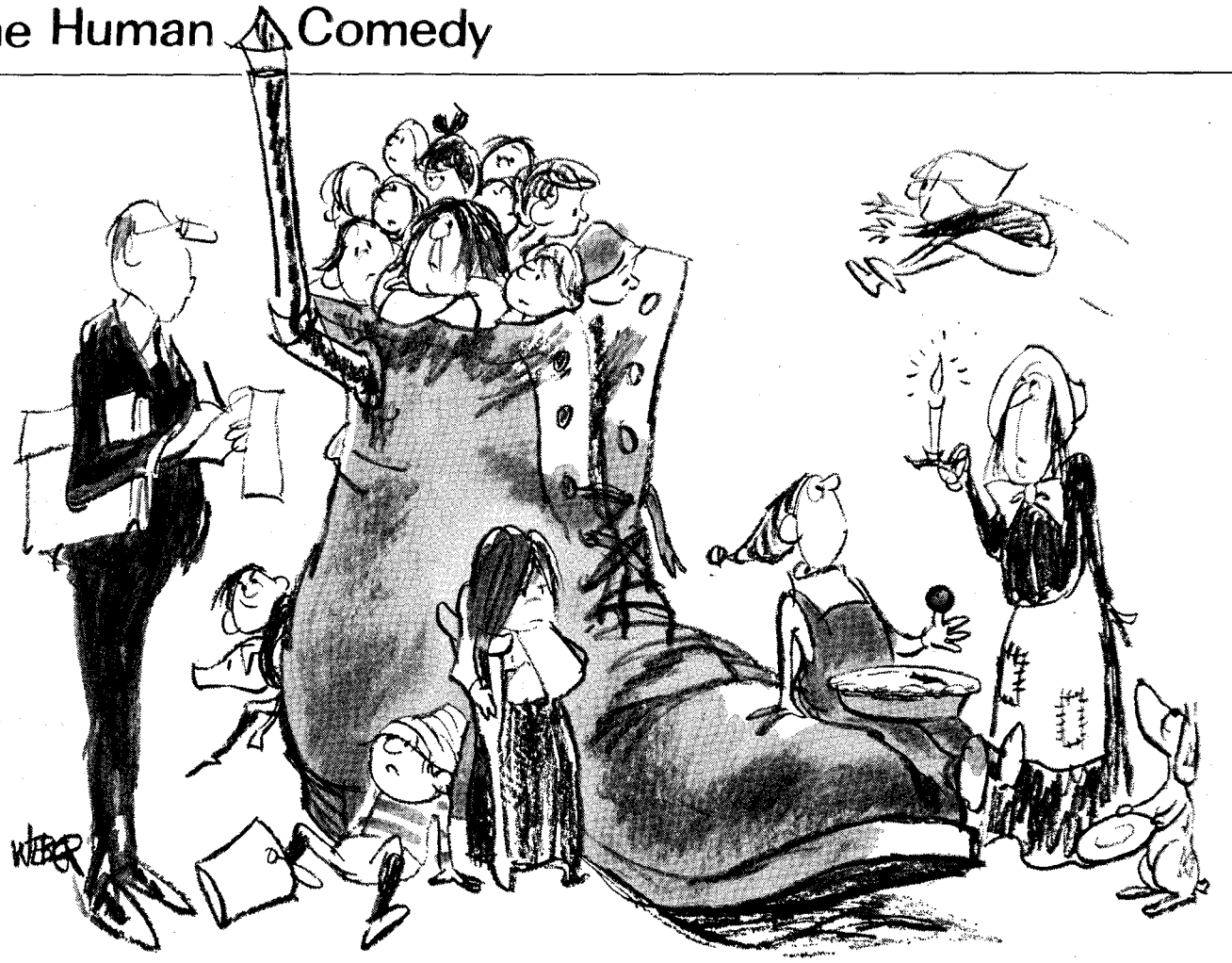
By Jack Roche



THE MOTHER GOOSE REPORT

In this inquisitive era almost everybody with a social problem has been tracked down, questioned, investigated and filed with some agency or other. Until recently, however, a group of problem people whose peculiar conduct has been familiar to all of us for several generations has been left untouched by the social investigators. This oversight has now, fortunately, been taken care of, as is evident from the following report which was dropped on my desk recently by an itinerant carrier pigeon.

TO: Director,
Department of Social Assistance,
Bureau of Investigation.
Second District Regional Office.

FROM: Investigator No. 42745
Ref. No. 28594/66-238

SUBJECT: Mother Goose Rehabilitation Project.
CODE: B472-999/790C

Preliminary investigative activity has been finalized in connection with the Mother Goose Area Social Survey. The purpose of the project was to ascertain the need for supportive structuring in anti-poverty, medical, psychiatric and social assistance as recommended by the Senate Subcommittee on Anti-social Behavior. The area covered is a tightly organized community under the leadership of a Mrs. Goose, known to the residents as "Mother" Goose. Investigation revealed a deeply ingrained pattern of unusual habits, psychological maladjustment and symptoms of mental instability.

CASE NO. 433

HUBBARD, MOTHER: Age unknown. Lives alone in small house in good repair, neatly maintained. No visible evidence of financial support. Subject has difficulty keeping her dog nourished. States that cupboard is bare. Wished to receive welfare allowance in support of dependent pets, but dog is not eligible for dependent-support funds unless mentally or physically disabled. Tests indicate neither condition present. However, bareness of cupboard may eventually result in dog's physical deterioration. Mrs./Miss Hubbard was advised to continue observation of dog's physical condition and, if symptoms of substandard nutritional condition become evident, to apply for aid to the nearest Humane Society clinic.

CASE NO. 734

HORNER, JACK: Boy of indeterminate age. Parents report failure to motivate him toward normal participation in family life. Boy sits constantly in corner with pie. Occasionally sticks thumb in pie, pulls out plum and shouts, "What a good boy am I." Conduct indicates guilt psychosis. Boy's obvious compulsion to prove his "goodness" indicates extra-rigid behavioral standards set by parents. Condition could induce hyper-emotional penitential psychosis with potential suicidal tendencies. Recommend adult educational program in child supervision for parents to orient them toward relaxation of abnormal disciplinary techniques. Boy should be given dietary motivation toward foods other than pie.

CASE NO. 981

OLD WOMAN: No record of family name. Lives in shoe. Has so many children she doesn't know what to do. Numerous children present in shoe, but total uncountable due to constant movement. Subject employs simple disciplinary methods. Gives children porridge without any bread, whips them all soundly and puts them to bed. Subject was referred to Health Department clinic for family-planning information. However, subject stated she was not concerned about number of children, but wanted new living quarters. Shoe is old-style structure with high cloth upper, open at top and with several buttons missing. Premises damp from rain leaking through top and open buttonholes. Subject was offered space in new high-style shoe, but states she prefers to live in house. Recommend referral to Department of Housing for relocation and action against landlord to replace missing buttons on shoe.

CASE NO. 372

PEEP, BO: Mature girl, employed as shepherdess. Suffering severe disorientation, induced by loss of sheep. Refuses to incept search for missing flock. Says, "Leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them." Apathetic attitude indicates need for psychiatric therapy.

CASE NO. 248

TOM, TOM: Adolescent boy. Son of piper. Incipient juvenile delinquent. Recently arrested for stealing pig. Evidence of felony as noted on police blotter: "Stole a pig and away he run." Father unable to provide proper financial support, due to scarcity of employment opportunities for musicians. Was promised job with Doddletown Pipers, but no opening has yet occurred in group. Father was urged to learn to play the guitar, but states he cannot play any instrument professionally until he pays his union dues, which are now 12 years overdue. Recommend foster care for boy to divert him from juvenile delinquency to other-oriented activities.

CASE NO. 535

SIMON, SIMPLE: Under-achiever at school. Strong evidence of improper child-rearing technique on part of parents. Subject states parents deprive him of conventional pocket money. Was extremely distressed by incident on way to fair. Subject met a pieman and asked, "May I taste your wares?" Pieman replied, "Have you got a penny?" Subject forced to admit, "No, I have not any." Rebuffed by pieman. Lack of pocket money is depriving subject of opportunity to learn principles of simple commercial transactions and management of resources. Condition may motivate subject to antisocial behavior. Suggest parents be induced to provide adequate allowance in order to de-eventuate future embarrassment.

CASE NO. 003

MUFFET, MISS: Adolescent girl. No parents or surrogate on premises. Subject suffering from undernourishment and neurotic hysteria. Inadequate diet consists of curds and whey. When interviewed, subject was in state of shock. States she sat on tuffet to eat curds and whey, when along came a spider and sat down beside her and frightened subject away. Recommend removal of subject to juvenile shelter for psychiatric therapy and nutritional supervision.

CASE NO. 972

NIMBLE, JACK B. Preadolescent boy. Also known as Jack B. Quick. Parents seek help in coping with subject's compulsion to jump over candlesticks. Subject shows no interest in play activities of peer group. Remains indoors placing candlesticks in middle of parlor and jumping over them. Family on home relief but receives no allowance for replacement of candles burned up by subject. Recommend subject be placed in summer camp for motivation toward outdoor activities.

CASE NO. 723

JACK and JILL: Two adolescents prone to accident due to substandard housing. Constantly sustain severe contusions when making daily trip up hill to fetch a pail of water. Boy falls down hill. Girl comes tumbling after. Necessity to climb hill for water indicates lack of adequate residential water supply. Recommend referral to Department of Housing and scheduling of daily visits by boy to outpatient clinic for treatment of broken crown.

This concludes preliminary stage of Project Mother Goose. Request assignment to Project Wonderland for socio-psychiatric survey of erratic behavior among residents of area reported by Alice (last name unknown). □

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Points West

By John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion

On the edge of extinction

A dog sat scratching itself in the middle of Main Street the afternoon I drove into Port Chicago, past the trailer camp on the outskirts of town and the pastel bungalows with peeling paint and flaking plaster. There was a Greyhound depot on Main Street and a barbershop that had gone out of business and Dee's Bargain Shop, where the window display was a collection of unmatched plates and plastic drinking glasses and broken coffeepots and mended irons. HELLO, PAL, said the faded lettering on the marquee of the crumbling Port Chicago Theater. YES, WE ARE OPEN EVERY NIGHT. In the lobby of the theater there was a hand-lettered billboard announcing that the day's double feature was *Blood Bath* and *Queen of Blood*. It was hard to believe that Port Chicago lay on a finger of San Francisco Bay, 20 miles from the Golden Gate. It has the feeling of the dust bowl, a forgotten hamlet on an unremembered side road from an age we would like to forget. It is a town to come from, a place to get out of—which is exactly what the United States Navy is trying to persuade the 3,200 inhabitants of Port Chicago to do.

The reason for the Navy's urgency is that Port Chicago is the principal munitions supply dump for the Vietnam war. Each month, 100,000 tons of shells and rockets and bombs are disgorged from the magazine at the U.S. Naval Weapons Station in the hills above Port Chicago and shipped to the loading piers less than a mile from Main Street. Seven days a week the ships load, and when the three piers are filled to capacity, there are six ships carrying 24 million pounds of munitions sitting at the docks. The specter that haunts the Navy is that of explosion. It is no idle nightmare. On a hot July night in 1944, the S.S. *Quinault Victory* and the S.S. *E.A. Bryan* lay loading at Pier One. Suddenly, within five seconds of each other, the two ships exploded. Towns 50 miles away felt the shock waves of the blast, and windows were shattered 20 miles distant. When the flames finally subsided, the bodies of 322 stevedores and crew members were dug from what was left of Pier One. Only 3½ million pounds of explosives were involved in the 1944 explosion; today, with seven times that much on the docks at any given time, the Navy claims that an accident would make Port Chicago a coffin.

I drove the few miles from Port Chicago to the Naval Weapons Station. The setting is ironically pastoral. A windmill flopped aimlessly in the breeze. Cattle grazed, and bales of hay punctuated the sun-burnt hills that contain hundreds of thousands of tons of death. The

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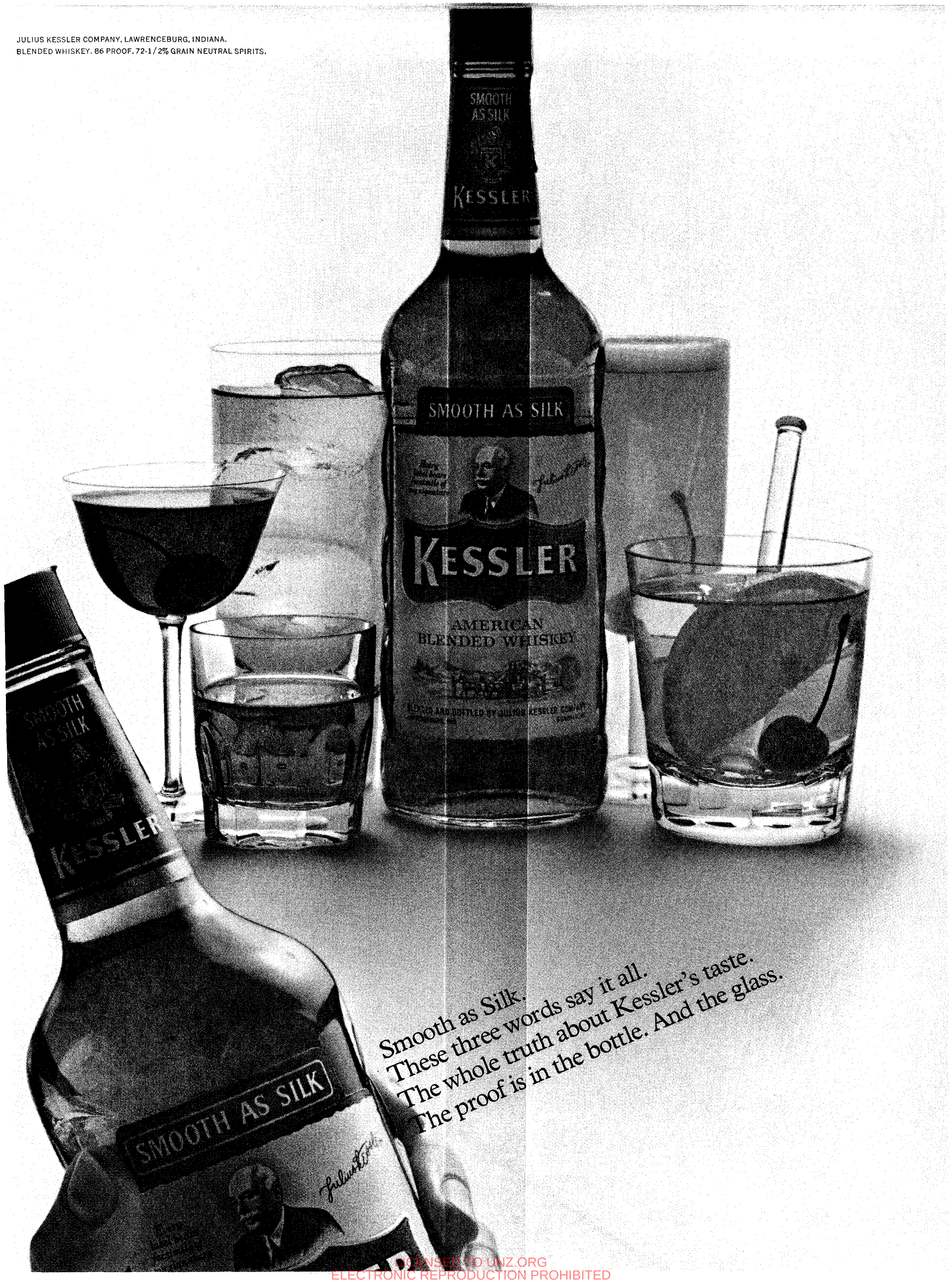

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public-affairs officer at the base told me that the Navy had petitioned Congress four times since 1964 to allow the purchase of Port Chicago. Now, with Port Chicago shipping 75 percent of the ammunition used in Vietnam, Congress was listening for the first time. The House Armed Services Committee has passed a proposal condemning the town and allocating $19.8 million for the purchase of all its property. This amounts to somewhat more than the appraised value of the town. Having seen Port Chicago, I thought it a more than generous offer. It was favored by the larger property owners, who, because of the past disaster and the present danger, can find no one except the Government willing to buy their land. The Navy has no plans for the town. It will raze the buildings and lease out the land for crops and grazing. "For nineteen million dollars," the public-affairs officer said, "we can remove thirty-two hundred people from a lethal area. It's as simple as that."

And yet it was not as simple as that, as I discovered when I visited the office of Congressman Jerome Waldie, who represents the district encompassing Port Chicago. Many of the townspeople are elderly and live on fixed incomes, and moving would be a severe economic hardship. A poll taken in the town has revealed that 76 percent of the people there do not want to leave Port Chicago. Even more troubling is the fact that the Navy has been less than honest in its dealings with Congress. The piers violate the Navy's own minimum safety regulations. They are too close together and several hundred feet too short, so that if one ship explodes, there is a distinct possibility of a chain reaction that would blow up every ship docked along the piers. Congressman Waldie has proposed that instead of buying Port Chicago, the Navy move the piers to nearby Roe Island, which would give them the two-mile safety zone they now so ardently desire. The Navy has ridiculed Waldie's plan as "unfeasible." But in 1965 the Navy came up with the exact-same proposal, a fact that it deliberately withheld from Congress during the recent Port Chicago hearings. "The fulfillment of this item," the then Navy Secretary wrote in 1965, "would relieve the Navy of unfavorable publicity and liability in the future. It will fulfill the moral obligation to the community of Port Chicago." The plan, however, was vetoed by the Pentagon on the grounds that it would cost five times as much to move the piers to Roe Island as it would to raze Port Chicago.

I went back to Port Chicago with ambivalent feelings. I suppose I had expected the names of the *Quinault Victory* and the *E.A. Bryan* to be as indelibly imprinted on the consciousness of Port Chicago as the *Enola Gay* is on the consciousness of Hiroshima. Yet I could find no one in the town who could identify the two ships. In fact, at that moment the townspeople seemed more concerned with the three peace demonstrators whom I saw sitting outside the gate to the piers, sharing a bottle of Bubble Up and carrying a weathered wooden sign that said, LET VIETNAM BE.

"That kind of help we don't need," an old man on Main Street told me. I asked if there was not a hazard in staying in Port Chicago. "It's a hazard living anyplace," he said.

I wondered what I would do. Port Chicago is a ruin that calls itself a town. The very nature of its location means that it will slowly strangle to death. I thought if I lived there I would vote to take the Government's money and run. But that is the point. I do not live there. The point came home to me as I sat in Fink's Silver Pitcher on Main Street, having a beer before I left town. It is a seedy tavern with dirty cartoons pasted on the mirror behind the bar. A stevedore who lived in one of the outlying towns was talking to an elderly Port Chicagoan. "The Navy's giving you a good deal," the stevedore said. "What do you want to live in this dump for?"

The native son looked out the window at Main Street for a long time before he gave his answer. "It's home, I guess," he said finally.

John Gregory Dunne

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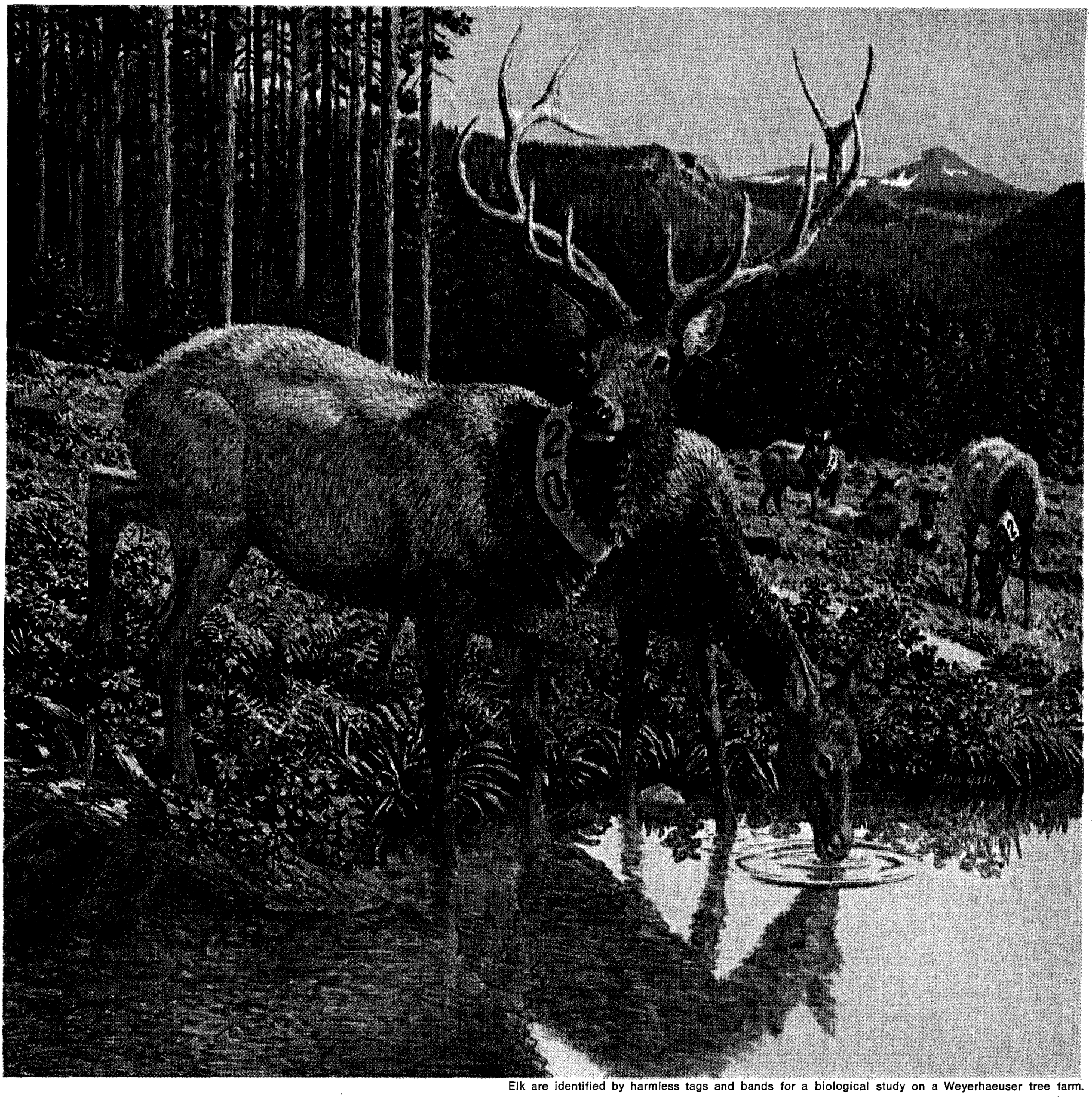

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The Saturday Evening POST

WHAT OUR CHILDREN READ

BY HILLEL BLACK

A schoolbook revolution is slashing through boredom, bias and banality to help our youngsters equip themselves for life in the space age.

© 1967 by Hillel Black. From *The American Schoolbook*, published by William Morrow and Co., New York.

Miss Mabel O'Donnell, one of the most highly paid authors in America, begins her working day in a cramped study in her six-room, ranch-style home in Aurora, Ill. There, promptly at nine in the morning, this shy, matronly woman enters a never-never world filled with talking owls, chattering squirrels and the antics of a red-haired girl named Janet and her blond, brown-eyed brother, Mark. On this day Miss O'Donnell, sitting at a mahogany desk at the keyboard of a standard-size typewriter, began composing a reading exercise titled A BAD MORNING.

```
Mark was as cross as a bear.
When a boy is that cross,
he is just as cross
as a boy can get.
If you are wise,
you will look out
for someone like that.
```

As the story tumbled onto the 5½-by-8-inch sheet of paper, Miss O'Donnell solved a number of technical writing problems that few other authors ever face. In this tale, which will be used in schools to teach six-year-olds to read, she employed words of no more than two syllables and

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introduced no more than one new word to a page. Despite the limited vocabulary, every sentence and paragraph had to flow smoothly, and her plot had to be sufficiently imaginative and universal in theme for a child in the suburbs, a youngster in the slums, and a farmer's son to want to read more.

Miss O'Donnell, a former grade-school teacher, was once told by a creative-writing instructor at the University of Chicago that she would never make any money as an author. But as the creator of the Janet and Mark books—and before that Alice and Jerry, a first-through-sixth-grade reading series—she has earned over $2,700,000 in royalties, according to Harper & Row, her publisher. Since 1936, when Alice and Jerry first appeared, over 67 million copies of her books have been sold in hard cover, more than the total United States sales of all the books written by Ian Fleming. Over the past three decades more than 300 million children have read Miss O'Donnell's books. Not only do her books continue to teach millions of children to read but they also teach such virtues as honesty, perseverance and self-denial.

"Oh, Father," says Jerry in the reader for first-graders, "I want the ball. I want the boat. I want the train."

Father firmly replies, "You may have just one toy, Jerry. Just one toy."

"One toy! One toy!" says Jerry.

Few people are aware of the important role some 265 million textbooks play in the education of the nation's 50 million elementary and high-school students. During your child's school career he will attempt to absorb at least 32,000 textbook pages. In the first grade he will complete at least four textbooks, and by the time he finishes his last year in high school, he will intensely study another 60. These books impart most of the skills and knowledge he will learn in school, covering every subject

The new science textbooks call for real and earnest experiments with accurate apparatus even in the early grades.

from beginning reading and arithmetic to high-school biology, economics, French and literature. Seventy-five percent of your child's classroom time—and 90 percent of his homework time—will be spent on textbooks.

"Textbooks," declared *School Management*, a magazine published for school administrators and school-board members, "are still the single most important teaching tool. Put all your new teaching tools together—the projectors, the films, the teaching machines—and they're just a drop in the bucket compared to that old standby, the textbook. Invariably, the textbook is the basis of every curriculum. To an overwhelming extent, it determines what will be taught and when."

The textbook and its even heftier manual also will determine *how* almost any given subject will be taught. The manual organizes the course for the teacher, describes most of the teaching techniques she will use, and provides hundreds of student homework assignments, discussion and test questions, as well as the answers. The teachers' manuals supplied by Mabel O'Donnell illustrate the extent to which the textbook and its guide can dominate classroom teaching in America. For instance, the four pre-primers in the Alice and Jerry series contain a total of 236 pages, but the teacher's guide contains 528, and it offers instructions on how to teach not only each page but each word in the pre-primers.

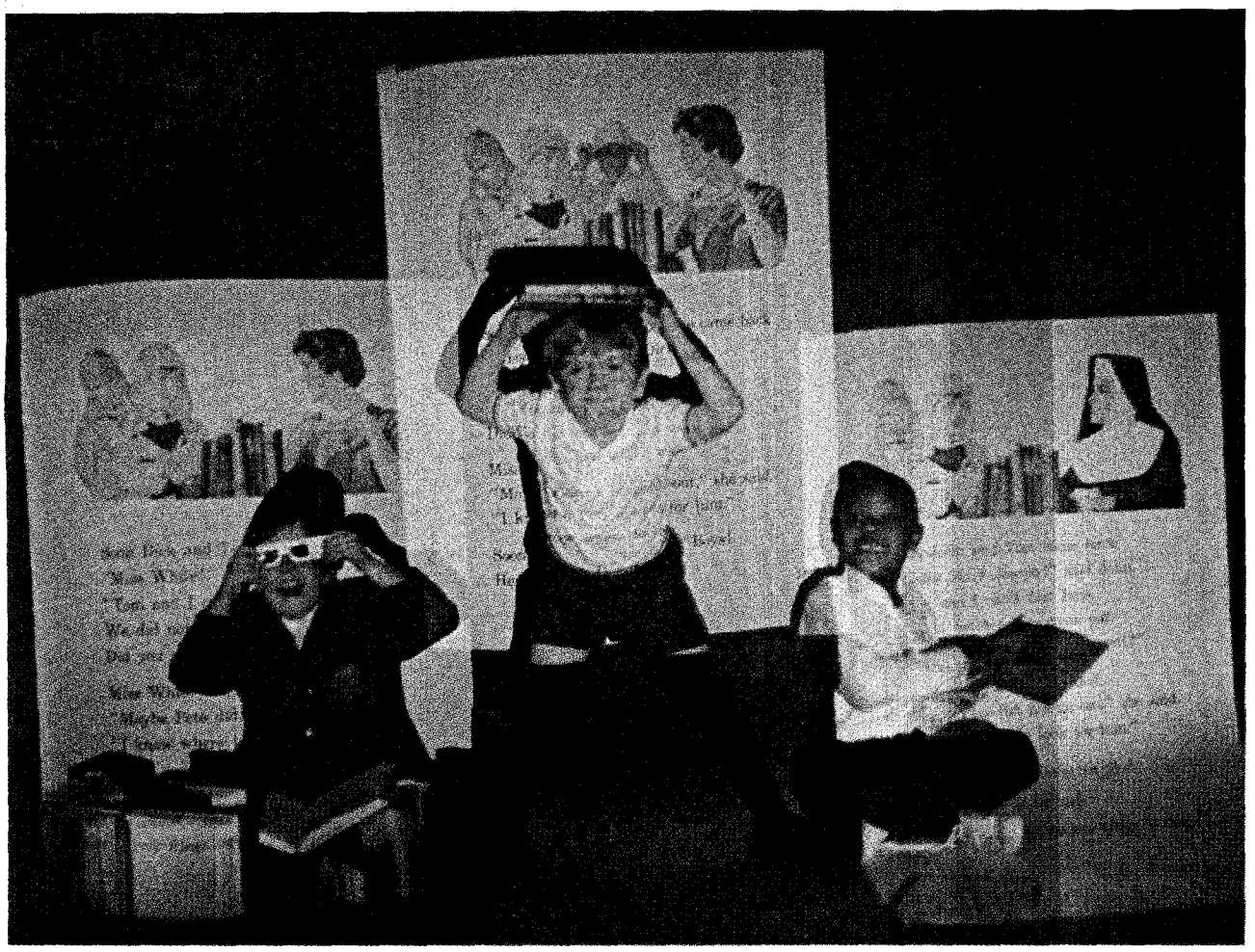
Despite the fact that publishers usually list outside readings and encourage teachers to use them, most teachers rarely wander far from the guides or texts. Dr. Ruth G. Strickland, professor of education at Indiana University, estimates that about half the nation's primary teachers stick closely to the guides. According to Dr. Bruce Joyce, the former head of elementary teacher education at the University of Chicago, about 80 percent of the nation's elementary teachers use textbooks as their main teaching tool and source of knowledge.

Dr. Joyce, now associate professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia, adds that reliance on textbooks is probably even greater in high school: "Because the high-school teacher works with as many as 150 youngsters a day, it is impossible for him to prepare tailor-made materials for each child or even each class. He has to come up with the prepared package, the textbook."

In appearance, at least, the American textbook has few peers. Profusely illustrated, laid out in the same fashion as the mass magazines, most schoolbooks are far more inviting than the textbooks used 30 years ago. By contrast there has been little change in the actual content of most history books, readers, grammars and civics books. Devoid of controversy, stylistically dull, they remain vacuous and boring. The wonder indeed is not that Johnny can read but that Johnny, after a 12-year diet of schoolbooks, wants to read at all.

At the same time, one must temper such harsh comments with the hopeful observation that the textbook industry—and as a result American education—is emerging like the Devonian lungfish from a dark and murky sea. For at long last one finds a number of revolutions taking place in the American schoolroom. New textbooks and learning tools have already affected the sciences—physics, biology, chemistry, mathematics—and foreign languages. And now that federal aid is available, even the social scientists and teachers of literature are displaying the kind of courage and individuality of thought that could cause an extraordinary improvement in education.

For the textbook publishers themselves, this has become an era of transition and turmoil. Until recently the antediluvians of education, they have had the modern age thrust upon them. As the creators or producers of the nation's teaching tools, they must deal with the awesome increase in knowledge brought about by the splitting of the atom, the space age, the computer. The nation's giant electronics firms have joined the effort. As John I. Goodlad, professor of education at the University of Californa at Los Angeles, summed it up, "Beginning with the birth of Christ, it is estimated that the first doubling of knowledge occurred in 1750, the second in 1900, the third in



Projected pages are from three versions of the same schoolbook—one all white, one integrated, one Roman Catholic.

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Photographs by David Attie

1950 and the fourth in 1960." The process continues.

Textbook publishers also face the difficult task of creating books that prepare both privileged and underprivileged children for economic survival. They must answer the demands of the civil-rights groups that call for integrated textbooks as well as integrated schools, and they must do business with those southern states that will buy only all-white editions. "On the one hand," declared Craig T. Senft, former president of Silver Burdett, a major schoolbook publisher, and now vice president of General Learning Corp., "come the scholars and intellectuals, who complain that textbooks are badly written, so bland as to be inconclusive, so pedantically conceived that they insult the capabilities of children. On the other hand come the minority groups—everyone from the D.A.R. to the Texans for America—with their own set of complaints. It's subversive to mention the United Nations, or to include Carl Sandburg in an English anthology. Or B'nai B'rith complains if a phrase appears stating, 'And then Christ was turned over to the Jewish mob.' Other groups object just as strenuously if you take it out."

Faced with so many complex problems, some old, but most of them new, the American textbook industry finds itself in greater ferment than it has ever been during its 200-year history.

Bob Hay once was a newspaperman, and before that he was science editor for an encyclopedia. He has never taken a course in education and has never taught a class of students. His annual salary is around $12,000.

Yet it was Bob Hay who guided the textbook division of Harper & Row in a gamble of more than half a million dollars. The gamble produced a tremendously successful series of science textbooks that has flourished in an already crowded field; it greatly enriched two authors and contributed heavily to the firm's prosperity.

Schoolbook reform sometimes almost eliminates schoolbooks. Kids learn math painlessly with Cuisenaire Rods.

Hay's name does not appear anywhere in the seven texts and seven teachers' guides of the Harper & Row series, *Today's Basic Science*, but he probably had as much to do with the books' success as the two authors did—they are John Gabriel Navarra, chairman of the science department at Jersey City State College, and Joseph Zafforoni, who was an associate professor of education at the University of Nebraska when the project started. Navarra and Zafforoni already have split $100,000 in royalties, and will probably share an additional million by 1977. For Hay, who is editor in charge of the series, and science director of the textbook division at Evanston, Ill., the reward is the praise of his colleagues and his employer.

The plan to bring forth a new textbook series did not originate with Hay but with Gordon Jones, then president, and Walter Brackman, at the time editor-in-chief of Row, Peterson, a midwestern textbook publisher. In 1956, a year before Sputnik and seven years before the first books in the series were published, Jones (*continued on page 72*)

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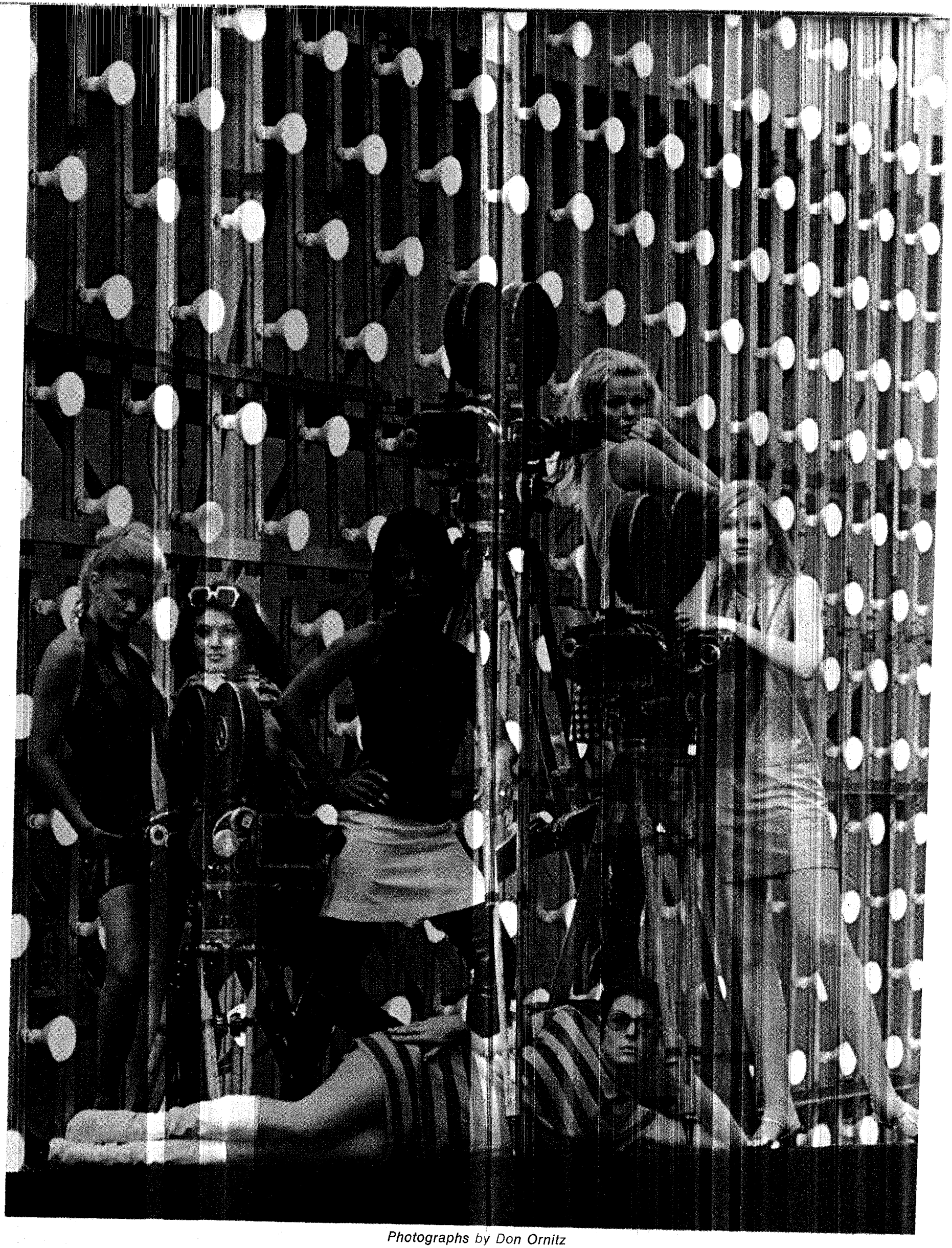

Photographs by Don Ornitz

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COMING SOON ON TV:

'EVERY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES'

Call it 'The Year of the Long Form' or 'the comeback of the B picture.' In any case, the big new programming trend is toward more and more low-budget, feature-length movies, manufactured especially for television.

By BILL DAVIDSON

Sound Stage 28 at the Universal lot in California is a cavernous studio haunted by movie history. At one end is a row of opera boxes, hung with the same curtains from which Lon Chaney Sr. performed his acrobatics 40 years ago in *The Phantom of the Opera*. At the opposite end, other echoes of the past keep resounding. On stage recently was Anne Baxter (who won an Academy Award for *The Razor's Edge* in 1946), playing a scene with Melvyn Douglas (Garbo's leading man in *Ninotchka* in 1939) for a movie tentatively called *Companions in Nightmare*. The tiny sets seemed lost in the vast sound stage. The equipment was old. Douglas's makeup mirror was a movie-industry antique, vintage 1925, with wire-enclosed naked bulbs. There was no plumbing, and when Miss Baxter had to go to the ladies' room, she had to walk 200 feet down the street.

A visitor on a guided studio tour, recognizing Douglas, asked him if he was making a television show or a feature movie. "To tell you the truth, I don't know," Douglas answered. "I guess you'd have to say I'm participating in the comeback of the B picture."

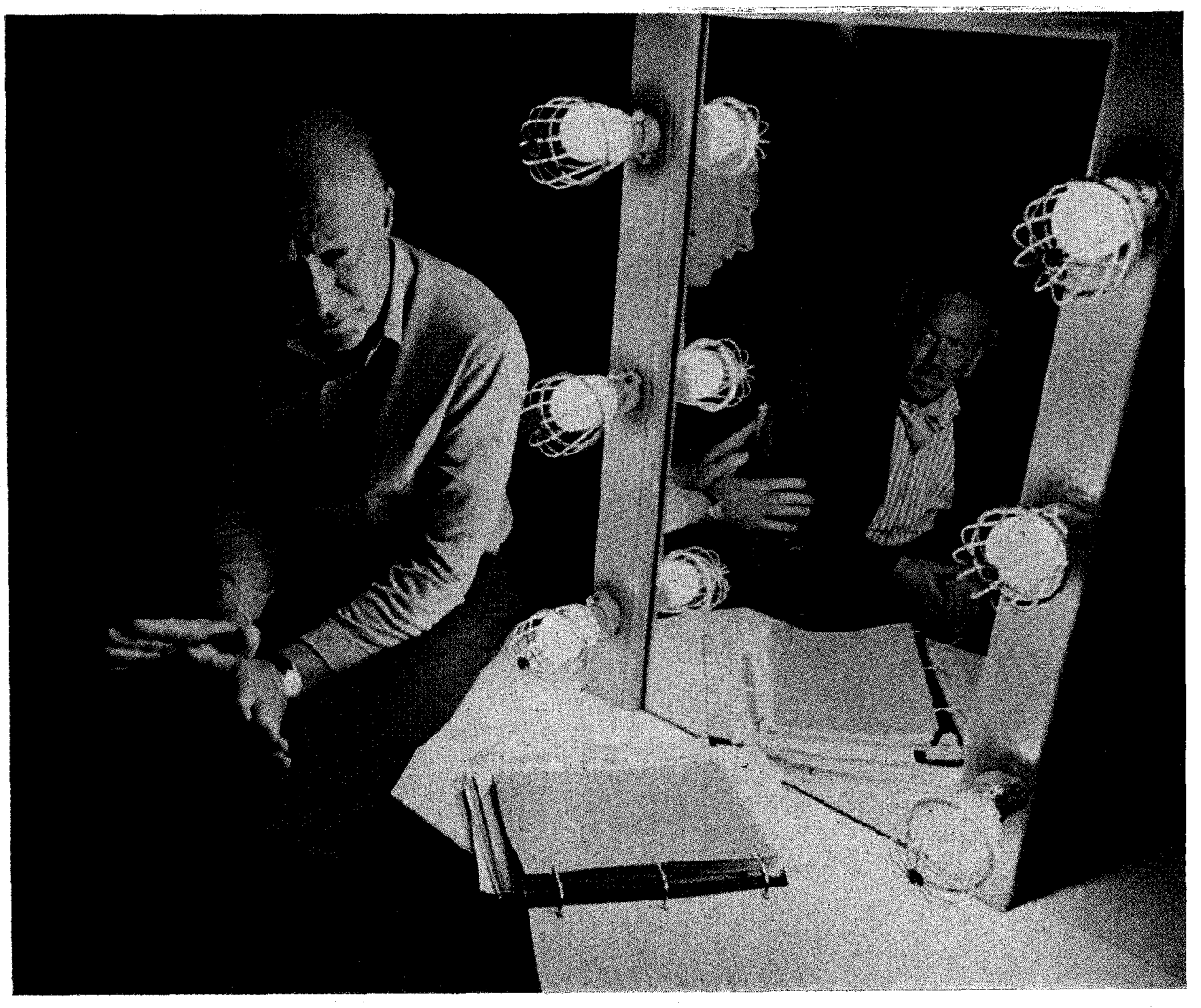
Douglas's confusion reflects the general attitude of Hollywood toward its newest phenomenon—the full-length movie made for TV. No one knows how to characterize it—except to say that it has been astoundingly successful, and that it is altering the face of television programming. *Companions in Nightmare* and the dozens of other movies-for-TV currently being ground out by the studios are throwbacks to the sturdy second-feature melodramas the major movie companies used to manufacture in the 1930's and to the experimental theater produced by *Playhouse 90* and *Studio One* in the 1950's. When *Companions in Nightmare* is shown for the first time on NBC this season, it will—if it follows the pattern set by other movies made for TV—attract an audience of more than 30 million people in a single night and slaughter all competing shows in the Nielsen ratings. "I don't think thirty million people saw me in all of the pictures I made during five of my peak years as a movie star," Douglas says. "In *two* nights—the first run and the rerun of this TV movie—we'll have a bigger audience than the total of everyone who has seen *Gone With the Wind*."

These figures have contributed greatly to a turnabout in TV programming. The 1967–68 season will be different from anything in the past 10 years; network executives are calling it "The Year of the Long Form." The Long Form includes 312 nights of network movies (at least two hours a night six nights a week in prime time) plus 150 dramatic and entertainment "specials" on all three networks (many of them running two hours or longer). Among these will be such two-hour productions as CBS's *The Andersonville Trial*, possibly starring George C. Scott; NBC's new musical version of George Bernard Shaw's play, *Androcles and the Lion*, with music by Richard Rodgers; and ABC's original Truman Capote story, *Miriam*.

The bread-and-butter, regularly scheduled series, which have dominated the networks for the past 10 years, are slowly being squeezed out. In 1960 there were 76 series on the three networks; in 1967–68, the total has dropped by one-fourth. This trend recently led Dan Blocker, who plays Hoss in one of the most successful of all series, *Bonanza*, to act in his first movie in eight years, *Something for a Lonely Man*, one of the made-for-television movies that will be seen on NBC. "When *Bonanza* goes off the air, probably next year, TV series will go off," Blocker says. "We are seeing the last breath of TV series as we have known them. The bulk of dramatic fare will be two-hour movies."

Network and movie-company brass agree, but they don't go as far as Blocker in passing the death sentence on TV series. CBS's programming vice president, Perry Lafferty, says the series will be with us for some time to come, then adds, "You can only turn this behemoth around very slowly—but it's turning." His counterpart at ABC, Philip Barry, declares, "There's no question that we're entertaining a new cycle in television. We've *had* to make this move. The ratings were still high last season, but we noticed a distressing drop in sets-in-use. That means that more people were getting so bored that they simply weren't watching at *all* any more. The only time the sets-in-use figures were *up* was when a movie was on. We decided the audience was trying to tell us something."

Jennings Lang, generally credited with being



Left: Today young actresses can break into big movies via TV films. Among those who have done so are Universal contract players Susanne Benton, Sherry Boucher, Ena Hartman, Karen Jensen, Melodie Johnson and (lying down)Susan Saint James. Right: Star Melvyn Douglas (reflected in makeup mirror) ignores drab surroundings to concentrate on coaching from director Norman Lloyd.

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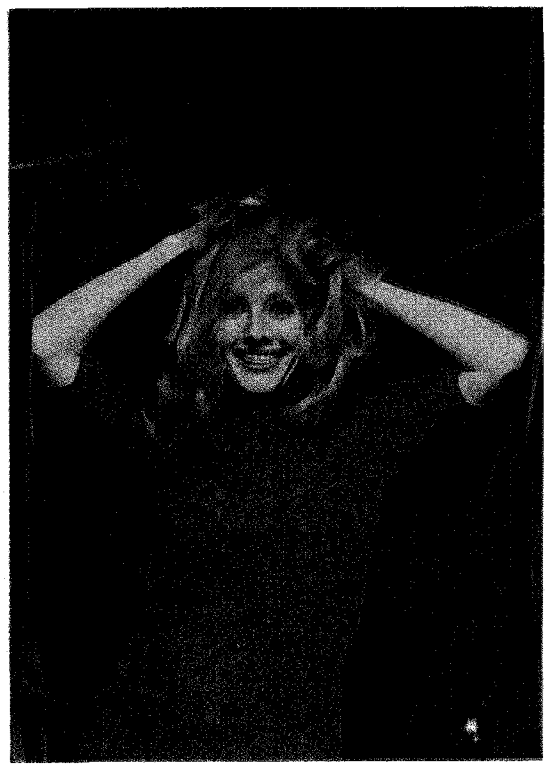

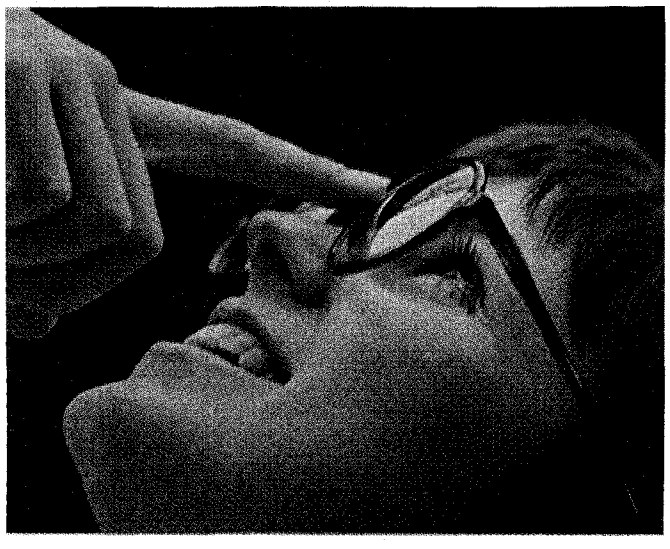

the father of The Long Form, believes the series will continue, but will be relegated to the role once played by short subjects in movie houses. "It's a question of attention span," according to Lang, who heads all TV production at Universal. "Who watches the series?" says Lang. "Mostly kids. The half-hour or hour show is just long enough to hold their attention. Movie shorts used to be made for them for the same reason. Adults, on the other hand, want a full entertainment with thoroughly developed plot and characters. It's conceivable that the series will continue—mainly for kids—in the early evening hours from seven-thirty until nine. But from nine until bedtime each of the three networks will show a long two-hour-or-more single show for adults, every night of the week."

Lang, a tall, handsome, 52-year-old ex-lawyer from New York, started to promote The Long Form more than 10 years ago, when he was in charge of TV program development at Revue, the precursor of Universal's television division. He began his experiments with anthology shows like *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour* and *The Chrysler Theater*, in the one-hour format, and he had a big hand in the first 90-minute regularly scheduled series, *The Virginian*.

It wasn't until 1966 that Lang's idea began to be taken seriously. CBS, stung by critical condemnation of its hillbilly-and-mayhem fare, decided to program original taped versions of such plays as Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie*. Both Miller and Williams insisted that their plays could not be condensed and would have to run two hours, at their full length. The network finally agreed. "The work was worthy," says CBS's Lafferty, "so we broke the form."

ABC, in 1966, had a different idea. It decided to spend millions of dollars for previously unavailable Hollywood "blockbuster" films—such as *Bridge on the River Kwai* and *The Robe*—no matter what their length.

NBC, meanwhile, was in a quandary. After years of an almost limitless supply, the network's backlog of old Hollywood films was showing signs of depletion. Remembering Lang's idea for made-for-television movies, the network asked Universal to produce 60 such features over a five-year period.

At the beginning of the last television season it became apparent that all three approaches were right. *Bridge on the River Kwai*, shown on ABC on September 25, 1966, scored an almost unbelievable 38.3 Nielsen rating (a 25 Nielsen is average for a No. 1 program in the biweekly ratings). It was one of the most popular shows of the year, with over 40 million estimated viewers. *The Robe* continued the trend with a Nielsen rating of 31.

On CBS, the taped *Death of a Salesman*, which had been expected to get no more than an 8 or 9 Nielsen, came up with a 15.5, followed by *The Glass Menagerie*, with a 17.8.

But the greatest surprise of all was the Universal-NBC "mini-movies," as CBS senior vice president Michael Dann scornfully refers to them. Three of those hastily made films, with no big stars, ended up in the Top Ten for the year.

Of the eight Universal-NBC films shown last year, all had Nielsen ratings above 20 (the Great Divide between success and failure in the TV business), and they had, on the average, an audience of 20 percent more people than the average of all other movies shown on the networks.

NBC maintains that it was these figures which led all three networks into their orgy of diversified Long Form programming. CBS has set up its own film division to make feature movies, but they will be more expensive than NBC's and will be shown in theaters first. ABC has a deal for six mini-movies made by M-G-M, and has ordered at least one from Universal. An ABC division has been set up to make movies for theaters, but the industry suspects they will be fed into the maw of network programming.

The made-for-television movie may well emerge as the dominant attraction of this season. Already a substantial part of Universal's attention is devoted to the manufacture of mini-movies. Their budgets are low (averaging about $900,000), their schedules are short (16–25 days of shooting time compared to 8 to 10 weeks for the average movie), their production is a mixture of TV and movie technique. Scrounging and timesaving are the order of the day.

A recently filmed example was one tentatively called *Prescription: Murder*, with Gene Barry, Peter Falk and Nina Foch. It was shot in only 16 days and had only three sets. Its director, Richard Irving, said, "My job is to give the *illusion* of bigness." To help accomplish this, he filled one set with extras for a lavish party scene. The extras all wore evening clothes, but the gowns were all secondhand, 1946-vintage items borrowed from the hangers of the Universal wardrobe department.

On the nearby set of *Companions in Nightmare*, Director Norman Lloyd, who trained under Alfred Hitchcock, was busy shooting innumerable scenes with Miss Baxter standing in a doorway. The scenes were unconnected and took place in different places in the script. "This is what we call 'stealing the shot,'" he explained. "It's a TV technique which we use to save money."

Later, in a projection room down the street, writer-producer Ranald MacDougall was watching some scenes from *Jigsaw*, his recently completed mini-movie about LSD. He laughed about some of the money-saving tricks he had used. "I was walking on a sound stage one day, and I saw a set with a tag on it. The tag said, 'Hold for *Run For Your Life*.' They were going to use it for a nightclub scene in the television series. I grabbed the set, dressed it up with a little corrugated iron, and I had a perfect go-go joint for my picture. I got the set back to *Run For Your Life* before they knew it was missing. Another time I went to an NBC promotion party and noticed they had built an amphitheater-type set for their presentation of next season's TV shows. I grabbed *that* set, too, before they could tear it down, and I used it for a war-games room."

If all this sounds like the old time Hollywood B-movie operation, it is. MacDougall, in fact, admits that he wrote his first Universal mini-movie. *Fame Is the Name of the Game* (which attracted 32 million viewers) "as a B picture."

But just as there was a great deal of good mixed in with the bad in the old B pictures, so it is with the new TV movies. For one thing, with so few regular films now being made in Hollywood (there were only 160 last year compared with as many as 600 in the old days), the TV films are providing a lot of jobs for writers, directors and actors. Older stars are being called back to work, and younger performers, like Anthony Franciosa, Bradford Dillman and Jill St. John, who are not big names, are working regularly, enlarging their experience. One such actor, John Saxon, says, "I do a big movie with Marlon Brando, and no one knows it. But I make a movie for TV, and the day after it runs, the grocer, the garage man and the parking-lot boy all run up to congratulate me."

A second, and even more significant byproduct of these movies is the comeback of the Hollywood

TV's "mini-movies" provide fresh new faces with valuable experience, as well as exposure. Top to bottom: Melodie Johnson, Ena Hartman and Susan Saint James.

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movie factory, which manufactures its own stars. In the old days each studio signed unknown actors to long-term contracts and then spotted them in eight or nine B pictures a year. Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck were among the dozens of stars developed this way. It took Rock Hudson 23 pictures before he graduated to leading man in A pictures.

The "contract-player list," as it was called, became a casualty of the war between television and the movie industry in the 1950's. When people stayed home to watch television instead of going regularly to movie theaters, the big film studios had to cut production drastically and drop their contract players. For the last several years the new stars have come mainly from Europe.

But the recent marriage between TV and the movie industry has revived the contract-player list. Universal has put more than 65 actors and actresses under contract again—about the same as its contract-player list in the 1940's. 20th Century-Fox and other studios are following suit.

The starting point for the new contract players inevitably is in TV movies, but they move along much faster than did the Bogarts and the Stanwycks. Chestnut-haired Katharine Ross appeared in just one Universal-NBC movie, *The Longest Hundred Miles*, and was then moved up to star in a Universal theater movie, *Games*, with Simone Signoret. She also was loaned out to Embassy Pictures to star with Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate*, and to Joseph Levine to play opposite Peter O'Toole in *The Ski Bum*.

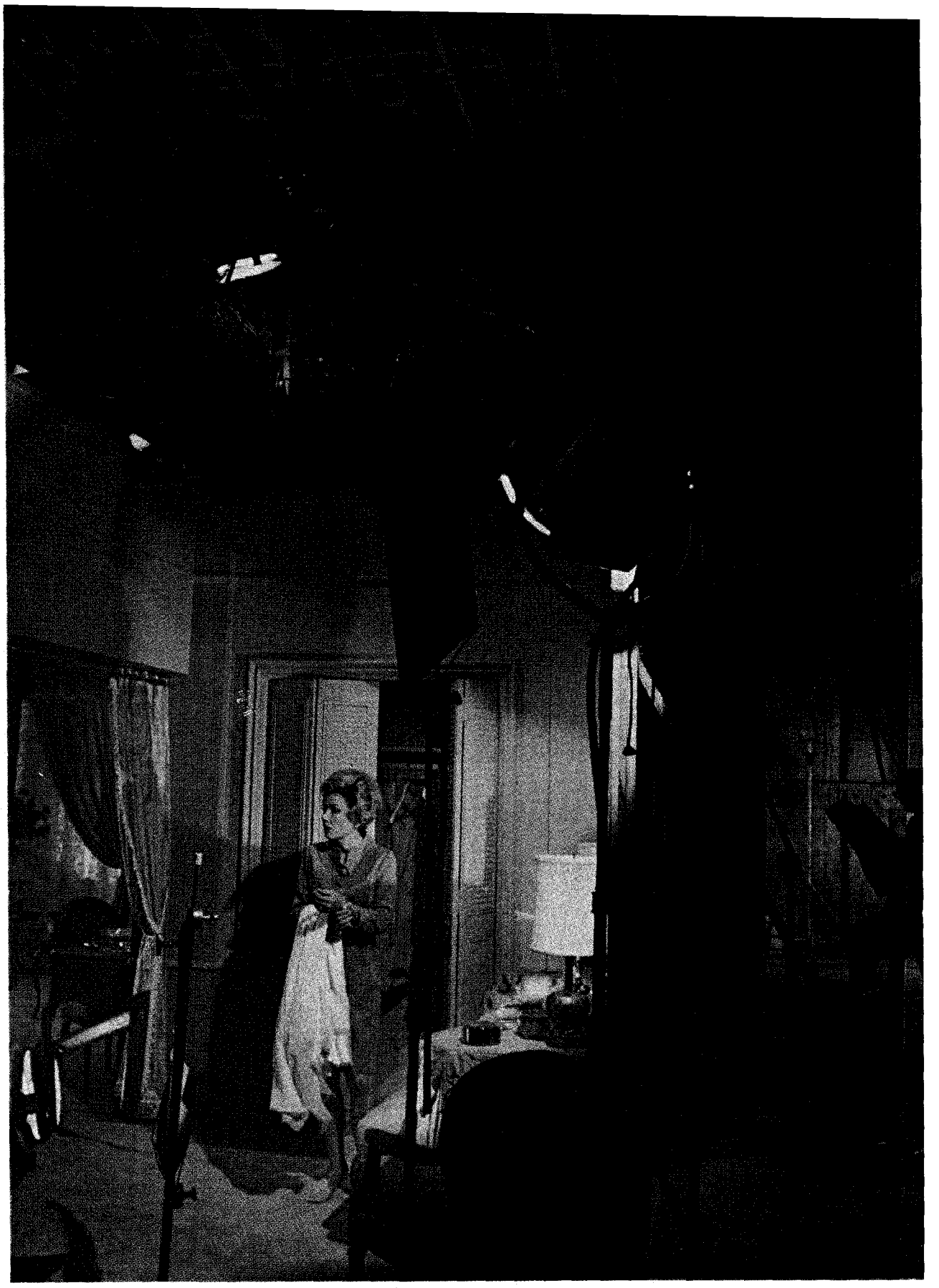
Michael Sarrazin, a lanky soulful youth, played a small role in the TV movie, *Doomsday Flight*, but so impressed 20th Century-Fox executives that they borrowed him from Universal to star with George C. Scott in the big-theater movie, *Flim Flam Man*. Ena Hartman, a beautiful Negro girl, was spotted by Universal while she was flitting around in a leopard-skin mini-skirt for a *Tarzan* TV segment. She has worked in two television movies and is about to be loaned out for a Broadway play, which will star Sidney Poitier.

One of the more successful new mini-movie personalities is Susan Saint James, a tall, leggy, 21-year-old brunette with enormous brown eyes, who refers to herself as "the last of the bustless wonders." Susan talks incessantly, dispensing such observations as, "I've never become a hippie because I've been too busy," "I can't sleep later than nine o'clock in the morning because I'm afraid I might be missing something," and "My father says every girl should have straight teeth and speak French and she can't go wrong."

A former top model, Susan decided to become an actress, and eventually auditioned at Universal, where she signed a $250-a-week contract. She was cast immediately in *Fame Is the Name of the Game*. Her part originally was a small one, but producer MacDougall listened to Susan for a while and began to add extra lines in the vein of her own chatter. By the time the filming was over, her part had developed into one of the major roles. When the film was reviewed, after its initial showing on the NBC network last November 26, the critics were enchanted with Miss Saint James's performance.

Since then Susan has made two more mini-movies and two theater-pictures at Universal, *A New Face in Hell* with George Peppard, and a comedy, *What's So Bad About Feeling Good?*

Most Hollywood experts agree that the so-called mini-movies are here to stay—for a while, at least—and that even with the competition of four-hour news specials and two-hour entertainments and dramatic specials, they will be the backbone of the new trend in TV. But there *are* many doubters. "The principle they're following is 'Let's make a cheap mink coat,' " says one studio head. A big-name writer adds, "If they're going to pay bargain-basement prices, they're going to get bargain-basement products."



Anne Baxter runs through a scene on one of the tiny sets in the vast, old sound stage where her TV movie is being filmed.

So far, the general quality of these movies has been poor. Only one of those shown last year, *The Borgia Stick*, got even moderately good reviews from the critics. "Unfortunately, too," says one producer, "a lot of TV executives still look to the past, still think of the mini-movies as a risk-proof way of making a pilot film for a television series. If the pilot doesn't sell, then they throw the reject on the network as an original movie and get their money back." (Two of the Universal mini-movies, *Dragnet* and *Ironside*, have already become NBC series programs.)

There are, however, some glimmers of quality in the movies scheduled for this season. For example, Ranald MacDougall's *Jigsaw* attempts to reproduce the psychedelic effects of taking LSD. And the first movie on NBC's *World Premiere* this season will be an unconventional TV Western from Universal, *Stranger on the Run*, with Henry Fonda and Michael Parks, which promises to be a solid story of character and human conflict.

Melvyn Douglas recently spoke of this picture on the old sound stage where his own mini-movie was being shot. Adjusting an ancient scarf he had procured from the wardrobe man, he said, "If a European director like Truffaut or Polanski made that Fonda picture, it would be a smash hit in the art-movie houses. These TV movies can turn out to be a boon to the industry. Right now they're at a crossroad. Even with their small budgets they can experiment the way Europeans do and the way TV used to do. In that direction lie imagination and quality. In the other direction, the easier one, lies profitable junk." □

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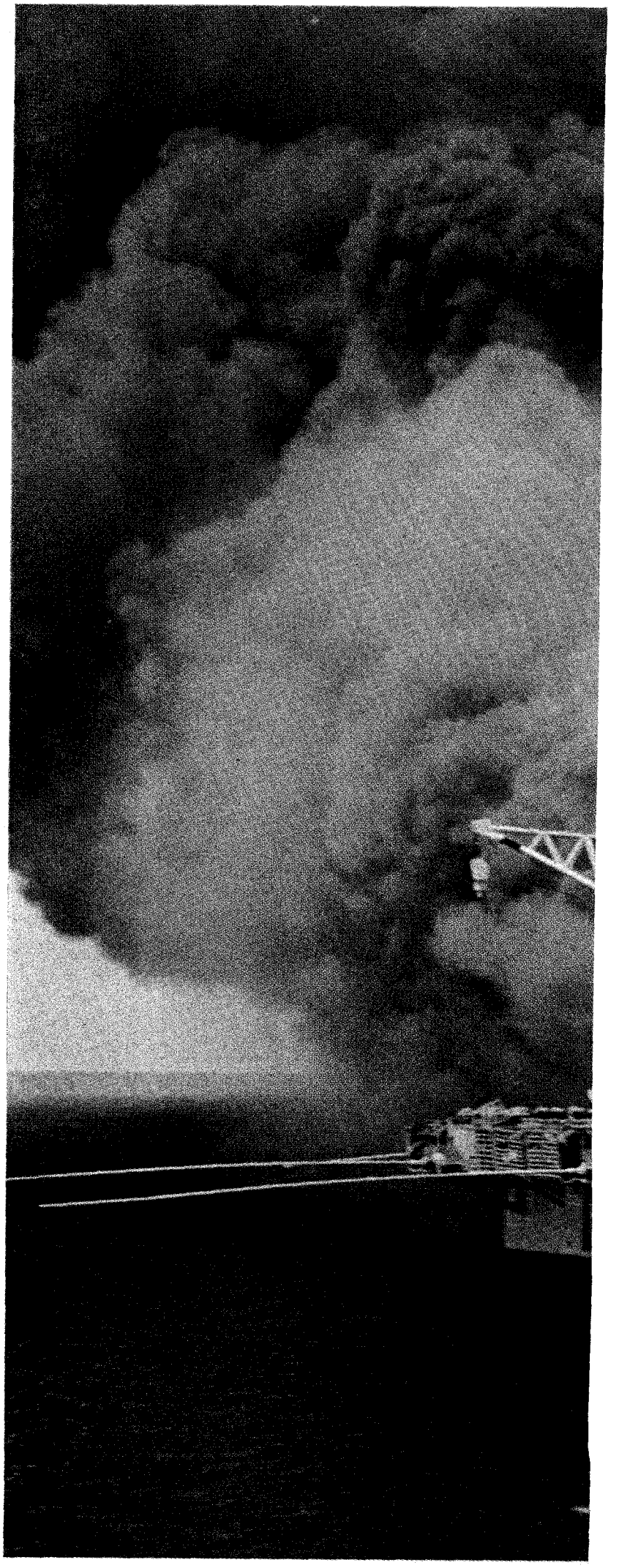
'FIRE! FIRE! FLIGHT DECK AFT!'

This cry announced the inferno aboard the giant carrier Forrestal. Here is the full human story of the disaster.

BY TREVOR ARMBRISTER



The second launch of the day was scheduled to begin at 11 o'clock. Standing at the windows of Primary Flight Control, Cmdr. David Lember gazed down at the aircraft spotted along both sides of the flight deck. Their jet engines were screaming; most of the aviation mechanics had already moved away. In a few minutes the yellow-jerseyed "directors" would guide the planes onto the waiting catapults. Overhead, a helicopter was circling lazily.

This was Lember's 42nd birthday, but he hardly felt like celebrating. As the carrier's "air boss," he was responsible for all launches and recoveries; he hadn't been to sleep for 23 hours, and he was very tired. Suddenly he heard a muffled explosion. He turned to his left and watched—horrified—as an expanding fireball threw up clouds of thick, black smoke. Now he could hear the urgent call of the boatswain: "Fire! Fire! Flight deck aft!" A second explosion shattered his windows. The 78,000-ton carrier began to rock like a toy in a child's bathtub. Reeling backward, Lember grabbed a radio microphone. "This is *Forrestal*, this is *Forrestal*," he shouted to the ships of Task Force 77. "We are suffering a major disaster." It was 10:52.

Men with their clothes on fire, screaming in agony, stumbled out from under the wings of the planes. Chief Petty Officer David Lyons sprinted toward them. "I saw a thousand-pound bomb lying on the deck," he recalls. "White smoke was curling around it, and I felt it was going to go off. I turned and started running. I'd taken one or two steps when it detonated. It blew me on top of an elevator fifty feet away. I saw pieces of bodies on fire going by."

Aviation Machinist's Mate James F. Lockett was trying to stand up; shrapnel from the first blast had knifed into his legs and arms. Then the second bomb exploded. "I saw the fireball coming right at me. It flipped me twenty or thirty feet in the air. I knew I'd been hit in lots of places, but I didn't know I was bleeding from the throat. I got up again and started gurgling. I figured I was a goner."

One hundred and thirty-four officers and men died in the inferno aboard the USS *Forrestal* on July 29; another 64 were injured. The flames and explosions damaged or destroyed 63 of the carrier's 81 aircraft, charred and twisted the after portion of the ship and put her out of action for at least six months. The toll was grim enough. Yet had it not been for the cold courage of the *Forrestal*'s crew, that toll would have climbed even higher.

On that warm July morning none of the 5,002 men aboard the *Forrestal* had any reason to suspect the trouble that lay just ahead. The weather was perfect, with only a few light cumulus clouds overhead. The carrier's bow sliced through the gentle swells of the Gulf of Tonkin at a speed of 27 knots. The ship lay only 60 miles off the coast of North Vietnam, in the area known as Yankee Station. She had reached this position five days before, and already her pilots, flying two strikes daily, had made 150 sorties over enemy territory.

The *Forrestal* is huge. She measures 1,039 feet from bow to stern; her long, gray flight deck covers four acres. Her innards, corkscrewing down 10 levels from the flight deck, are an architectural nightmare of hatches, ladders, passageways and some 2,000 compartments. There are 840 dial telephones on board, three barbershops, two soda fountains, a clothing store, a dry-cleaning plant, a tobacco shop, a radio-

Photographs by Capt. Robert Snowden, U.S.M.C.

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and-television station. There is no wasted space. Despite her bulk, the *Forrestal* resembles a finely calibrated instrument. Air operations at Yankee Station continue almost around the clock. The giant steam catapults hiss and thunder. The crews on the flight deck, clad in multi-colored jerseys and wearing caps called "Mickey Mouse ears," move with the precision of ballet dancers. Now, at 10:51:30, they were pulling the chocks from under the wheels of their planes, looking for leaks and closing the access panels.

Lt. Cmdr. John S. McCain III, a 30-year-old, prematurely gray Annapolis graduate, was hunched over the controls of his A-4 Skyhawk. His plane was third in line for launch, and he had almost completed his preflight checks. Trim setting—OK. Gauges, lights, altimeter, electronics gear—all OK.

'KNOCK ME OUT,' CRIED THE WOUNDED SAILOR. 'KILL ME AND GET IT OVER WITH.'

Then an object—perhaps a missile—streaked across the flight deck.

"I heard a whooshy sound," McCain recalls. "I looked up. Fuel was spreading all around my plane, and the fire was following. Men were running out with their clothes on fire; other men were jumping on them. I disconnected the straps and opened my canopy. The flames were more intense to the rear, so I climbed out to the refueling probe on the nose, jumped about ten feet and rolled through the edge of the fire.

"I saw a chief petty officer running across the deck with a bottle of PKP extinguisher in his hand. He headed toward the flames, and then he was in the flames. I looked back and saw another pilot from my squadron leaping from his plane. He fell into the fire. He was burning. I started to run toward him. Some men with a fire hose passed me. Then the first bomb exploded. I was knocked down. The pilot, the chief, the firemen—they disappeared."

Wounded by shrapnel in his chest, legs and knee, McCain stumbled to the catwalk, then made his way through billowing smoke down to a hangar bay. There he spotted his friend, 35-year-old Lt. Cmdr. Herbert A. Hope. "God, am I glad to see you," McCain exclaimed. "I thought you were dead."

Hope, in fact, was very lucky to be alive. By 10:52 he had nearly finished checking out his Skyhawk No. 414, three slots behind McCain. There is no standard procedure for leaving an aircraft in this kind of emergency, but Hope, who has logged more than 1,600 hours in the little "Scooters," reacted quickly. Vaulting over the right side of his aircraft, he scrambled toward the safety net at the edge of the deck. The first explosion blew him into the starboard catwalk; he landed on top of two other men. His plane had disappeared; in its place was a crater. "I knew I was going to make it," he recalls. "Explosions always seemed to go off just where I'd been. I ran to the hangar bay, yelling like a fool: 'Turn on the sprinkler system, turn on the sprinkler system.'"

At 10:52 Art McCann, a stocky, balding maintenance chief for Attack Squadron 46, had been standing 12 feet away from Skyhawk No. 405. Now, 30 seconds later, he couldn't even see the plane. Two men ran toward him out of the flames. One was on fire from the waist up. The other was burning, too, and part of his shoulder was gone. McCann hollered at the first man to roll on the deck. Then he grabbed the second sailor and tried to drag him toward the carrier's control tower—known as the island. As he staggered forward, he brushed against a fallen form, Lt. (j.g.) David Dollarhide, a 25-year-old pilot from Jackson, Miss. McCann paused, realized that he could not carry both men, and moved on.

Dollarhide's foot had stuck in the canopy railing as he tried to leap from his plane. He had landed on his right side, fracturing his hip; burning fuel was spreading toward him. Joseph Patane, a 19-year-old airman, saw Dollarhide rocking back and forth. "Stand up on your good leg," Patane yelled.

But Dollarhide couldn't move. Patane rushed forward and slung the pilot over his shoulder. He had taken only a few steps when a bomb blast knocked both men to the deck, gashing them with shrapnel. Dollarhide looked around for Patane, then spotted a mechanic who was holding out his hand. Dollarhide grabbed—and held on. A second bomb exploded. Shrapnel whistled over his head and slammed into the fuselage of an RA–5C Vigilante. Seconds later he reached the island. Maintenance Chief McCann was already there trying to comfort the badly burned sailor. "Knock me out, knock me out," the sailor was screaming. "Just kill me and get it over with."

The fire was spreading in a counterclockwise direction. The A-4's on the port side of the flight deck had already blown apart. Now the puddles of flame were skipping toward the larger planes, the F-4's and RA–5C's parked on the starboard side. Strapped into the cockpit of one F-4 was a sandy-haired Californian named Lt. (j.g.) Flack Logan. Logan remembers thinking—inanely—that the fire might delay his launch. Then he jumped. "I hit the deck," he recalls, "and I made a quick count. I still had two hands and two feet, and I really put them to use."

For Capt. John K. Beling, the *Forrestal*'s quietly capable skipper, this day was already seven-and-one-half hours old. The night before, the *Forrestal* had taken on hundreds of tons of ammunition from the supply ship USS *Diamond Head*. At 3:16 A.M. one of the sailors stowing the ammunition had slipped on the hangar deck and fallen overboard. Within two minutes Beling had reached the bridge and dispatched a helicopter to search for the man.

The rescue effort was unsuccessful, but Beling remained on the bridge. At 6 o'clock the *Forrestal*'s catapults had boomed two fighter planes aloft; at 7:30 they sent the day's first strike of 37 aircraft toward enemy targets. Beling watched with satisfaction as all of the planes returned. At 9:41 he left his post to keep an appointment with barber Ray DeVici. At 10:52 he was changing clothes in his sea cabin.

Fires aboard an aircraft carrier are surprisingly routine; just two days before, in fact, there had been two minor blazes. But when Beling heard the call bell from the bridge, he knew instinctively that this was no ordinary fire. Grabbing his white, sound-powered telephone, he listened to the navigator's initial report, then rushed—shirtless—to the bridge 25 feet away. Immediately he ordered general quarters—the call for all hands to man battle stations. The ship was still cruising at 27 knots into a five-knot wind. The wind was keeping the fire aft, but it was also fanning the flames, so Beling ordered the speed reduced to 15 knots. Then he turned. "Orderly," he said. "Bring me my shirt."

Grim reports were pouring into the bridge. Most of the men in the first fire-fighting and salvage crews had either been killed or wounded; the stumps of their hoses flopped awkwardly on the deck. The aft fire-fighting stations were gone; sailors had to combat the flames from positions at the island and bow. The bombs were gouging huge holes in the two-inch-thick steel deck and slamming shrapnel into the tanks of nearby planes. The burning fuel was dripping through the cracks and craters, down into the catwalks and hatches and passageways, down into the hangar bays below. If it reached the magazines, hundreds of tons of ammunition might explode. Beling picked up the telephone, dialed 887, and spoke to Cmdr. Mervin Rowland, his chief engineer.

Rowland, a lumbering, shaggy-browed North Carolinian, had stayed awake all night supervising the repair of a steering engine. Finally, at 8:30, he had tumbled into bed. He has been in the Navy for 28 years and, as he says, "Bells wake me real easy." At 10:52 he was racing toward Damage Control Central on the fourth deck of the ship. Clad only in skivvies and socks, he carried his pants and shirt. Then it occurred to him that he should return for his shoes. He might need them; the deck would be hot.

By 10:54 Rowland entered Damage Control Central and took his seat in a swivel chair marked CHIEF SNIPE. In an emergency this room is the *Forrestal*'s nerve center. All around him enlisted men—telephones cradled on their shoulders—were scribbling damage-assessment reports on slips of paper, then handing the slips to other men who transferred the data onto diagrams of the ship's spaces.

Already the order had gone out for "Condition Zebra"—dog down all doors and hatches; make the ship as watertight as possible. As senior damage-control officer, Rowland's main responsibility was to keep the fire from spreading. Five electric and four steam-operated pumps were spewing out 13,000 gallons of high-capacity foam per minute. He wondered whether that would be enough. He wondered also about the explosives in the aft magazine and relayed his worries to Captain Beling. "Flood the magazine," Beling ordered. It was 10:56.

Just before the fire broke out, Rear Adm. Harvey P. Lanham, commander of Carrier Division 2, had been leafing through intelligence reports in his cabin. Their contents seemed particularly gratifying: The *Forrestal*'s pilots should encounter less flak than usual. At the first word of fire, Lanham ran to the flag bridge as fast as his long legs could carry him. The carrier *Oriskany*, herself the victim of a fire last October, was steaming 15 miles astern. He grabbed the telephone, reached Adm. Walter Curtis Jr., commander of Carrier Division 9, and pleaded for assistance: doctors and corpsmen, oxygen masks, high-capacity foam, helicopters and destroyers to pick up sailors in the *Forrestal*'s wake.

"Look out for that window, Admiral," his chief of staff shouted. "It's not safety glass." Lanham ducked. Three seconds later a bomb exploded—shattering the window.

At 10:52 Lt. I. B. Fuller, a husky, dark-haired doctor from Arkadelphia, Ark., had been thinking almost entirely of food. He had missed breakfast that morning; he was terribly hungry and he had guessed—correctly—that the menu for the 11 o'clock serving in Officers' Wardroom 2 would feature roast beef. Now, as one explosion followed another, he raced to a battle

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dressing station on the 02 level. "I saw a boy who had been disemboweled. There were burns all over his face and arms, but he was still alive. I gave him a shot of morphine and put a compress bandage over his open abdomen. Then I sent him down to sick bay. He died on the operating table."

Fuller has difficulty recalling the events of the next few moments. He knows he gave morphine to dozens of casualties and checked them for sucking chest wounds. He knows, too, that he kept shouting for stretcher-bearers. He also remembers stepping through a hatch and finding a young sailor lying on his stomach. He turned the boy's head, looked down, and then tried desperately to forget what he'd seen.

New casualties began flooding the sick bay. Some were moaning; others, deep in shock, stared vacantly ahead. Doctors and corpsmen moved among them, administering drugs and trying to stop the bleeding. Already they had initiated the "triage"—the process by which they separate men into three categories: those who will survive; those who should survive with proper care; those who will die anyway. Chaplain Geoffrey Gaugham, a crew-cut Benedictine monk from Indiana, was watching them work. He had no way of distinguishing the men's religious affiliations, so he took his holy oils and offered a general absolution. Some men took him for a doctor. "They kept saying, 'I'm OK, doc,'" he recalls; "'take care of someone else.'"

Flattened by the first explosion, Chief Petty Officer David Lyons received shrapnel in his face, legs, hip and back. Stretcher-bearers had carried him into the sick bay, where corpsmen removed the fragments. They had not yet sewn up his wounds. Lyons felt useless. He waited until he was sure no one was watching him, then swung out of bed and started climbing up to the flight deck. But he had lost too much blood. Corpsmen found him there and brought him back.

Lt. Massoud (Sam) Mowad, a 29-year-old dentist from Waterbury, Conn., was treating casualties at a temporary first-aid station in the fo'c'sle. Volunteers had brought up cots and plasma, and now somebody was running toward him, dragging an 18-year-old sailor whose right foot was hanging from his calf only by shreds of muscle and tendon. Mowad had never performed an amputation before. Calmly, trying to remember what he had learned in college, he wrapped a tourniquet above the man's knee and started to cut.

Flames were dancing through the last of the F-4's on the starboard side of the flight deck. Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles were spontaneously "cooking off"; ejection seats were blasting into the air like Roman candles. Fire-fighting crews were pouring thousands of gallons of foam onto the burning aircraft. The foam bubbled and steamed on the deck, and the men had to pause to spray each other's feet.

"Push that goddamn thing outta the way!" Lt. Cmdr. Wes Wolfe was shouting, pointing at a flaming RA–5C Vigilante. "Tractor King" Larry Cope, a 23-year-old Iowan, jumped on a fork-lift truck and rammed the plane. A single hose played on his back; he hardly felt the water. The prongs of his fork lift stuck in the wreckage. He couldn't move forward, he couldn't retreat. Cope jumped from his seat, looked in vain for another tractor, and then hopped aboard again. He pushed a second time. The burning plane tumbled into the sea.

On the starboard side of the island lay the "bomb farm"—a vast storage area where 50 or 60 bombs had been loaded on carts for the day's final launch. Within seconds after the sounding of general quarters, a small group of men rushed toward this farm. Among them was Lt. Otis Kight.

Kight had been aboard the *Yorktown* when it went down in 1942; he had served on the *Bennington* during its 1954 fire. Now, on the *Forrestal*, he was a data analyst—relying upon computers to tell him, for example, how many tires the carrier's F-4's would use up in a given week. The same computers would doubtless have told him that it is physically impossible for a 140-pound man to pick up a 250-pound bomb and dispose of it. "I was just too old to be scared," Kight explains. "I looked at one of those bombs and said to myself, 'It's only an empty beer can. It should go over the side.'" It did.

A few feet away from Kight, on the edge of the bomb farm, stood Lt. (j.g.) Robert Cates, the 26-year-old explosive ordnance disposal officer. He had been trying to pull a pile of missiles away from the burning aircraft. Then he noticed several live bombs on the deck. He ran up to one 750-pound monster and coolly unscrewed its fuse; he did the same thing with a 500-pound bomb. "They'd been burning, and they were just lying there smoking," Cates recalls, "My job gets a little more sensitive with heat."

Down in Damage Control Central, Merv Rowland was feeling a little better. Seven bombs had exploded, but none in the past 15 minutes. The flight-deck crews were succeeding in keeping the fire aft. The destroyers *Rupertus* and *G. K. McKenzie* had pulled to within a few feet of the *Forrestal*'s stern; their crews were hosing thousands of additional gallons of foam on the blaze. Even more important, new reports indicated that the threatened aft magazines did not contain munitions after all. Somehow the order to flood them had not been carried out—and now there would be no need. The danger of the ship's sinking was not as great as Rowland had supposed. Not as great, but still worrisome.

Just below the *Forrestal*'s flight deck are three cavernous hangar bays, and on this morning they were crowded with aircraft armed and ready to be hoisted above for the next strike. Already the flames had reached into the jet shop at the aft end of Hangar Bay 3. The problem was to keep them from spreading. The two-foot-thick steel doors that separate the bays from each other had been slammed shut. But the smoke was still so thick that, even with lanterns, repair-party members could not see the aircraft only inches in front of them. They had to disarm the missiles by feel.

At 11:52—one hour after it started—the fire on the flight deck was under control. At 12:15 it was out. Other fires, however, still raged belowdecks and in the catwalks and passageways.

Down in the crowded sick bay, help was arriving at last. Navy and Air Force helicopters had landed with doctors and corpsmen from the *Oriskany*, the *Bon Homme Richard* and the Australian frigate *Hobart*. Now they were transferring dozens of casualties to operating rooms on other ships.

At 5:05 that afternoon, Captain Beling ordered a muster of all personnel. Sixty-seven officers and men were known to be dead already; 64 were wounded. And 70 were missing. Most of those were highly skilled technicians—members of the "night-check" maintenance crews—who had been sleeping on the 03 level just below the aft flight deck when the first bomb exploded. Rescue parties could not go after them yet; fires on the 03 level were still burning too fiercely.

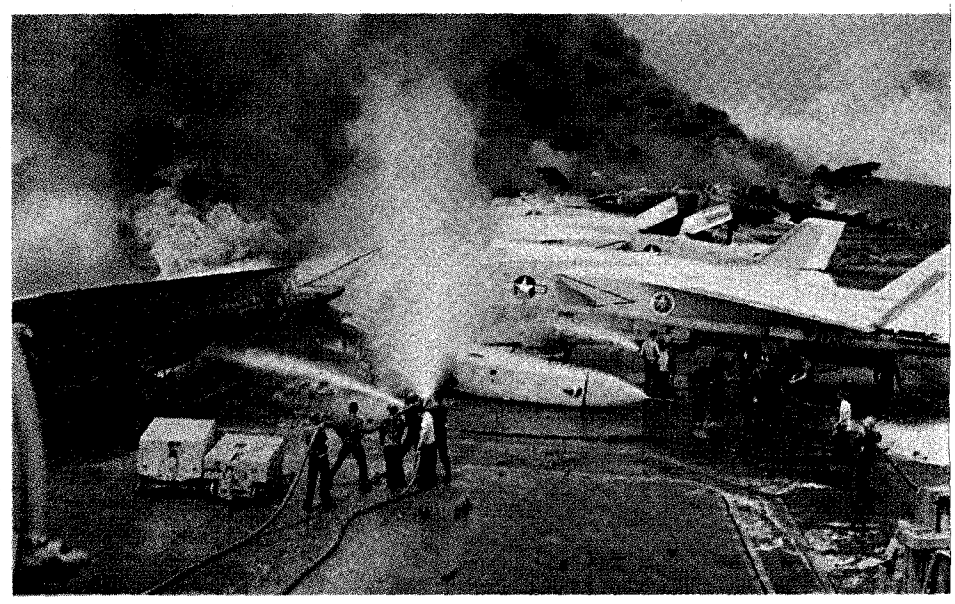
Night fell. The air was humid and thick, and the stench of death permeated the ship. Finally the rescue parties—battle lanterns in hand—set out upon their mission. The passageways on the 03 level were so twisted and charred and cluttered with debris that men could not move through them. They had to cut access holes in the flight deck with acetylene torches.

The rescue operation was slow and grisly. Marine Capt. Robert Snowden remembers watching one young sailor tug at a body, then faint as the man's head came off in his hands. Some of the victims had had time only to put on one shoe. At the first explosion, a father whose living quarters were forward rushed to the 03 level to try to save his stepson. The stepson's body was draped over the father's. In another smoking compartment, rescue workers found a wet Bible on a table. It was opened to Acts, 27:22: "And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but only of the ship."

A temporary morgue had been set up in Hangar Bay 1, and Sam Mowad was trying to identify the dead. As a dentist, he spent most of his time looking at cavities, and he had concluded long ago that *all* American sailors had bad teeth. Now he was surprised to find how few of these men had fillings. He had no records on them.

The long-awaited announcement came from the bridge at 20 minutes past midnight: All the fires were out. But they could still flare up again at any time. The fire-fighting crews remained at their stations.

Dawn. The *Forrestal* was steaming toward the giant U.S. Naval Base at Subic Bay in the Philippines. On the flight deck, clean-up crews began to rake away the rubble. Down in officers' country, a young lieutenant sat on the deck beside the door to his cabin. He was still wearing the drenched and blackened khakis he had put on 24 hours before, but he was too tired to go inside and change clothes. He shook his head slowly. "Things like this just don't happen to us," he said. "It still seems too unreal."



Pressing almost unbearably close to the flames, fire fighters strive to contain the disaster.

On August 11 the *Forrestal* began her long voyage home to Norfolk. A team of naval experts sifted through the wreckage to pinpoint the cause of the fire. Already they know that a "flying object"—presumably a Sidewinder missile or a five-inch Zuni rocket—"left the rails" of an F-4 Phantom, shot across the flight deck, punctured the external tank of an A-4 Skyhawk and ignited 300 gallons of highly volatile fuel. At first they thought the missile might have been discharged by the extra-long flames of a jet's "wet" start. Now they are not so sure. Their search continues today. What was the flying object? How was it fired?

The gruesome ordeal has had an effect upon the men of the *Forrestal*. "A ship as large as this is like a city," says Lt. Gerry Paul. "Before the fire, it was very easy to walk by people in the passageways and never say hello. We don't do that any more." □

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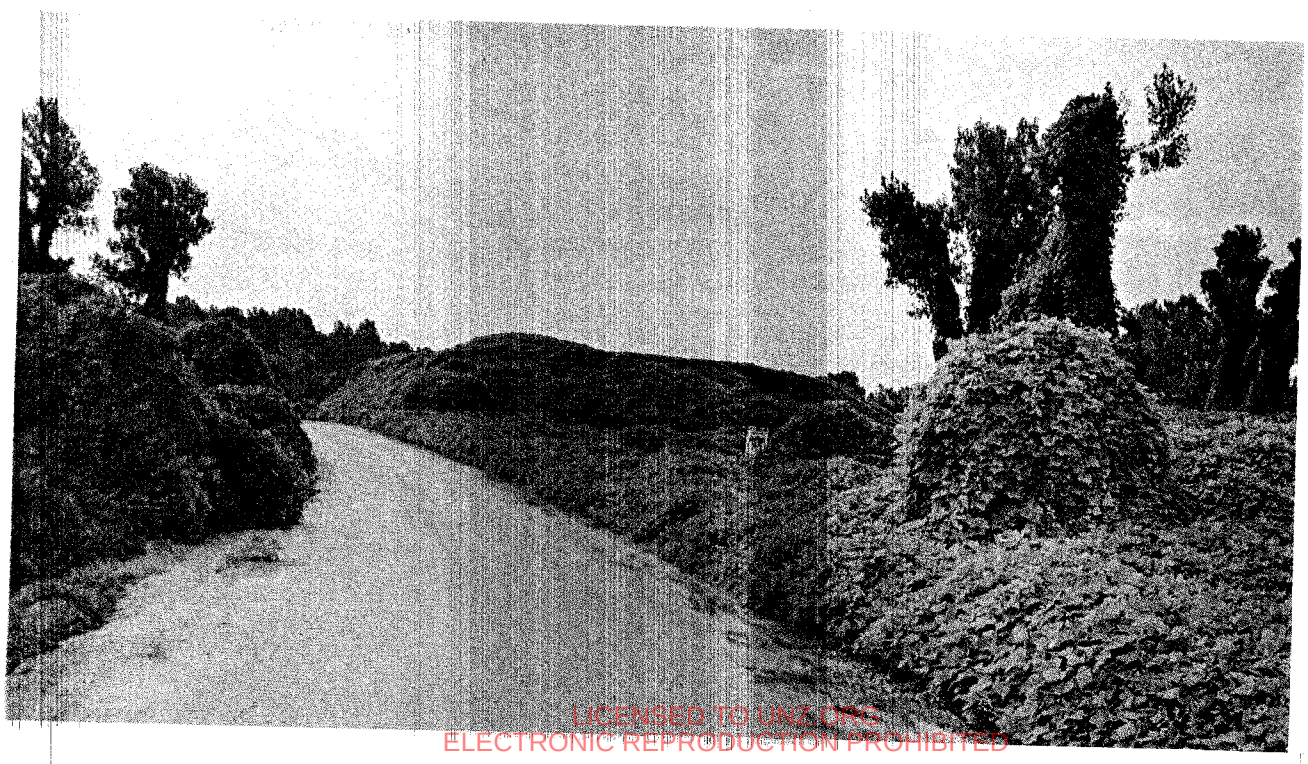

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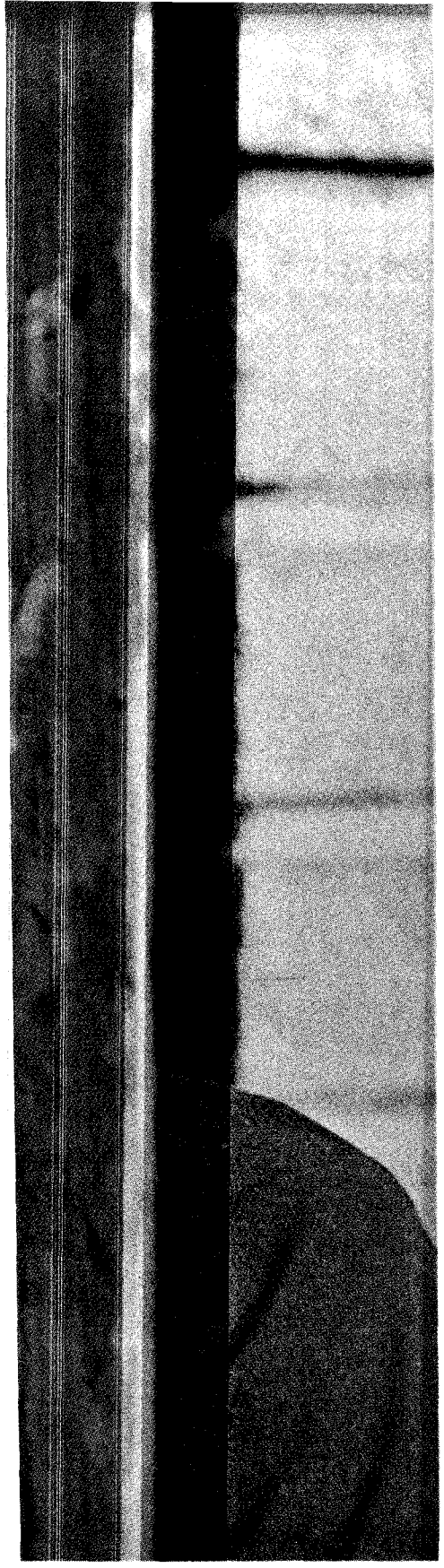


The Yazoo years

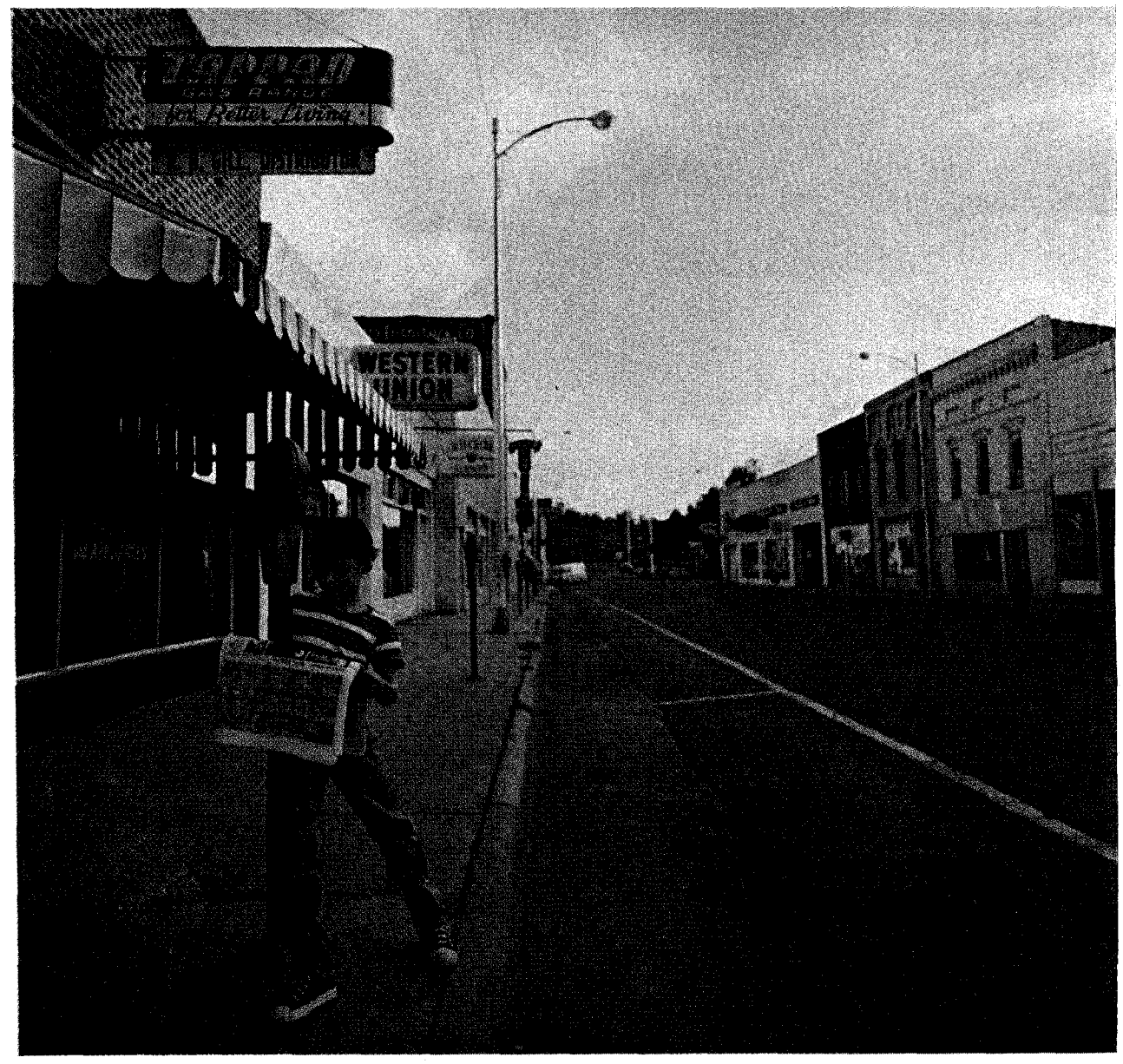
A distinguished editor recaptures the joys and wonders of growing up in a small Mississippi town—'one of those sudden magic places of America.'

by Willie Morris

Photographs by Hans Namuth

Half an hour north of Jackson on U.S. 49, not far beyond the Big Black River, the casual rolling land gives way to a succession of tall, lush hills, one after another for 12 or 15 miles. On a quiet day after a spring rain this stretch of earth seems prehistoric—damp, cool, inaccessible, the moss hanging from the giant old trees—and if you ignore the occasional diesel churning up the hills on its way to Greenwood or Clarksdale or Memphis, you may feel you are in one of those sudden magic places of America, known mainly to the local people and merely taken for granted, never written about, their existence not indicated even on any of the tourist maps.

Beyond this region, if you follow the highway as it forks north and slightly west, the hills suddenly come to an end and there is one long, final descent. Out in the distance, as far as the eye can see, the land is flat, dark and unbroken, sweeping away in a faint misty haze to the limits of the



On a recent visit to the Mississippi delta country, author Willie Morris was accompanied by his son David, 7, who visited his father's childhood home in Jackson (above), and (right) studied the Sunday comics in the late-evening quiet of Yazoo City's main street. Left, a dirt road near Yazoo City, the fields beside it blanketed by the thick green kudzu vine. "The land is flat, dark and unbroken, sweeping away in a faint misty haze to the limits of the horizon."

© 1967 by Willie Morris. From the book North Toward Home, *to be published shortly by the Houghton Mifflin Company.*

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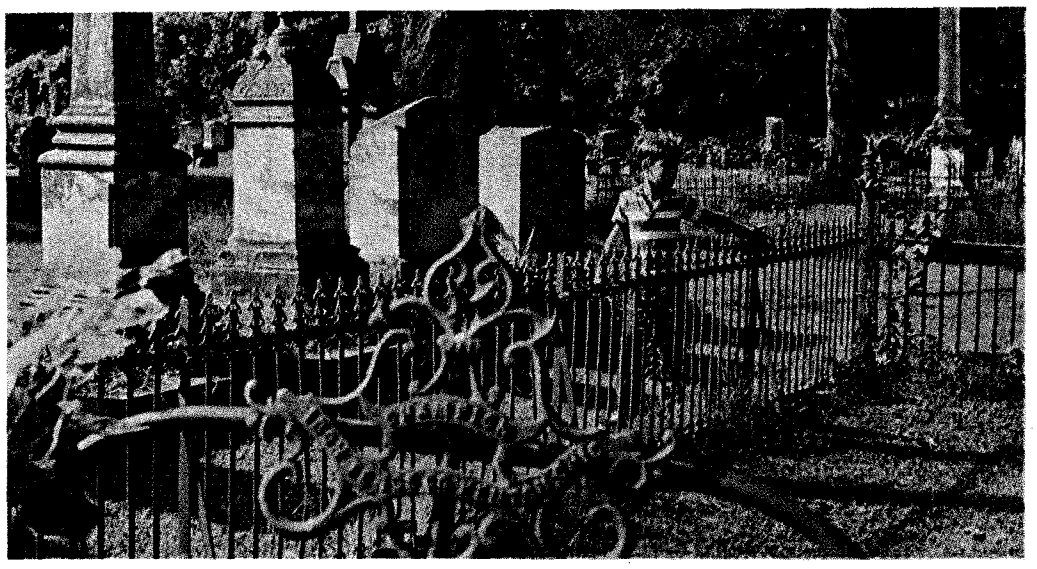

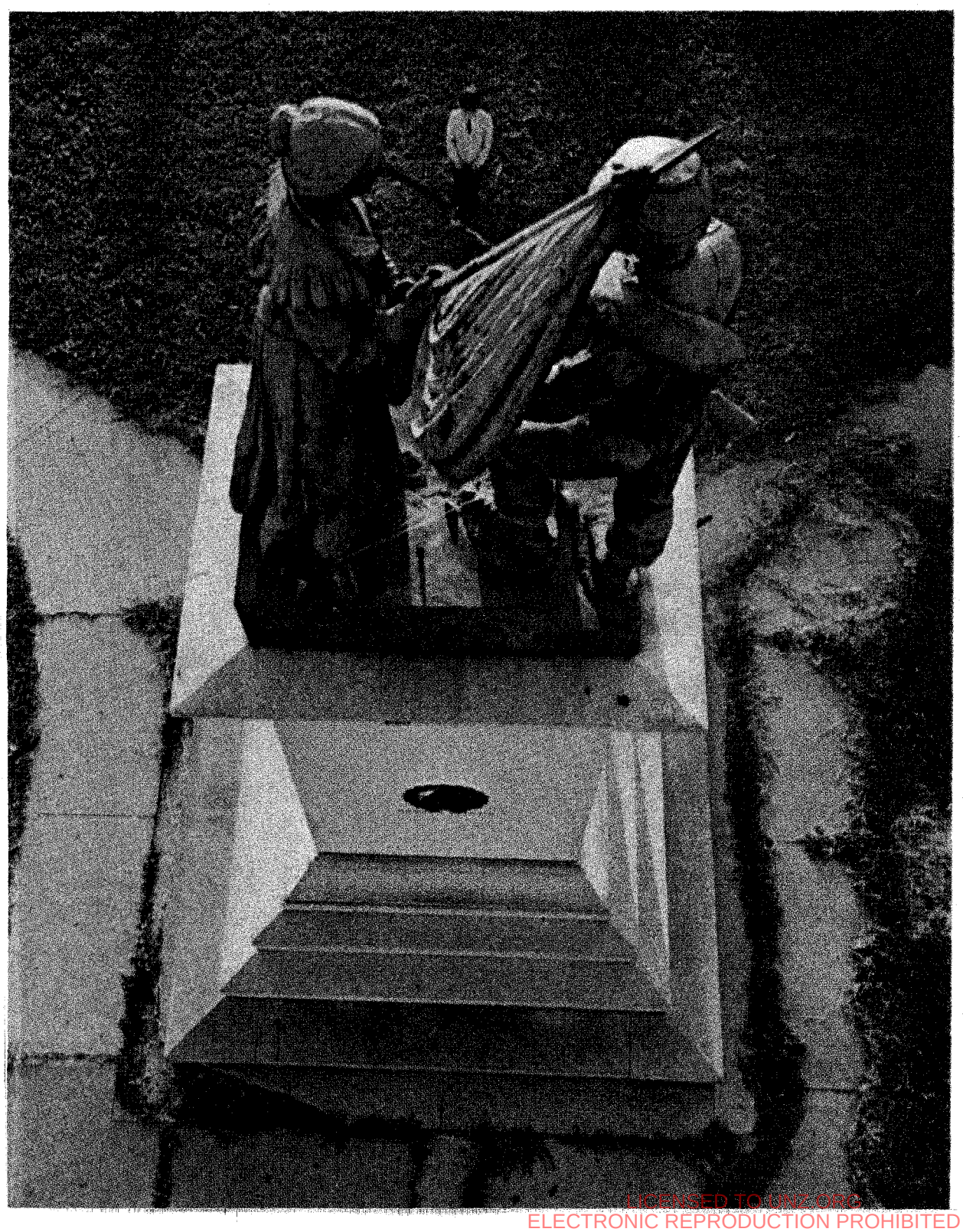

horizon. This is the great delta. There will not be a hill or a rise now until just below Memphis, 180 miles away. In a fast car a man can almost make it to Tennessee on automatic pilot, driving the straight, level road in a kind of euphoria, past the cotton fields and the tenant shacks, the big plantation houses and the primitive little Negro churches, over the muddy creeks and rivers, through the counties with the forgotten Indian names—Coahoma, Tallahatchie, Tunica.

The town where I grew up sits on the edge of the delta, straddling that memorable divide where the hills end and the flat land begins. The town itself was half hills and half delta, only 40 miles from the Mississippi as the crow flies. One afternoon when I was 10 years old, lounging in the street in front of the Phillips station, I watched a man and his wife emerge from a Buick with Illinois plates. The woman smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress with her palm, paused for a second to look at the drab vistas of the downtown, and whispered, "My God!"

Its name was Yazoo City, from the river that flows by it from farther up in the delta—a muddy, winding stream that takes in the Tallahatchie, the Sunflower, and God knows how many less ambitious creeks and rivers in its southward course before it empties itself into the greater river a few miles north of Vicksburg. "Yazoo," far from being the ludicrous name that others would think it, always meant for me something dark, a little blood-crazy and violent. It is, in fact, an old Indian name that means "death," or "waters of the dead"; the Indians who inhabited the region as fighters and hunters had died by the score of some horrible disease.

For a white boy growing up in the 1940's it was a pleasant old town; many of its streets were unpaved. The main street, stretching its several blocks from the Dixie Theater at Broadway down to the cabin that housed Western Union at the bend of the river, was always narrow and dingy, so that the gaudy colored postcard of the "business district" on display in the drugstore seemed more like another place altogether. Down in the settled places, along the quiet, shady streets with their pecan and elm and magnolia and locust trees, were the stately old houses, slightly dark and decaying before the descendants became prosperous enough to have them "restored," which often meant one coat of white enamel. Even the names of the streets suggested they might have been there for a while: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Calhoun, and of course, College, which ran by the high school.

My father was a native of those sulfurous hills south of Nashville who had come to the deep South, of all places and at all times, during the Great Depression; he had come to work for Cities Service. He was thin and gaunt, a hunter and a fisherman, an indomitable country baseball player whose nickname was "Hooks" for the way he could hookslide; his own father had served in the Tennessee legislature with Cordell Hull. To my father the swamp bottom was a more civilized place than the Rotary Club, Wolf Lake when the white perch were biting beat church, and the firemen, the mechanics, the bootleggers, or the prosperous "Syrians" who were not allowed into the country club, were likelier company than almost everyone of the respectable bourgeoisie. He was *country*, in the way that he was tuned to its rhythms and its cycles; he and his Tennessee people were simple, trustworthy, straightforward, and plain as the dust.

My mother's people, on the other hand, the people who captured my imagination when I was growing up, were of the deep South—emotional, changeable, touched with charisma and given to histrionic flourishes. They were courageous under

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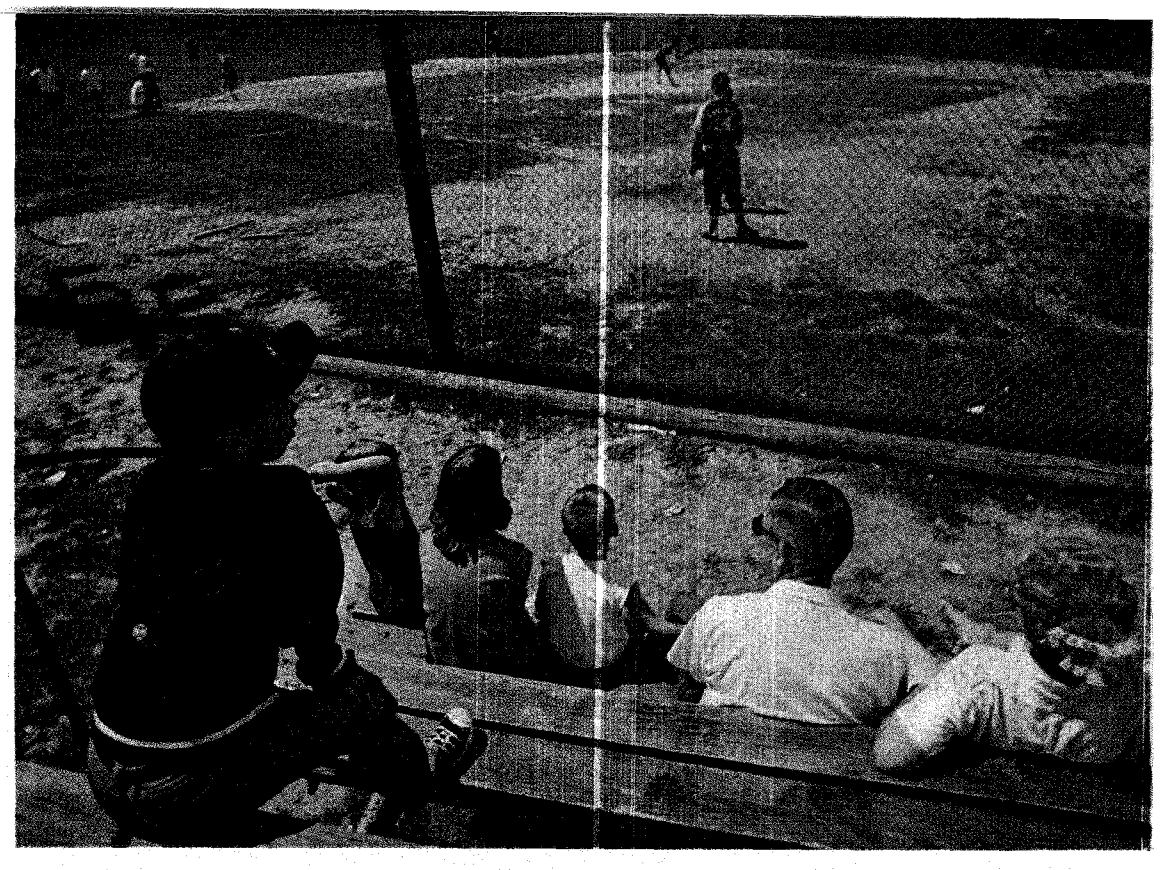
Young David catches glimpses of the old South that shaped his father's childhood. At left, he explores the town cemetery where the author's trumpet sounded taps at funerals of boys killed in the Korean war. The Confederate monument still stands before the Yazoo City school.

Watching baseball at the local field, or lost in thought upon a rustic bridge, David senses, perhaps, what Willie Morris calls the "subtle quality that made possible, in the heart of a young and vulnerable boy, an allegiance and a love for a small and inconsequential place."



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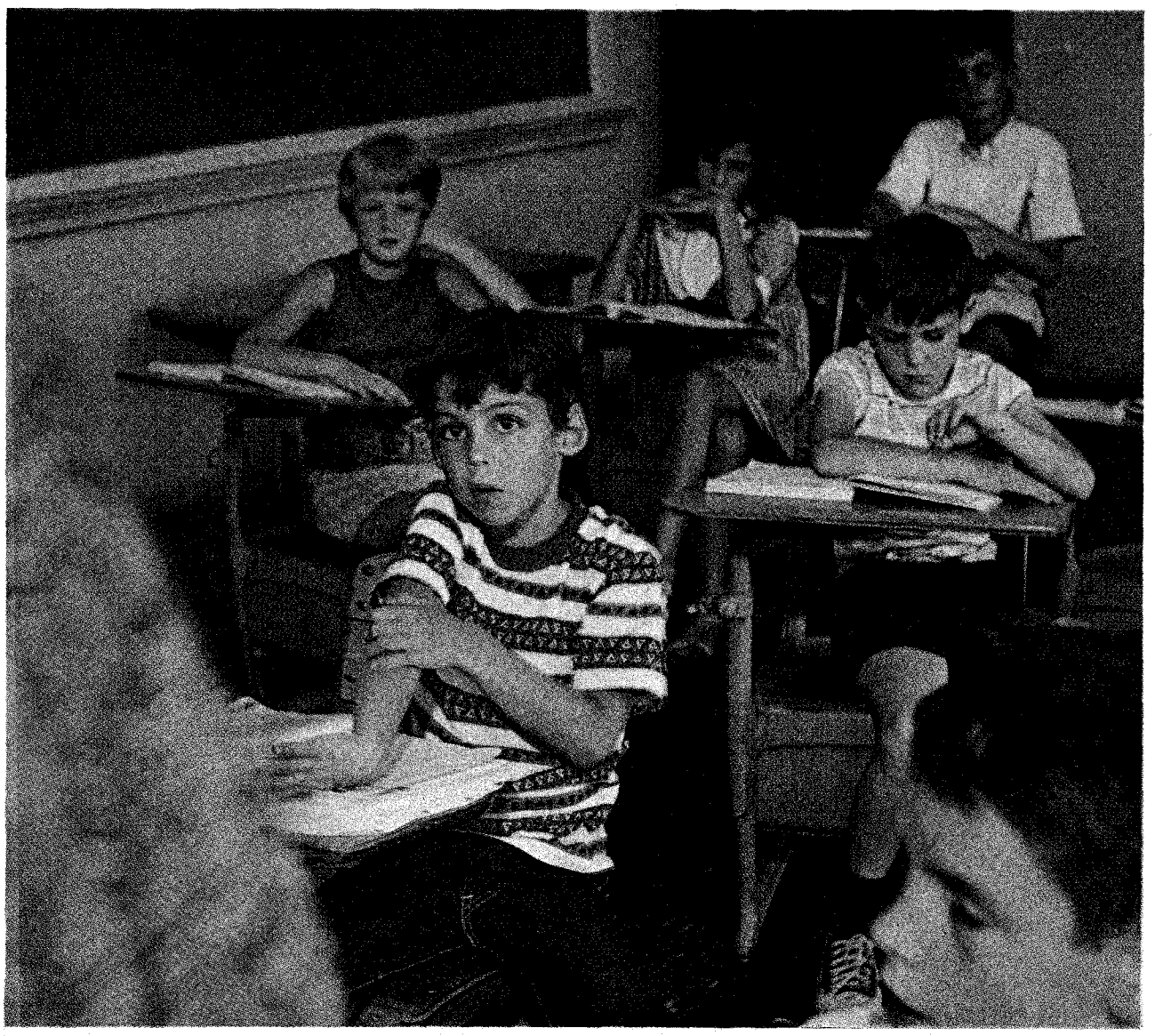

David visits a classroom of the Yazoo City school in which, his father says, "Terror lurked for me . . . my grades were erratic and my conduct questionable."

tension and unexpectedly tough beneath their wild eccentricities, for they had a close working agreement with God.

My father had met my mother in Jackson, and when I was six months old, in 1935, they moved the 42 miles to Yazoo. I remember the cold, quiet nights and the stifling hot summers, starched summer suits and the smell of talcum, sweet-smelling black people in white dresses who could be adoring and gentle and then impatient and demanding—tugs at my hand, and a high, rich voice telling me, "If you don't behave, boy, that police gonna put you *under* the jail." There were three big bird dogs named Tony, Sam and Jimbo, warm tongue-licks and rasping barks, the feel of their bodies in front of a black stove, the taste of gingerbread and hot corn on the cob, and the whispered words, "God, please bless everybody and me." God blessed, with affection and comfort, three bird dogs and the little girl next door.

My father had a huge green truck—so large I had to sit on a box to see out its windows—and from the back came the heady smell of Cities Service gasoline. There was a gas station to play in, and somewhere down a wide street and beyond a railroad track a place with tanks, platforms to jump from, a cool warehouse with dirt for a floor, and room for the dogs to run and bark in the tall grass on a hill.

When I was five my mother took me by the hand and introduced me to the two-story brick school on Main Street. Within our own breed of whites and Protestants (we would never have given thought to the possibility of any other variety being there with us) that school was a democracy, a seething, turbulent cross section of rural and small-town humanity. There were, for instance, the "red-neck" boys—not called red-neck by us, and not anything at first except "the boys from Graball Hill." They were as distinct a group as any in the school. They wore faded khakis or rough blue denim and heavy torn shoes; their teeth were bad and their hair was never combed. Their habits ran to violence of a general kind, and they fought hard and long, especially among themselves. Pity the poor colored child who walked past the schoolhouse when they were outside. There would be cries of "coon" or "nigger baby," followed by a barrage of rocks and dirt clods. When I was a grown man, and saw the deputy sheriffs and the mobs pummeling Negro demonstrators on television, I needed no one to tell me they had been doing the same thing since the age of eight.

Terror lurked for me in that school. The name "Miss Abbott" brings back long dreary afternoons, weary recitations, secret rage and wounded bafflement over my own unexpected failure. She was one of my teachers; during the year under her, my grades, for the first time, were erratic and my conduct report questionable. My own mother, who had pushed me onward as the nicest and brightest boy in the county, predicted I would never work out, and began blaming the social effects of Radical Reconstruction, always an ominous sign.

Miss Abbott had a pink nose. The only book she read through and through, she told us, was the Bible, and you lived to believe her, and to rue the day she got hold of that book. Miss Abbott's religion was Christianity by fear and by rote—so tenacious it got you by the extremities and never let go; it was a thing of interminable monologues, crazed soliloquies; she wanted you to believe she herself was in radio contact with the Deity. When she talked about the time she had been saved, a moist glint began creeping into her eyes, which invariably meant the sermon was on its way. She learned to play a little plastic flute, the kind you could get in Woolworth's for a quarter, and she would play us rousing hymns and Christian marches, heedless of the saliva trickling down that instrument onto the floor. Sometimes she would lapse into a sweet, unexpected silence, and gaze out the nearest window for endless minutes. Her features would be bathed in gentle peace. Then I knew Miss Abbott was praying to herself.

Twice a day, in the morning when the class convened, and in the afternoon after lunch, she would call on each of us to pray. We would all begin by blessing our soldiers and then ripping into the Germans and the Japs. Once Bo, from Graball Hill, began his prayer by saying, "Dear Lord, thank you for the bombs that ain't fallin' on us," and then stopped. "What's wrong?" the teacher asked, and Bo said, "I just can't think of nuthin' else to say."

I made the mistake of correcting her one day, during one of the rare intervals in which we were doing schoolwork. The capital of Missouri, she said, was St. Louis. I held up my hand.

"What is it, Willie?"

"Miss Abbott, the capital of Missouri is Jefferson City."

"No, it's St. Louis."

"I bet it's Jefferson City," and then immediately regretted it, because of the scriptural attitude on gambling.

"Kay King," she snapped, "look in the book and show him it's St. Louis."

The little girl looked in the book and turned red. "Well," she said, "it says here Jefferson City." Then, obsequiously, like everyone in that ill-fated class, she added, "But Miss Abbott ought to——"

"We'll see," Miss Abbott snapped, and changed the subject. Later, during "silent study," I caught her glowering at me. Why couldn't those people in Missouri have settled on St. Louis?

One noon recess that spring, while the teacher sat on the grass with a group of fawning little girls around her, fetching things for her and scratching her back when it itched, giving her little compliments and practicing their Bible verses, holding her hand and looking for four-leaf clovers to put behind her red ears, we were playing softball nearby. Honest Ed Upton hoisted a lazy foul that went high into the air behind third base; from shortstop I watched its slow descent with interest, with an almost fanatic regard, as it drifted earthward and smacked Miss Abbott on the head. She sprawled on the ground, with a moo like a milk cow's—out cold. *Oh joy of joys!* The other teachers picked her up and carried her away in a car. In our room later, supervised by the principal, all the little girls cried—silent little bawls—and even Honest Ed Upton shed tears. The boys scratched their heads and fiddled with pencils; such was the tyranny in that room, they dared not look into one another's eyes. Except Bo—he caught a glance of mine and puckered his lips, and before long a penciled note came over from him: "i wich the old bich got hit with a hardbal insted." I prayed that she would die.

But back she returned, risen on the third day, and on a Friday afternoon, when she had stepped out of the room, I made a spitball and threw it at Kay King. "*William!*" The sound of Miss Abbott's voice sent terror to my soul. Each afternoon during that incomparable spring I had to "stay in"—two hours a day for six weeks—working long division. Miss Abbott would sit at her desk, reading the Bible or *Reader's Digest*, while the shadows got longer and the sound of boys' voices wafted in through the open window. And when that year ended, with the C on my report card in math, I had crossed, swum, waded the Sea of Galilee, and joyously entered the city limits of old Jerusalem.

There was a war on during those years for my

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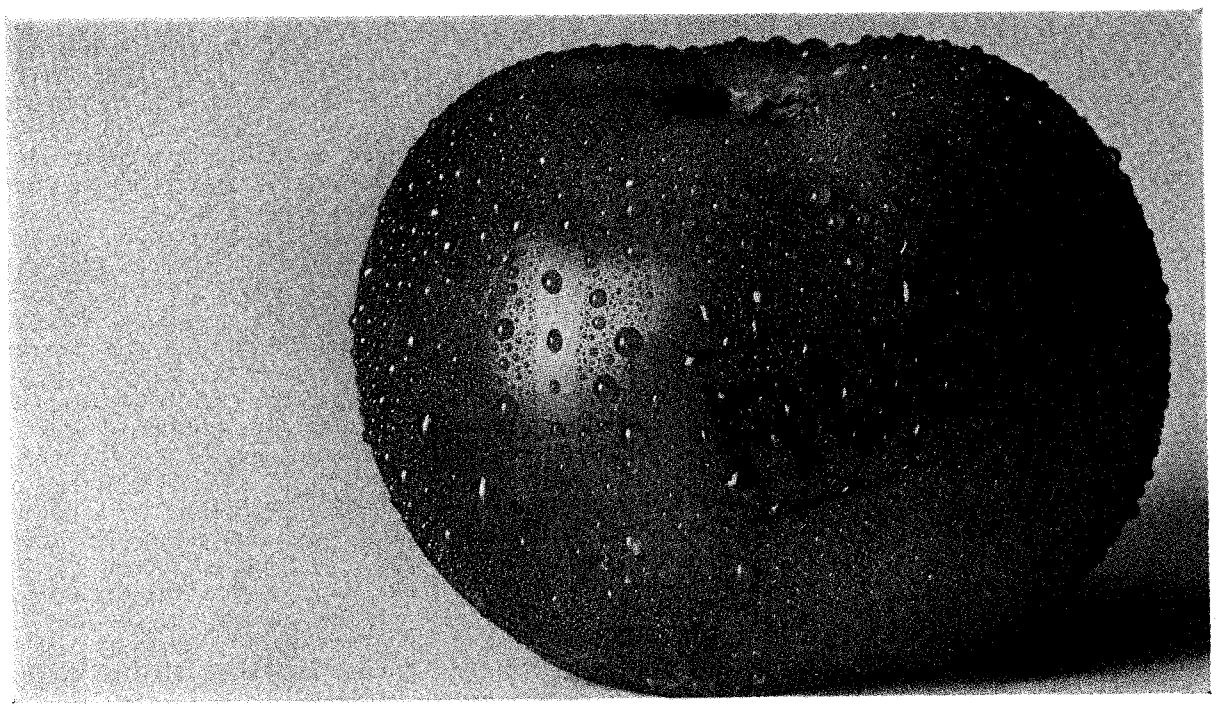
The Fast Tomato.

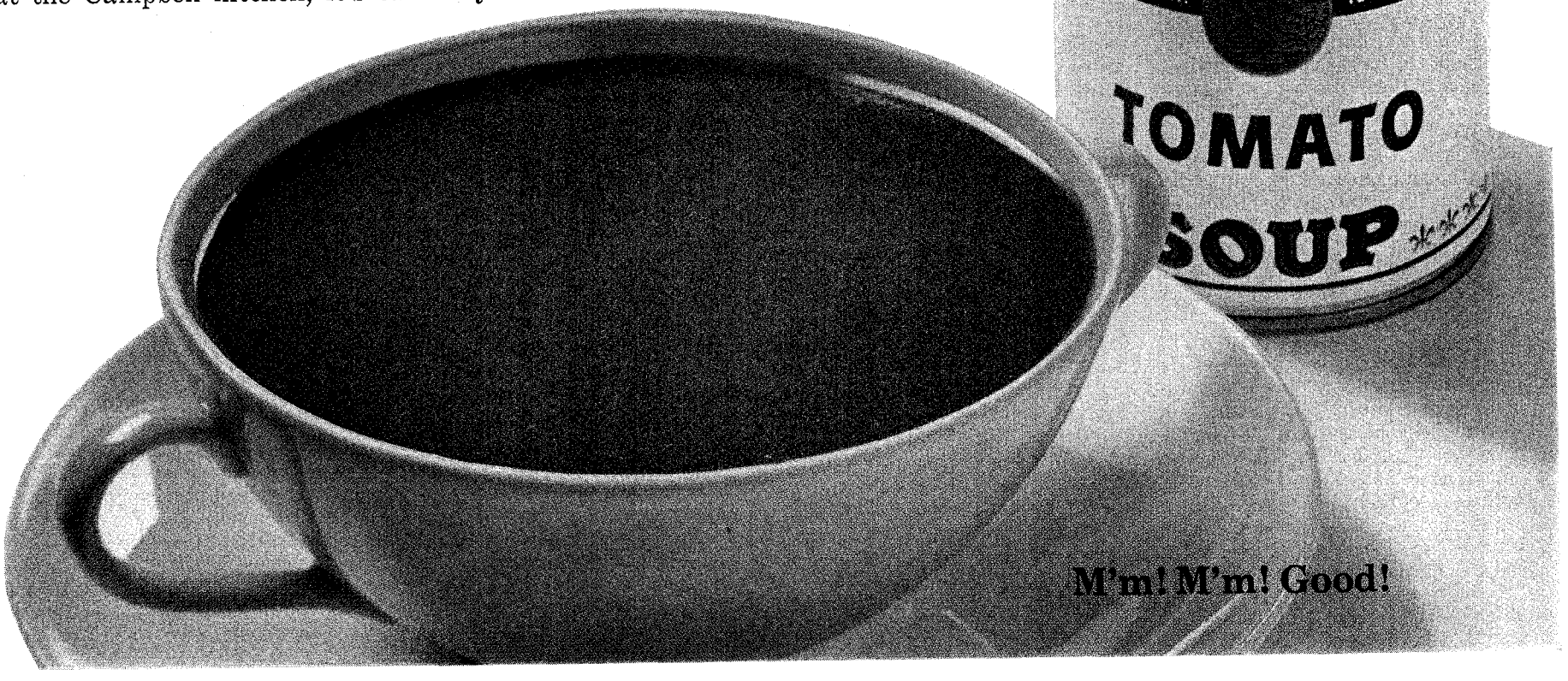


The Fast Tomato is the reason why Campbell's Tomato Soup has the unmistakable taste of fresh tomatoes. Tomatoes that are vine-ripened and bursting with flavor. So if you really like the taste of fresh tomatoes, buy Campbell's—it's the Fast Tomato Tomato Soup.

We'll bet you can't buy fresh tomatoes that taste as fresh as this.

What's the rush?

Fresh tomato flavor is the reason for all the rush. That's why the Campbell tomato is picked from the vine the moment it's ripe. Rushed to the vat before a lick of fresh tomato flavor gets away. Then, at the Campbell kitchen, it's carefully washed and thoroughly inspected and simmered into soup before the blush is off the taste. And that's why they call it The Fast Tomato. Every Fast Tomato goes into Campbell's Tomato Soup with all the fresh tomato flavor still fresh.



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salvation. It was less global in nature than the World War we grew up with, but it did not entirely lack in drama. Its battleground was my soul, a treacherous entity full of ravines and inherited potholes, and by the time I was eight I knew it was up for grabs. Before I turned 12, I had been "saved," not once, but at least a dozen times.

Our brand of fundamentalism was so much a part of us that its very sources, even its most outrageous gyrations, went unquestioned. It was the faith of our fathers, the rock of ages, the thing that abided with you, the kindly light that led; it involved walks with Jesus in secluded gardens, sweet bliss and tender joys. By turns it could be humble and contrite, and then righteous and terrible, a martial summoning to make life miserable for those who had not heeded the call.

But as a boy gets older, unless he has special inner resources, or a tailbone made of sheet iron, or unless he gets saved by Billy Graham at twilight in a football stadium, the simple, small-town faith starts wearing thin. One cannot move along at a crisp rate on a steady diet of salvation. With me the old-time religion gradually began to wither, not as a result of the exercise of brain cells, or the enlightenment of civilized discourse, for I would not have known what this was, but from plain human boredom.

The Sunday sermons, interminable, inexorable, became the most trying part of the faith. "What does he get so *mad* for?" I would ask my mother, after the preacher had finished a 10-minute stretch of extraordinary shouting and fist-banging, and then shifted gears, for no logical reason, into a mood of sweet tranquillity. After a while I would notice that some sermons had been used on me before, perhaps by some different preacher from another province, and sometimes by the same preachers who must have been running extremely low on material. Student preachers who had not yet got their degrees were imported to practice on us. Sometimes the student would forget what came next, and would stand there, turning red and scratching himself, until he had the presence to make us believe he was right in the middle of a silent prayer; then he would start up again as soon as he got his next lines straight.

One of the preachers at a church on the edge of town, Brother ——, gave a sermon one Sunday entitled, "Why Do We Wear Clothes?" His point was that we wear clothes to keep from being naked and ashamed, because our bodies are shameful and should be hidden. He got so hacked up on this subject, beating the pulpit with his knuckles, rolling his eyes to the ceiling, that I began worrying as I sat as a visitor in his church if my own wardrobe was sufficient to last out the winter. A few weeks later Brother —— was mysteriously dispatched to another town, and his church got another preacher ahead of schedule. No one said why. It took me three years to find out that several church ladies had caught Brother —— with a schoolteacher laid out on a table in the Sunday-school basement late one night. He must have felt shameful, because as I heard it neither Brother —— nor the teacher had on a stitch. But although the parson left, the teacher stayed on in the town—teaching in the same school, going to the same church. As I grew older I wondered what inner hell she must have endured everywhere, but especially in the presence of the righteous middle-aged matrons of Brother ——'s congregation. I came to respect her for this act of bravery, to stay in the face of the horrific gossip of a small town, and to feel a mere disdain for the preacher, who had used the pulpit of his church as a barefaced old hypocrite, and had left town when the getting was good.

'Whenever my father saw a preacher coming, he would scramble out the back door and hide in the garage.'

My father came to church once a year, on Easter Sunday. Looking trapped in his necktie and suit, he would sit back in the farthest corner of the church in order to make a speedy exit during the benediction. For a long time I was ashamed of this behavior; other fathers not only came to church, they took up collection or even sang in the choir. I imagined other men as my own father, and secretly wished they were. My mother would say, "Ray, now why don't you come to church this mornin'?" This would get my father going with a diatribe against hypocrites. He gave us the names of the pious old men who took up collection on Sunday in various churches, while during the week they made their living gambling or selling whiskey or gouging the Negroes with 50-percent interest on loans. He preferred to stay home Sundays reading *True Detective* or *Field and Stream*, or listening to a recording of last night's Grand Ole Opry from Nashville, or playing dominoes at the firehouse, or when the weather was right going squirrel hunting at Panther Creek or fishing at Wolf Lake or Five-Mile. Whenever he saw a preacher getting out of his car in front of our house, he would scramble out the back door and hide in the garage, or in the tall weeds by the alley, because if the preacher ever got you in the parlor, you would end up on your knees praying, and maybe giving five dollars to the new church annex. I would go out in the weeds and find my father sitting there in a clump of Johnson grass, smoking a cigarette, and say, "Daddy, he's gone."

Many years after all this, when my father lay in the hospital in Yazoo dying of cancer, I sat next to his bed, talking with him about baseball. The Methodist preacher came in, and the two of them recited the Lord's Prayer. When the preacher left, I tried to work up my nerve to say, for such was our relationship that I could not have said it easily, "If I ever have a boy, I'll name him after you." I couldn't say it. But my father said, "When you got what I've got, and know it, you do one of two things—you either blow your head off with a shotgun, or you become a Christian." He took to listening to the church services on the radio, and the last time I saw him before I had to leave again for Texas, he turned his head away from me and said, sitting hunched-up on the edge of the hospital bed, "No matter what happens, boy, I'll always be watchin' out for you."

Two weeks later, at his funeral in our church, the preacher's eulogy was simple and quiet, and at the end the choir sang the finest hymn of them all:

Abide with me;
Fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens:
Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail,
And comforts flee,
Help of the helpless,
O abide with me.

Several times every summer I went the 42 miles to Jackson, to the brick house on North Jefferson Street, to stay with my grandmother Mamie, my grandfather Percy, and my two great-aunts. In Jackson I did not have to go to church unless I was foolish enough to volunteer. I could remain a heathen there for days on end.

Mamie, the youngest of the 16 Harper children, kept that curious household going. She had been born in 1878, not long after the federal troops pulled out of Mississippi, and she told me that when she was a baby, riding with her mother in a carriage near Raymond, whenever another carriage approached, her mother would hide her in the back seat, such was her shame for having 16 children.

Percy, my grandfather, worked in the place on Lynch Street that made potato chips. Every afternoon at four he would come home smelling of potatoes, and fetch from his satchel two big bags of chips, crisp and hot from the oven. To me Percy was old, older than almost anyone I had known, and indeed he had been born during the Civil War, in Bastrop, La., but he never let on that my pace might be more than he had bargained for. He would do anything I wanted, from climbing the fig trees to marching down the street beating a dime-store drum. Two or three times a week, in late afternoon, we would take the bus out to Livingston Lake for a swim, and when Percy would come out of the bathhouse in his trunks, the skinniest, most gnarled-up creature you ever saw, the people on the beach would sit and stare and wonder what principle was operating that kept the flesh and bone all in one piece. I would be a little ashamed of the spectacle he caused, and would go on out into the water; Percy would follow me, and dunk his head under the water to get the feel of it, and when he emerged again on the beach, walking out ever so slowly, he looked like some old sea-animal coming up for air, scarred by innumerable rusty harpoons and 75 years of fishhooks.

Mag and Sue Harper, my grandmother's outrageous old-maid sisters, were challenges to Percy's simple existence. Sue had been born during the Civil War, and Mag came along two years later, in 1866. They seemed older by decades than Percy, and now they are like specters to me, their features blurred and almost forgotten, for they were unreal even in reality. My grandmother told me they never married because of the shortage of eligible young men in those days.

Neither Mag nor Sue could see or hear too well, and they had practically no sense of time, getting me confused with one of their brothers, or with Miss Ann Sills who died in 1905, or getting the dates so awry that tomorrow could be 1865 or last week 1978. Still, they had great hidden reserves of energy. In the afternoons they would sit on the gallery and talk with anyone who passed, white or black, for as long as they could squeeze out a conversation. They would perambulate inside the house and around the little yard all day long in their fantastic flowing dresses, running into doors and trees, knocking things off tables; occasionally they would bump into each other in these ceaseless explorations, and say, "Excuse me," then push off again in opposite directions. One day I saw Mag trying to strike up a conversation with the garbage can, and soon after that Sue got caught in some sticker bushes, and I heard her screams for help and managed to rescue her intact.

At night, as Percy and I lay half-awake in bed, I would hear their voices—Mamie's, Mag's, Sue's—from the parlor. My great-aunts' world was unexpectedly clearer at this hour, and I loved to lie in the next room, in that lulled awareness just before sleep, and hear the tick-tock of the old clock and the quiet, aimless talk: about "Momma" and "Poppa," or the other brothers and sisters long dead. Percy would groan in his half-sleep, and recite, "Oh, to be a child again just for tonight." It was like shifting gears, from boyhood's concerns and the war with the Japs to a different world filled with Yankees, poverty and death, and the dreadful passing of time.

My two great-aunts were ideal victims. When I was eight, I sent off for a mechanism described as an "ultra-mike" in a merchandise catalogue. All you had to do to break into a radio broadcast was to connect the ultra-mike, talk into it, and your voice would come out of the radio as if it were the usual program.

I would hook up this instrument in the back room while Mag and Sue sat listening to the radio in the parlor. Then I would say, "We interrupt this program to bring you a special announcement. *The Yankees are coming! They are ten minutes away from Raymond!* I repeat: *The Yankee soldiers are on their way!*" Then Mag and Sue, holding their dresses above their knees for better running, would leap out of their chairs and dash to my grandmother: "Did you hear? They're comin'! They're on their way!"

"*Who* is comin'?" my grandmother would reply. And they would repeat, "The Yankees, the Yankees, that's what the radio said!"

"Oh, that's just the boy," my grandmother would say, "foolin' you again. That was a long while ago anyway."

"Oh, that boy!" my aunts would shout, and go sit down again. But in two or three hours you could try the same thing all over again, and more often than not it worked.

We would take long walks, the five of us, down shaded streets, past the mansion of the man they told me had stolen all the money from "the state" in the 1920's and *(continued on page 48)*

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Daringly new!

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There are new standard V8 engines, 307 cubic inches big, that deli strong, dependable performance on regular fuel. Many models equip

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Top (l to r): Camaro—The Hugger, Corvette Sting Ray, Chevy II Nova. *Middle:* Chevelle. *Foreground:* Chevrolet.

ı automatic transmissions even have a special heater for the carburetor ;ive you more efficient performance in cold weather. And, of course, get the new GM exhaust emission control.

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PROVED SAFETY FEATURES

get the proved GM-developed energy absorbing steering column, ing front seat back latches and Chevrolet's dual master cylinder brake em—plus many new features for 1968. Among them: energy absorbing ıt seat backs, side marker lights and safety armrests that shield door handles. You'll feel more secure than ever.

NEW FEATURES EVERYWHERE

There are new interiors, new instrument panels, new fabrics, new colors, new roof lines, models with Hide-A-Way windshield wipers and disappearing headlights, a new ignition alarm that buzzes out a reminder not to walk away and leave your keys in the car. And many, many more.

Come drive these library-quiet, road-sure, daringly new Chevrolets for 1968. Their improved value, quality and expensive-car feel are simply unmatched for the money!

CHEVROLET

BE SMART. BE SURE. BUY NOW AT YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER'S.

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(*continued from page 44*)

departed for Chicago, and on to the state capitol to look for envelopes with foreign stamps in the big refuse bin where they threw things away. We would go inside the capitol and browse around in the Confederate museum, examining those countless battle flags and regimental banners, dull and shriveled with age, or the Indian mummy in ceremonial dress. Then the slow walk back home in the dusk, holding Mamie's hand and talking about what we would do tomorrow.

The day my Aunt Sue died, when I was in the third grade, they took me out of school, and we drove to Jackson for the funeral. I stood in front of the open coffin and looked down at her for a long time, even when no one was in the room. I said to myself, I have to memorize what she looks like so I won't forget her. I stood there for a long time, until the men came and said, "We have to go now," and took the coffin to be buried in the family plot, in the old section of the cemetery in Raymond, where I saw the tombstones of the Harpers, my great-grandfather and great-grandmother and their sons and daughters, all enclosed by the iron fence that was beginning to rust. We got in cars and came back to Jackson, and Percy took me by the hand to Woolworth's, to buy me whatever I wanted. He told me, "Now don't you be sad." That day I remember I promised myself that if Percy ever died, I would shoot myself with the pistol my father kept under his mattress at home. But I knew that Percy would never die.

One summer morning when I was 12, I sighted a little Negro boy walking with a girl who must have been his older sister on the sidewalk a block from my house. The little boy could not have been more than three; he straggled along behind the girl, walking aimlessly on his short black legs from one edge of the sidewalk to the other.

I hid in the shrubbery near the sidewalk in my yard, peering out to watch their progress and to make sure the street was deserted. The girl walked by first, and the boy came along a few yards behind her. Just as he got to where I was, lurking there in the bushes, I jumped out and pounced upon him. I slapped him across the face, kicked him with my knee, and with a shove sent him sprawling on the concrete.

The little boy started crying, and his sister ran back to him and shouted, "What'd he *do* to you?" My heart was beating furiously, in terror and a curious pleasure; I ran behind my house and hid in the weeds for a long time, until the crying drifted far away into "niggertown." Then I went into the deserted house and sat there alone, listening to every noise and rustle from outside, as if I expected some retribution. For a while I was happy with this act, and my head was strangely light and giddy. Later, when I thought about it coldly, I could hardly bear my secret shame.

For my whole conduct with Negroes as I was growing up in the 1940's was a relationship of great contrasts. On the one hand there was a kind of unconscious affection, touched with a sense of excitement and sometimes pity. On the other hand there were sudden emotional eruptions—of disdain and utter cruelty.

'As we grew older, the pranks we played on the Negroes began to take on an edge of cruelty.'

My own alternating affections and cruelties were inexplicable to me, but the main thing is that they were largely accepted and only rarely questioned. The broader reality was that the Negroes in the town were *there:* They were ours, to do with as we wished. I grew up with this consciousness of some tangible possession; it was rooted so deeply in me by the whole moral atmosphere of the place that my own ambivalence—which would take mysterious shapes as I grew older—was of little account.

One fact I took for granted was that Negro adults, even Negro adults I encountered alone and had never seen before, would treat me with generosity and affection. Another assumption was that you would never call a Negro woman a "lady" or address her as "ma'am," or say "sir" to a Negro man. You learned as a matter of course that there were certain negative practices and conditions inherently associated with being a "nigger." "Keeping a house like a nigger" was to keep it dirty and unswept. "Behaving like a nigger" was to stay out till all hours and to have several wives or husbands. A "nigger funeral" meant wailing and shouting and keeping the corpse out of the ground for two weeks. There were "good niggers" and "bad niggers," and their categories were so formalized and elaborate that you wondered how they could live together in the same town.

When I was slightly less than a year old, in 1935, I almost died. I lay in a crazy fever in the backroom, shook with convulsions, and gave every indication of a precocious death. My doctor could not be found. My parents tried to telephone every white doctor in town. Finally, as I was told it later, they called Dr. Miller, the Negro doctor. He came right away and saved my life.

"Which door did he come in?" I asked my grandmother, who had been there, many years later.

"What do you mean, which door?"

"I mean, was it the front one or the back one?"

"I declare," she said, pausing to recall. "I believe he came around back."

The child Dr. Miller saved, coming in to him through the back door, was a child born into certain traditions. The South was one, the old impoverished, whipped-down South; the Lord Almighty was another—anthropomorphic and quick-tempered, a natty beard on his Anglo-Saxon face. The Negro doctor coming around back was another.

Yet in the midst of all this there was the ineluctable attraction of "niggertown," which enclosed the white town on all sides like some other world, and the strange heart-pounding excitement that Negroes in a group generated for me. I knew all about the sexual act, but not until I was 12 years old did I know that white women ever performed it for pleasure; I had thought that only Negro women engaged in the act of love with white men just for fun, because they were the only ones with the animal desire to submit that way. So that Negro girls and women were a source of constant excitement and sexual feeling for me, and filled my daydreams with delights and wonders.

There was a stage, when we were about 13, in which we "went Negro." We tried to broaden our accents to sound like Negroes, as if there were not enough similarity already. We consciously walked like young Negroes, mocking their swinging gait, moving our arms the way they did, cracking our knuckles and whistling between our teeth. We used some of their expressions, saying them the way they said them, like: "Hey, *ma-a-a-an*, whut you *do*in' theah!" the sounds rolled out and clipped sharply at the end.

Sometimes we would run across a group of Negro boys our age, walking in a pack through the white section, and there would be bantering, half-affectionate exchanges: "Hey, Robert, what you *do*in' theah!" We would mill around in a hopping, jumping mass, talking baseball or football, showing off for each other, and sounding for all the world, with our accentuated expressions and our way of saying them, like much the same race. Some days we organized football games in Lintonia Park, first black against white, then intermingled, strutting out of huddles with our limbs swinging, shaking our heads rhythmically, until one afternoon the cops came cruising by in their patrol car and ordered us to break it up.

Coexisting with all this, in no conflict, were the hoaxes we would play on the Negroes, who were a great untapped resource. We would hide in the hedges in my backyard and shoot at Negro men who were walking down the sidewalk, aiming BB's at their tails. We would throw dead snakes into their path, or dead rats and crawfish, or attach a long thread to a dollar bill on the sidewalk and, when the man stooped to pick it up, pull it slowly back into the bushes.

I took to phoning the Negro undertakers, talking in my flawless Negro accent.

"Hello, this the undertaker?"

"Yes'm."

"This here's Miss Mobley, from out at Bentonia. I got me a problem."

"What's that?"

"Well, my cousin just died, and I wonder if I can bury him under the house."

"Bury him under the *house?*"

"That right. He never amounted to much to us, and we just want him out of the way quick."

"You can't do it. It's against the *law*."

"But what if we don't tell nobody? Ain't nobody gonna miss him noway."

"Naw, you can't do it. You got to get a death certificate and things like that."

"Well, we still gonna put him under the house. Is Johnson's Baby Powder a good thing to sprinkle him with?"

"Johnson's *Baby Powder?* Lord no!"

"But it says right there on the baby-powder can that it's good for the body."

"Lady, you got to have your cousin buried *right*." So I would give the undertaker the address, and then we would dash to the corner and watch the big black hearse come by on the way to Miss Mobley in Bentonia.

Several times I recall my father saying, when I was a small boy, "I don't know why they treat these niggers so bad. They pay taxes just like everybody else. If they pay taxes they oughta get to vote. It's as simple as that. If they don't get to vote they ought not to have to pay any taxes."

But one day the police finally caught a Negro I'll call Willie Davis, who had broken into a number of white houses on our street and stolen everything he could carry away with him. He stole my mother's engagement ring from our house, and several pieces of family silver that the Harpers had buried in the dirt floor of their smokehouse before the federal troops had arrived in Raymond. The police brought Willie Davis to the city hall for questioning, and telephoned all the men whose houses had been broken into to come and question him. My father took me with him.

It was a stifling hot summer day, so hot that all you had to do was walk into the sun and your armpits and the hair on your head would soon be soaking wet. The room at the city hall was a small one; it was crowded with white men, and several others peered through the open door from the hallway. The police chief was sitting behind a desk, and when he saw my father he shouted, "Come on in and let's talk to this boy." I found a place on the floor next to my father's chair, and then I saw the Negro, sitting in a straight chair, trussed up and sweating as much as I was. The other white men were looking at him, glowering hard and not saying a word. The police chief asked the Negro a few questions, and as I sat there taking it all in I heard a man I knew turn to Willie Davis and say, in a strangely subdued voice, sounding not at all like himself: "Nigger, I just want to tell you one thing, and you better get it straight, because I ain't gonna repeat it. . . . If I so much as see you walkin' down the sidewalk in front of our house, I'll blow your head off."

As we grew older, beyond puberty into an involvement with girls, our own acts took on a more specific edge of cruelty. On Canal Street, across from the old Greyhound station at the bayou, there was a concrete banister where the Negroes would sit waiting for the buses. On Saturday nights we would cruise down the street in a car, and the driver would open his door and drive close to the curb. We would watch while the Negroes, to avoid the car door, toppled backward off the banister like dominoes. And the taunts and threats to the isolated Negroes we saw, on country roads and deserted white streets, were harder and more cruel than anything we had done as children.

Deeply involved with the unthinking sadism, and with the sudden curious affection, were the moments of pity and sorrow. One Fourth of July afternoon when we were in high school, we went in a large group to one of the delta lakes for swimming and a picnic. A Negro shack on the bank of the lake had burned to the ground the night before. The father had taken his wife and several small children into a bare, floorless cabin nearby, alive with crawling things

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that came out of the rotten planks of what had once been a floor. All they had saved was the clothes on their backs. They sat around all day in front of their shack, watching us eat and swim; for hours, it seemed, they hardly moved. Finally my girl friend and I walked over. We discovered that the children had eaten practically nothing in two days. They sat there listlessly, not saying a word; the father said even the fish wouldn't bite for him. My girl started crying. We went back and told the others, and took up a collection that must have come to fifteen dollars and gave them our hot dogs and Cokes. The Negro family ate the food and continued to look at us down by the lake. Under their stolid gaze, I felt uncomfortable; I wanted to head back to Grand Avenue again. We packed our things and went to the car, drove through the flat cotton country to town, and resumed our picnic under the trees on the back lawn of one of the big houses in our neighborhood.

There was a different violence among us, a violence that reached us from far away. In 1951, during the early stage of the Korean War when the North Koreans and the Red Chinese began pushing south down the peninsula, most of the units in the Dixie Division of the National Guard were activated, including the one in town. The ranks of the local unit were filled mainly with country hard-noses, or with boys from around Graball Hill, who had joined up in the late 1940's to draw their monthly pay and because their uniforms would impress the country girls when they came to Main Street on Saturday afternoon.

They shipped out to somewhere to learn the basic military tactics, and the next thing we heard they were in Korea. Boys who had been in the high school a grade or two up, boys both from the town and out in the country, boys who could fight hard with their fists and match obscenities with anyone, but whose whole bearing and upbringing mocked the ways of the military, became heroes. All this gave one some immediate sense of how the ragtailed and downtrodden armies of the Confederacy had stayed in the field longer than some people had ever expected.

One day in the summer a local American Legion official telephoned me. He told me he had heard I could play the trumpet. "We need a trumpet for a military funeral," he said. "They're beginning to ship some of these boys back. We need you to play tomorrow." I got my old silver trumpet and shined it up, and practiced taps. The next day the Legion official and I waited at the open grave for the funeral procession to wind up the hill of the town cemetery, and after the guns had been fired I played that mournful tune, nervous as I could be and wobbling seriously on the high-F. We lacked an echo that day, but the Legionnaires told me after that first funeral that it was far from being my last one, and to find an echo as soon as possible.

As they began sending back the hometown soldiers who were being killed at the front lines in Korea, Ralph Atkinson and Henjie Henick and I played for more funerals than we could keep count of. We took turns playing at the grave, and despite what the military protocol said, we usually used not one but two echoes, one fairly close to the grave, the second as far away as possible.

The Legionnaires had a fine feel for drama. They would snap to attention just at the right moment and fire their guns with such a flourish that I often suspected they were secretly enjoying themselves. The ritual at the grave was enough to get anyone down: the pomp and display of the military service, the coffin resplendently covered with the Stars and Stripes, the moaning and wailing of the survivors sitting in the straight-backed funeral-home chairs. I remember especially one country family who came dressed up in cheap Sunday clothes for their boy's funeral. The father was tall and skinny; his hair was plastered down with sweet-smelling tonic, and his sun-

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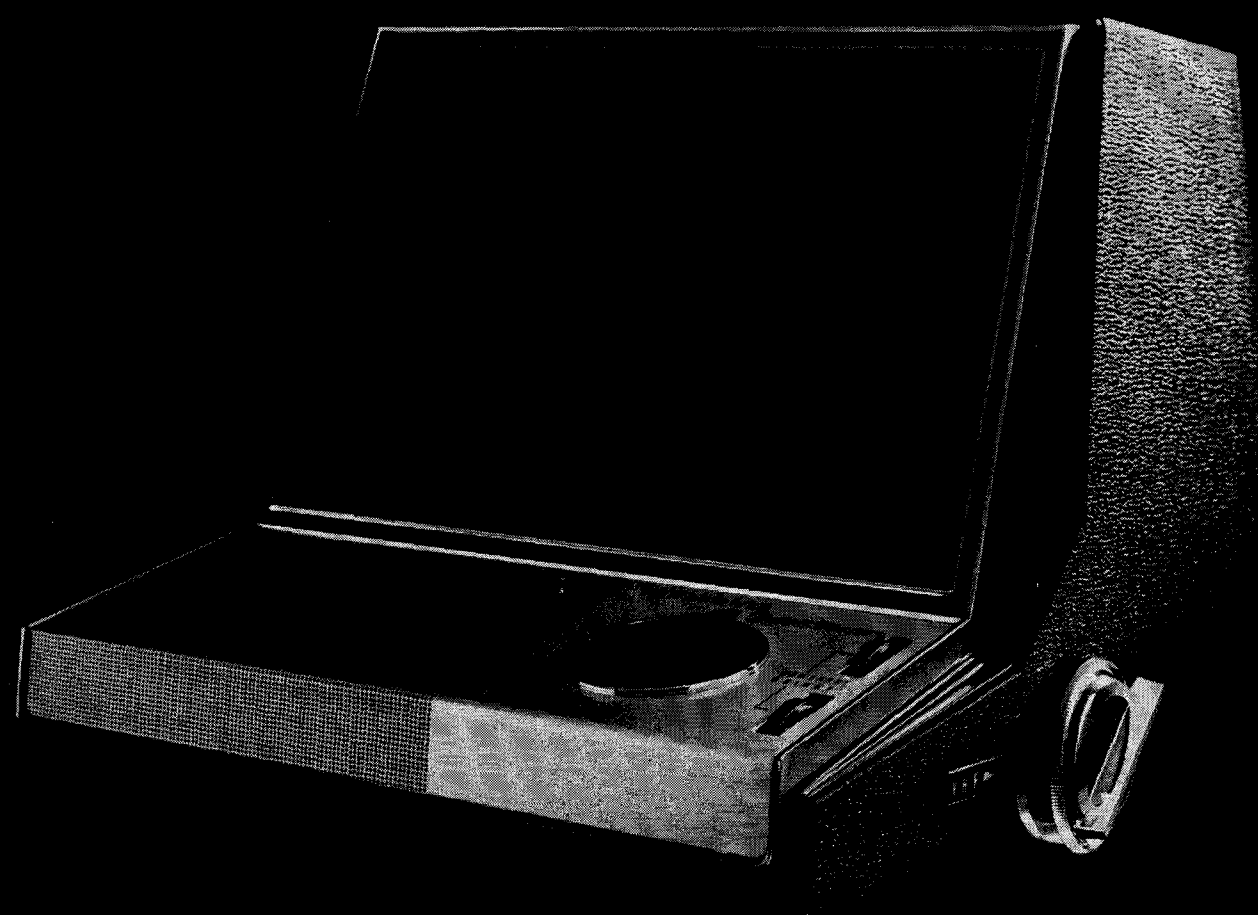

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burned face was a sure sign he was a dirt farmer from up in the hills. Big tears kept rolling down his face, which otherwise was without expression, and his several small children cried as if it were doomsday itself, and his wife muttered throughout the preacher's recitation, "*Why, why, why, why?*" The boy had been killed by mortar fire in a minor skirmish in some Korean town that everyone by now has forgotten, but when the guns had been fired and the taps played, the Legionnaires went up to the family with such dignity and sympathy, telling them how their son had died for his country and would always be remembered by everyone, and that they were there representing President Truman, who could not make it to the funeral, that the father's tears stopped, and the whole family quieted down and walked back to the funeral-home's car with a kind of doleful pride.

In the autumn of that year they shipped home Thomas Putnam, who had joined the Air Force in his senior year in high school. We had all known him well; we had played football together, and driven around the country in his pickup. He was a short, bow-legged little boy with red hair worn in a crew cut, and his humor was wild and irrepressible. When the word came that he had been killed while trying to rescue a wounded friend from a plane that had crash-landed, his old girl friend went hysterical in our classroom, and they had to send her home to bed.

The funeral was to be on a Saturday, and Thomas's coffin arrived Friday morning from the Jackson airport, accompanied by an Air Force private from Kansas with a black eye-patch. He was the one the dead boy had tried to save, and he came to our school that morning to be introduced in the weekly assembly. He was a quiet, slow-talking boy with a slight stutter; even in his full-dress uniform he looked younger than 18.

That night was one of the big home football games, and the whole town was touched with a wonderful undercurrent of excitement. It was Indian summer, and the earth and the trees, touched by the airy sunshine, were the lazy golden brown of that sad and lovely time; there was a faint presence of smoke everywhere, and the smell of leaves burning, and the sounds and their echoes carried a long, long way.

That night 3,000 people turned out at Crump Field for the game in the crisp, cool air. The cheerleaders whirled around in their tight skirts, cajoling the crowd to join the yells: "Y-A-Z-O-O. . . . That's the way to spell it, here's the way to yell it . . . *Yazoo!*" The victory over Belzoni was resounding, but I kept noticing the one-eyed airman from Kansas, sometimes sitting on the bench with the substitutes, or wandering among the crowd talking to the students and teachers, or off by himself drinking a Coke. The girls would walk up to him and say, "Now, you come to the dance after the game, you *heah?*"

The dance took place in a rambling country house on the edge of a rolling, dark-green golf course.

At one o'clock the party began to break up. I walked out onto the porch to get some air, and beyond that to the golf green up the hill. In the moonlight I saw the airman leaning against a tree, then, after a moment, walking alone and staggering around a sand trap.

"You all right?" I shouted, and walked up to him.

"Yeah, I'm OK," he said. "Just a little high."

"You got a ride home?"

"Yeah, thanks." Then he paused, and I could tell he wanted me to stay.

"Thomas ain't in that casket," he stammered, all in a rush.

It took me a few seconds to let the words get in. "What do you mean, he ain't in it?" I said.

"Just what I say. I mean he's not in it, except maybe a finger or two."

"You mean . . ."

"*Yeah,*" he snapped. "That's *exactly* what I mean. And his aunt wants to open it up, and I keep tellin' her she can't." He stopped for a second, and gazed down the sloping fairway out into the dark mists of the delta. "And besides, it's against the rules."

"Come on," I said to him finally, "Let's walk on back."

Next day a good part of the town came to the funeral. Someone had written a eulogy—patterned, I thought, after Ernie Pyle—for the school paper, and the preacher read it at church: "His old desk is empty, but with his spirit it will forever be filled." It rained at the cemetery, a hard, cold Mississippi rain that meant the sudden end of Indian summer; at my post on the hill I got soaking wet, and my trumpet echo came out of a ghostly fog that shrouded the trees and the cows in the wood. On Sunday morning, early, the one-eyed airman caught the Greyhound bus for

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Two chances to win. Here's how!

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3. With each entry for the "PURINA CAT DINNERS" Sweepstakes, enclose the words "Purina DAIRY DINNER," "Purina GRAVY DINNER" or "Purina SEANIP DINNER" from the top of any size package of Purina DAIRY DINNER, Purina GRAVY DINNER, or Purina SEA-NIP DINNER, or hand print in plain block letters the words "PURINA CAT DIN-NERS" on a 3" x 5" piece of plain paper. Mail entries to "PURINA CAT DINNERS," **Box 35591, Minneapolis, Minn. 55460.**

4. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 30, 1967, and received no later than January 8, 1968.

5. You may enter in both sweepstakes as often as you like, but each entry must be submitted according to the rules and mailed separately. Winners must accept prizes within specified time, no substitutes. Ralston Purina reserves the right to confirm ownership of cats. In order to be eligible, cats of winners must be domestic house cats (Felis catus). Limited to one winner per family.

6. Entries become the property of Ralston Purina Company. None to be returned.

7. Winners of the "PURINA CAT CHOW" Sweepstakes and the "PURINA CAT DINNERS" Sweepstakes will be chosen at a drawing conducted by the Adams-Burke Corp. Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners will be available Mar. 1, 1968, and will be sent to any cat owner upon separate request if a stamped self-addressed envelope is mailed to Purina Cat Chow or Purina Cat Dinners, Cat Portrait Sweepstakes, Ralston Purina Co., 200 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. 63199.

8. All residents of the United States, its territories and possessions may enter, except residents of states or localities where a sweepstakes is taxed, prohibited or otherwise contrary to law. These sweepstakes are subject to federal, state and local regulations.

9. Employees of Ralston Purina Company and its subsidiaries, its food brokers, dealers and its advertising and judging agencies are not eligible.

10. Actual portrait composition will be at Mr. Rockwell's discretion.

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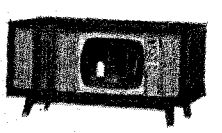
A trip for two. First, a day in Stockbri Mass., to meet Mr. Rockwell and sit pictures.

2 SWEEPSTAKES

PURINA CAT CHOW SWEEPSTAKE

2ND PRIZE

1968 Pontiac Firebird Sedan, equipped with white-wall tires, radio and heater.



5–3RD PRIZES

RCA Home Entertainment Centers, including color TV, stereo Hi-Fi, AM-FM radio.

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Memphis. We never saw him again.

Like Mark Twain and his comrades growing up a century before in another village on the other side of the Mississippi, my friends and I had but one sustaining ambition in the 1940's. Theirs in Hannibal was to be steamboatmen, ours in Yazoo was to be major-league baseball players. In the summers we thought and talked of little else. Almost every afternoon when the heat was not unbearable my father and I would go out to the old baseball field behind the armory. I would stand far out in center field, and he would station himself at home plate, hitting me high flies, or Texas leaguers, or line drives one after another, sometimes for an hour or more without stopping. I was light and speedy, and could make the most fantastic catches, forgetting the ball sometimes to head for the spot where it would descend, tumbling head-on for a diving catch. The smell of that new spring grass was the finest of all the smells I knew, and I could run forever and never get tired.

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons we would ride in a red-and-black bus through the heavy green woods to small crossroads towns to play the locals. The crowds would sometimes be in a foul frame of mind, especially if the farmers had got hold of the corn gourd early in the day. Since we were the "city boys," with our pictures in the Yazoo *Herald* every now and again, we were particularly ripe for all that boondocks venom. The farmers would stand around the field shouting obscenities at the "slickers," sometimes loosening up their lungs with a vicious whoop that sounded like a cross between a rebel yell and a red-neck preacher exorcizing the Devil. More often than not, to compound the injury, we got beaten. Yet far from being gracious in victory, those sons of dirt farmers rubbed our noses in our own catastrophes, taunting us with threats to whip us all over again while their elders shouted, "You ain't such hot stuff, slickers!" or "Go on back to town now, boys, and get your *photos* took some more." One afternoon when I ruined the no-hitter the best pitcher in the county had going with a broken-bat fluke into right field in the eighth inning, I thought those farmers might slice me in pieces and feed me to the boll weevils. "You proud of that little skinny hit?" one of them shouted, standing with his nose next to mine, and his companion picked up the broken bat that had done the evil deed and splintered it against a tree trunk. We beat the same team two or three weeks later on our home field, and I ran into their shortstop and catcher, two tough hard-noses, on Main Street the following Saturday. They sidled right up to me and waited there glowering, breathing in my face and not saying a word. We stood nostril-to-nostril until one of them said, "You think you're somethin' don't you, bastid? Beat us at home with your crooked umpires. Next time you come see us we'll whup you til the sap turns green." And they did.

The next summer, when I made the American Legion Junior team, I came under the tutelage of Gentleman Joe, a hard taskmaster of the old school despite his unfamiliarity with "stragety," as he called it. Gentleman Joe made his protégés lie flat in the infield while he walked on their stomachs. He also forced them to take three-mile runs through the streets of the town, talked them into going to church, and persuaded them to give up soft drinks.

He was a big one for church, and his pep talks, back behind the shabby old grandstand of our playing field, drew on such pent-up emotions, being so full of Scriptures and things of God's earth, that I suspected we were being enlisted, not to play baseball, but to fight in the Army of the Lord.

Before the final game for the state championship with 4,000 people waiting in the stands, Gentleman Joe delivered the best speech of all. "*Gentlemen,*" he said, using that staple designation that earned him his nickname, "I'm just a simple farmer. Fifteen acres is all I got, and two mules, a cow, and a lot of mouths to feed." He paused, and his eyes watered over. "I've neglected my little crop because of this team, and the weevils gave me trouble last year, and they're doin' it again now. I ain't had enough rain, and I don't plan to get much more. The corn looks so brown, if it got another shade browner it'd flake right off. But almost every afternoon you'd find me in my pickup on the way to town to teach you gentlemen the game of baseball. You're fine Christian gentlemen who don't come no finer. But I saw you gettin' a little lazy yestiddy, showin' off some to all them cute little delta girls in the bleachers. We didn't come way up here to show off, we come up here to *win!*" Then, his pale blue eyes flashing fire, half whispering and half shouting, he said, "Gentlemen, I

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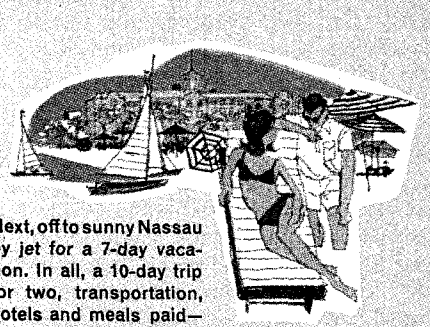
hen, on to New York for a two-day Manhattan holiday.



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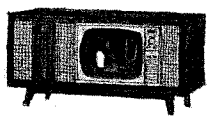

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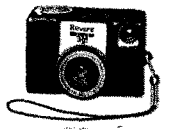

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want us to pray, and then . . . I want you to go out there on that field and win this Miss'ippi championship! Go out there, gentlemen, and *win this ball game for your coach!*" Then we prayed, and headed for the field like a pack of wild animals, and the third baseman and I shouted in unison, and we meant it, "Boys, let's get out and win for our *coach!*" That fall they gave us shiny blue jackets with "Miss. State Champions" on the back; I was so happy with that jacket I almost wore it out. And when my old dog Skip died of a heart attack trying to outflank a flea, looking at me with his sad black eyes and expiring in a sigh as old as death, that is what I wrapped him in before I took him in my arms and put him in the ground.

I had gone into high school with most of the same people who had started out with me nine years before. My best friends were the friends of my childhood, my teachers were women I had known or heard about for years—local myths with their own unique suzerainties. The standards of success—good grades, versatility, joining as many organizations as existed, and being, in the small-town southern way, a "good old boy"—were the standards that had been set for me ever since I first became aware that there were such things as organized priorities. Being a "good old boy" was the hardest priority of all. If you were intelligent and made straight A's, and got along fine with the teachers, it was necessary that all this be achieved with a certain casualness that verged on a kind of cynicism. So you would banter about grades as if they were of no account, curse the teachers, and develop a pose of indifference to ambition in all its forms. And you would speak the grammar of dirt farmers and Negroes, using *aint*'s and reckless verb forms with such a natural instinct that the right ones would have sounded high-blown and phony.

My high school was a pleasant, settled place, a neat old brick structure—just beginning to show the hard edges of wear, but a little graceful and proud in its shabbiness, in the way honored old buildings in small southern towns sometimes are. One soft spring afternoon when I was 14 or 15, sitting in the study hall reading Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*, I gazed out the window, and all of a sudden I felt overcome for no reason at all by the likelihood of a great other world somewhere out there—of streamlined express trains and big cities, and boats sailing to other countries. The teacher snapped, "Willie, get back to that book!" Over in a corner of the big room, I noticed Muttonhead Shepherd sound asleep behind a pile of textbooks, and Billy Rhodes writing the words to popular songs, and Big Boy Wilkinson and Bob Pugh flipping for nickels under the table. Then that vast other world disappeared, and I turned back to Booth Tarkington, for I was content with my comfortable surroundings, and would have seen no earthly reason to change them even if the opportunity had presented itself.

For going to a small-town high school in the lower South in the early 1950's was a pleasant, driftless life; we dwelled on philosophical problems like "school spirit" and being "popular," and we expected a "good time" as if it were owed to us. Social life, among the sons and daughters of the town people, was elaborate and highly organized; on weekends there would be two or three parties and dances to go to, often in tuxedos and evening dresses. All the middle-sized towns of the delta were linked up in a ritualized social routine: the weekend dances in the delta country clubs or school gymnasiums, with a perambulating Negro band called the "Red-Tops" playing the music for the Memphis Shuffle, were suitable training for the busy social life that would come later at Ole Miss or Mississippi State.

Besides these accepted social indulgences, I was marked out for "versatility." At 14 I was an editorial writer for the Yazoo High *Flashlight*, and for its pages in 1948 I wrote an article endorsing J. Strom Thurmond and Fielding L. Wright of the Dixiecrat Party for President and Vice President, and urging all students to be sure their parents voted Dixiecrat to protect the Mississippi Way of Life. Later I worked my way up to the editorship.

I also worked part time for the local radio station, a 250-watt affair beamed into the delta, where I became a disc jockey, news analyst, and sports announcer. "This is WAZF," I would say at the station breaks, "twelve-thirty on your dial, with studios high above the Taylor and Roberts Feed and Seed Store in downtown Yazoo City, the gateway to the Delta."

I ran a disc-jockey program some nights, called *Darkness on the Delta*, and one evening, for no logical reason, I devoted the whole hour to classical music—Beethoven and Brahms and Bach—while the phone rang incessantly, the callers demanding that I play some *real* music. In the middle of a Beethoven symphony, which I had dug out of the dusty end of the files, a hardnose phoned and said, "Play some Tennessee Ernie, you son of a bitch, or we're gonna come down there and tear that place up. We're cruising up and down Main Street, and we're fed up." I played Tennessee Ernie until sign-off.

That summer I fell deeply in love with a 15-year-old blonde beauty from the upper end of the county. I gave her my senior-class ring, and I was filled with pride when she marched in front of the 48-piece high-school band as a majorette, twirling her baton and strutting in her tight satin uniform.

Her father owned a monstrous slice of cotton land out in the great delta, so far to the north end of Yazoo County that it remains even now isolated from the civilizing influences of the county seat, including the services of Southern Bell Telephone.

At night, driving home from a dance or a movie, the blonde and I would park off the road in a clump of trees, and when the weather was cold our breaths would cause the windows to fog over with mist. One night we were embracing there on the front seat, when all of a sudden we heard at close range such a god-awful blast that we sprang bolt upright in a crazy fright. Outside the window we saw Sonny Bonney and John Abner Reeves, doubled over with laughter. Out coon hunting, they had spotted my car, sneaked up to within six feet of it, and fired both barrels of their shotguns into the air. Such were the hazards of "parking" in the delta.

On football weekends, when some of the parents went away to Memphis or Oxford or Starkville or New Orleans, the steady couples would take over one of the parents' houses. First all the lights would go out and candles would be lighted, then in would come a big washtub full of "schoolboy"—a mixture of gin, vodka, beer, and orange, pineapple and grapefruit juice, with whole oranges and tangerines added, laced at the end with three or four cups of pure alcohol. Then the dancing would start, and the rubbing up together. Tony Bennett singing *Because of You*, or Nat (King) Cole with *Unforgettable* would moan away on the phonograph, and there would be the light tinkling of ice in the tall glasses of "schoolboy." I was with the little plantation girl I loved and old friends who had been friends for as long as I could remember, in a town as familiar and settled to me as anything I would ever know. I would never wander very far away.

One spring day, two months before I was to graduate from high school, my father gave me some unexpected advice. He was reading the *Commercial Appeal* in our front room, and he turned and told me, quite simply, to get the hell out of Mississippi. I do not quite know why. Perhaps he knew something about doom, though his argument, he said, was based on a lack of "opportunity."

At first I ignored this advice. I was obsessed with the delta plantation and the blonde belle who graced its gullies, swamps, and tenant shacks. I had my heart set, at the age of 17, on entering into the life of Mississippi's educated landed gentry—by taking a degree at Ole Miss, as all my friends planned to do, and by returning to that plantation with my majorette, to preside there on the banks of the Yazoo over boll weevils big enough to wear dog tags, pre-Earl Warren darkies, and the young squirearchy from the plantations abutting on Carter, Eden, Louise, Holly Bluff, Sidon and Tchula.

I saw no reason to leave Mississippi. I was athlete, sports announcer, valedictorian and, my greatest pride, editor of the Yazoo High *Flashlight*. I knew Mississippi and I loved what I saw. I had just been voted most likely to succeed. In Yazoo I knew every house and every tree in the white section of town. I was full of the regional graces and was known as a perfect young gentleman. I was pleasant, enthusiastic and happy. "One shudders at the thought of the meaninglessness of life," I read years later in *Winesburg, Ohio*, in a moment when I was trying to remember these years, "while at the same instant, and if the people of the town are his people, one loves life so intensely that tears come into the eyes." Yet I was also sorrowfully ignorant—ignorant of myself, and of the world I was about to enter.

My first 17 years had been lived rich in experience—in sensual textures, in unusual confrontations. I had moved easily among many kinds of people, I had seen something of cruelty and madness, and I had survived fundamentalist religion. My father had taught me the woods; from everyone I had had love. The town in which I had grown up had yet to be touched by the great television culture, or by the hardening emotions and the defensive hostilities provoked by the Supreme Court in 1954. Something was left: a closeness to the earth, a sense of time standing still, a lingering isolation from America's relentless currents of change and homogeneity. Something else also remained, something innocent and exposed, some subtle quality that made possible, in the heart of a young and vulnerable boy, an allegiance and a love for a small and inconsequential place. Only retrospect would tell me I was to take something of these things with me forever.

What was it, then, that led me to leave, to go to a place where I did not know a soul, and eventually to make such a sharp break with my own past that I still suffer from the pain of that alienation? Was it some small grain of sand, something abrasive and unrecognized in my perception of things, some hidden ambition and independence that finally led me away from everything I knew and honored?

In trying to recapture a turning point in one's life at such an age, it is almost impossible to ascribe tangible motives to the great change in one's direction, to isolate a thought, or a decision. But there is a handful of things that stand out so clearly that they become, after many years, almost symbols. They embody, in retrospect, the very substance of one's existence.

My father set out one day for Austin, Tex., to see the campus of what we had sometimes heard was the best, and was certainly the biggest state university in the South. Four or five days later my friend Bubba Barrier and I, quite by chance, ran into him in the lobby of the Edwards House in Jackson. He had just returned. "That's one hell of a place they got out there," he said. They had a main building 30 stories high, a baseball field dug right out of stone, artificial moonlight for street lamps, and the goddamndest student newspaper you ever saw. "I think you ought to go to school out there," he said, "Can't nuthin' in *this* state match it."

Often, after that day, I would wander off by myself to that place of my childhood, the town cemetery. Here I would walk among all those graves I knew that had given me such a sense of the town when I was a boy—of the reprobates and early settlers, the departed gospelists and bootleggers, and all the boys who had been buried by the American Legionnaires. I cannot remember what my thoughts were on these excursions, except that I had a most dramatic conception of imminent departure. Something different was stirring around in my future, and I would brood over the place where I was and the place where I would end up, and for days I carried a map of the University of Texas in my shirt pocket. I was bathing in self-drama; perhaps it was my imagination, which had never failed me even as a child, that sought awakening.

And one cold, dark morning in the early fall, sick with leaving for the first time the place where I grew up, and the blonde majorette to whom I had said good-bye in my old DeSoto car the night before, I caught a Southern Trailways bus in Vicksburg for Austin. My mother, as the story always goes, cried, and my father looked thin as death as the bus pulled out to cross the great bridge into Louisiana. I turned on the red portable radio the local radio station had given me as a farewell present, and I remember the song that came on, a popular song of that time:

Fly the ocean in a silver plane,
See the jungle when it's wet with rain,
Just remember 'til you're home again,
*You belong to me.** □

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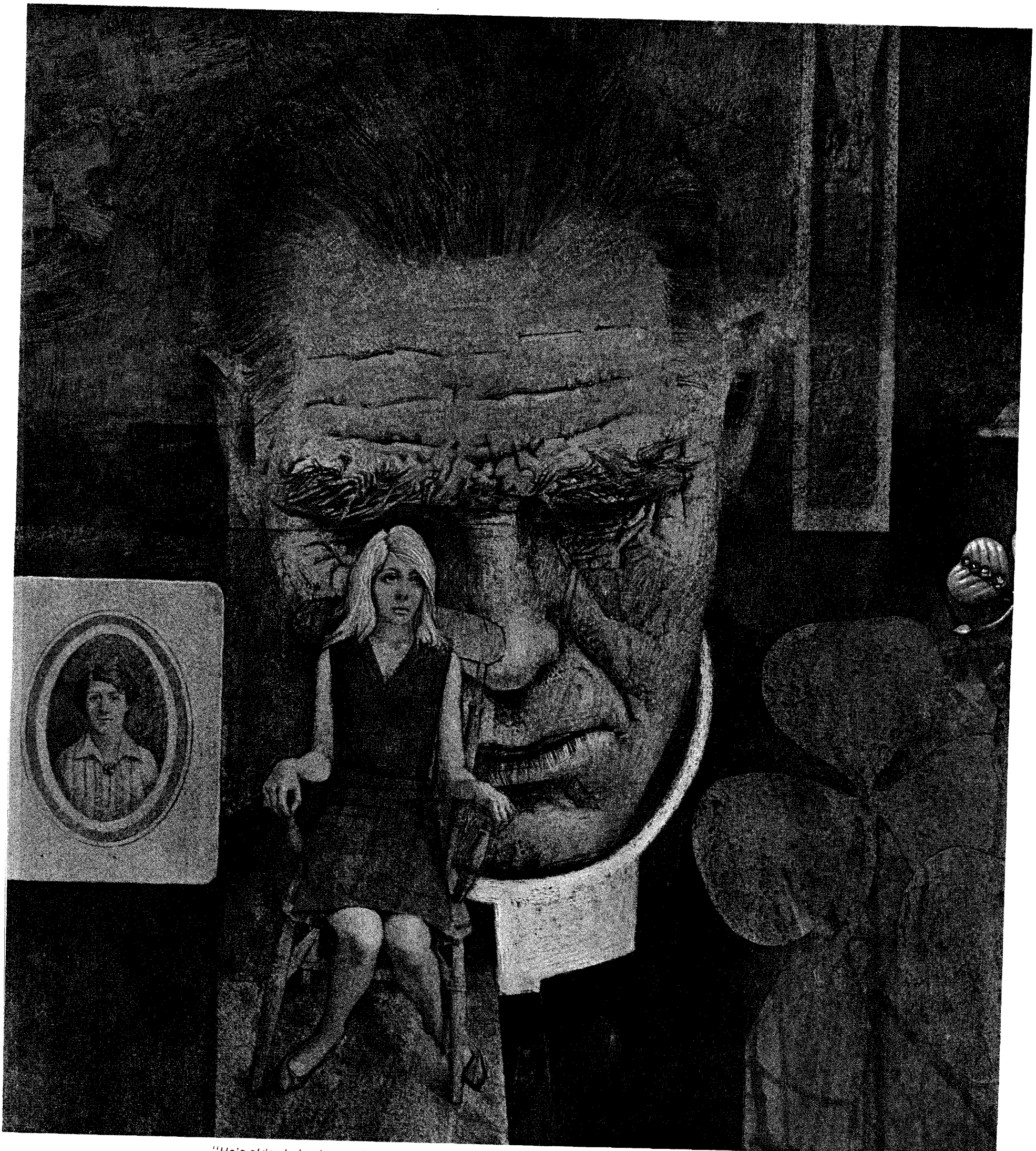

"He's older, he's cleverer," the girl said. "I thought he was kinder. Now that I know what he is, I'd chuck myself in the river before I'd live with him."

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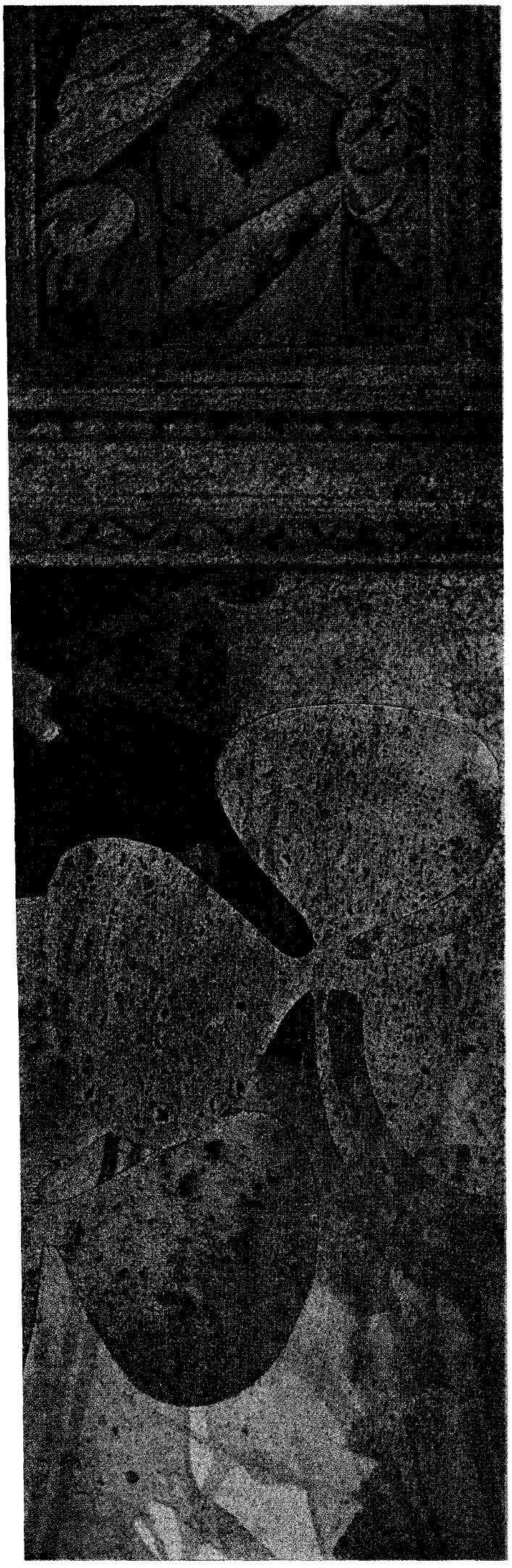

A MOTHER'S WARNING

There were women
like Sheila who had to steal—
steal from their
employers, steal from
other women, steal from God if they
got the chance,
because that was the most
dangerous of all.

BY
FRANK O'CONNOR

One winter evening Father Fogarty's housekeeper told him there was a strange woman to see him. When the girl came in he realized that he had never met her before. She was slight and lightly colored and vivacious. "Dresden china" was how he described her to himself. Though he was shy of women, he was attracted by them, and he offered her coffee.

"When you know what I came for, it's not coffee you'll be giving me," she said in a forthright way, and he laughed.

"In that case I'd better order it first," he said cheerfully.

"You'd better hear what I have to confess first, and then order it, if you want to," she retorted in the same exasperated tone.

"By the way, is it confession you want?" he asked professionally.

"That comes afterward, too, like the coffee," she replied.

"I don't know what your name is yet," he said.

"Oh, I'm Sheila Moriarty."

"You're not from this part of the world?"

"No, I'm from Clare. I'm in business here at Carden's Stores."

"I know the place," he said. "Do you like it?"

"I like it too much," she said ruefully. "I suppose that's what put me in the mess I'm in. I didn't realize it until I got here, but we were probably brought up too sheltered."

"How many of you are there?" he asked.

"Six. Three boys, three girls. Daddy is an insurance agent. Mummy—oh, I suppose Mummy is a saint."

"A what?" he asked in astonishment.

"Oh, I don't mean it that way, but she is, really. Trying to bring up six of us on what Daddy earns and see that we have everything—education, music, religion. I can see now what a struggle it must have been, all her life long. And now, here am I, after less than a year away from home, bringing disgrace on her."

"What did you do?" he asked her very quietly, hoping to head off her tears.

"I stole stuff from the shop," she said, and covered her face with her hands.

For a few moments he could say nothing. This was something he had not expected. With her looks and temperament he would have expected her to say that she was pregnant and ask him to get the young man to marry her. But you could never tell with women.

"How serious is it?" he asked, and without looking at him she opened her handbag and put a brooch on the table before her. It looked to him as silly as any other brooch—a sort of

Illustrated by Tom Adams

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golden shamrock that seemed as if it might be worth a half crown.

"Can't you put it back?" he asked, and she shook her head despairingly.

"What is it worth?"

"About two pounds ten, I suppose," she sobbed.

"Can't you put the price of it in the till?"

"No. It would be noticed."

"Very well," he said. "Send them a money order. They won't ask any questions."

"It's worse than that," she said. "Somebody knows I stole it."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Another of the staff?"

"Yes. An assistant manager. He encouraged me. He said the whole staff did it. Maybe they do. I don't know. Anyway, I was fool enough to believe him."

"Who is this fellow?" Fogarty asked.

"A man named Joyce."

"Where does he live?"

"In St. Mary's Road."

Fogarty paused. He realized that this business was more complicated than it had sounded at first, but he found it hard to frame a question that would bring out the truth.

"Is this fellow married, by any chance?" he asked shrewdly, and she began to sob again. Then she wiped her nose roughly with a handkerchief and went on.

"Before I left, Mother told me never to take anything that belonged to my employer, and I got into hysterics. It would never have occurred to me. And then she said never to have anything to do with married men because they weren't all like Daddy. We always thought she was so blooming innocent. She wasn't as innocent as we were."

"You'd better tell me the rest of it," he said sternly. "How far has this thing gone?"

"Too far."

"You mean you and he have been living together?"

"No. But that's what he wants."

"It's not what you want as well?"

"Not now," she said, shaking her head as though to shake the tears out of her eyes. "At first, I suppose I let myself be dazzled. I must have, when I let him persuade me to steal that, mustn't I? He's older, he's cleverer; I thought he was kinder. Now that I know what he is, I'd chuck myself in the river before I'd live with him."

"What kind is he?" Fogarty asked, already measuring himself against the unseen antagonist.

"He's clever, he's smooth, he's a liar," she said violently.

"What do you mean exactly when you say he's a liar?" Fogarty asked.

"I mean he told me a lot of things about his wife, and they were all lies."

"But how do you know they were lies?"

"I knew they were lies the moment I met her."

"Oh, you did meet her?"

"Yes, he made me come to his house one night after work. It was awful! He was watching us both the whole time. That's when I got frightened of him. Everything he'd told me about her was wrong. She was nice and decent and she was frightened out of her wits by him."

"I think we'll have that coffee now," he said with an encouraging smile. He went to the head of the stairs and shouted, "Molly, could we have some coffee?" and then walked back to the mantelpiece. "I'll have to think over what I'm going to do," he said, sounding more confident than he felt. "About this, to begin with," and he picked up the silly little trinket. "I gather you don't want it?"

"I wish I'd never seen it," she said bitterly.

"You're not likely to see it again," he said, putting it in his pocket, where his housekeeper could not notice it. "About our friend Mr. Joyce—have nothing whatever to do with him. If he annoys you, tell him to go to hell. I suppose he's trying to blackmail you about the brooch?"

"I suppose so, in a way. He's not as crude as that."

"There's nothing he can do to you that wouldn't injure himself worse."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," she said doubtfully. "Men like that in responsible positions can ruin you without saying a word."

"Somehow I don't think he will," Fogarty said grimly. "Meanwhile, drink your coffee and forget all about it. And next time you meet a married man, remember what your mother told you. They're not all like your father."

When she had drunk her coffee, he saw her casually to the door and held her hand.

"Remember what I said, now," he told her. "Forget about it."

But this was much more than he could do himself. He was a man who, largely because of his circumstances, had to live a great deal in his own imagination, and the pictures that the girl had left in it were large and vivid. He could see the sort of household she came from, with the anxious, pious mother trying to spread the few pounds her husband made into a full and comfortable life for six children without their even being aware of the sacrifices she was making. His own mother, who had only had two of them, had done something of the same kind. He could also see how a girl like that, brought up in a pious home and suddenly dumped into a large town where she had no friends, would grab at any company that offered itself so long as it was "kind"—her own word. And he could see the sinister figure of Joyce with his lordly airs, leading her from one small misdemeanor to another so that eventually he could exercise a sort of moral blackmail on her. What would have happened if she hadn't the gumption to come and tell her story to a priest was easy enough to work out. But, though he was determined on frustrating Joyce, he didn't quite see yet what he could do about it.

The following evening he went up to see a curate who worked in the parish where Joyce was residing.

"I want information about one of your parishioners," he said.

"The seal of the confessional is strictly observed in this parish, Jerry," the curate said lightly. "Who do you want to know about?"

"A fellow called Joyce, in St. Mary's Road."

"The fellow who works at Carden's? I don't know much about him, Jerry. Is it woman trouble?"

"Why? What about him and women?"

"Oh, I heard something. About two years ago it was. He used to be on the road."

"Anything else?"

"It's coming back to me. Mind you, I couldn't say that it was anything but rumor. He was supposed to be tied up with a woman called Healy. She and her husband left town. Of course, the Joyces have no children. That sort of thing is always happening in homes like that, as I needn't tell you. I'm sorry for Mrs. Joyce, though. She seems a nice cheerful girl."

Fogarty went away with his mind made up. Next morning he rang up Joyce and suggested they meet at his house that evening. Joyce seemed quite cheerful and cooperative. He arrived that evening at the presbytery, looking as though he hoped to sell Fogarty a new suite of furniture. Fogarty asked him in. He had left the brooch lying on a little table by the sofa. It was a subtle move, intended to put Joyce out of countenance, but he only smiled gaily when he saw it.

"That's a nice little ornament, Father," he said. "Fifty bob in the store. Probably costs four and tuppence to make."

"I believe it is from the store," Fogarty said darkly. "I thought you might like to put it back where it belongs."

"Me, Father?" Joyce asked innocently. "Of course, I'll take it if you'd like me to, but what should I say?"

"Say whatever you like, but I want to hear nothing more about it. I understand it was stolen at your instigation."

"Stolen at my instigation?" Joyce repeated quietly. "That's a very serious allegation, Father. Are you sure you're in a position to prove it?"

Fogarty was taken aback. The scene wasn't going at all as he had planned it.

"Yes, and you know who the witness is," he said threateningly. "Sheila Moriarty."

"Sheila Moriarty? Sheila stole this? And do you seriously believe, Father, that the bishop would accept the story of a self-confessed thief or consider that it entitled you to go round making wild charges against me?"

"You tried to seduce that girl," shouted Fogarty, trying to brazen it out.

"And what else, Father?" Joyce asked impudently.

"Nothing else, but you'd better let her alone for the future."

Suddenly Joyce changed from defense to attack.

"Has it struck you, Father, that Sheila is very well able to look after herself?"

"No, it hasn't."

"And yet when she wants to protect herself against me—as she says—she goes to you and not to the parish priest."

"That's her business."

"You're trying to make it mine, Father. By the way, have you told the parish priest?"

"That's none of your damn business either."

"Oh, but I might have to see the parish priest if this went any farther, Father," Joyce said with contemptuous amusement. "I hope I don't. In the meantime you'd be wise to throw that brooch in the dustbin and forget the whole business. I'm afraid I have to go. But before I go, Father, did Sheila ever tell you what her mother's advice to her was before she left home?"

"I am not discussing her business with you," Fogarty said angrily.

"You should ask her sometime," Joyce said with a sneer, and then turned on his heel and went down the stairs.

Fogarty was furious. He knew he should have hit the man, and in any situation in which he was sure of his ground he would certainly have hit him. It was clearly a public duty on somebody's part. But he was not sure of his ground, and the result had been that, though he had asked to see the man merely to warn him off, it was himself who had been warned off. And Fogarty was not a man who was accustomed to being treated like that.

Next morning he woke up in a more cheerful mood. An unpleasant duty had been done, no matter how badly, and he had a strong impression that Joyce was not fool enough to go on either with Sheila or with an inquiry into what had happened to the brooch. So far as that was concerned, she had covered herself fairly adequately; any attempt at penalizing her would involve revealing the fact that there was a third party who knew the truth. But Fogarty did realize that for the future it would be better if he didn't blow his top with a businessman. He was far too unworldly to deal with slickers like that. It was all very well knowing a few thousand sins theoretically, but to know a few of them practically gave a businessman a real advantage.

Still, he was cheerful enough when Sheila arrived that evening. This time he told Molly to bring the coffee at once, and until it arrived he made general conversation.

"Well, I had a visitor last night," he said lightly, and when she glanced at him he said, "I leave you to guess who it was."

"What did you think of him?" she asked with a rueful smile.

"Smooth!" he said approvingly. "A

Night out

Broadway
Off
Audience
Cough
Night club
Smoke
Audience
Choke
Dancing
Spastic
Check
Fantastic
Turnpike
Toll
Quarters
Dole
Exhausted
Bed
Morning
Dead.

—Robert Dale Martin

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skillful debater. Not somebody I think *you* should debate with, though."

"Do you think I'm such a fool?" she asked bitterly. "What did he say?"

"Nothing much," Fogarty said. "He wasn't admitting anything. But I don't think he'll make any more trouble for you—provided, that is, you have no discussion whatever with him."

"I promise you I won't, if I can avoid it."

"You'll have to avoid it."

"And the brooch?"

"Forget about that. Tell it in your next confession, of course, but say you took steps to return it. I'll find a way."

"I don't know what I'd have done without you," she said, giving him a feeble smile.

"I didn't do anything except what I was bound to do," he said. "And I wouldn't even have been able to do that except that I knew something about what he was like."

"What was it?" she asked.

"Nothing much. Just an unfortunate married woman who found it advisable to leave town as a result of his attentions."

"I suppose I should have guessed it," she said bitterly. "I knew I'd been a fool. I didn't know I'd been quite as big a fool as that, though. What else did he say?"

Fogarty realized with surprise that, bitter as she was about that worthless, despicable man, if he told her every word Joyce said, she still would want to hear more.

"Oh, he just told me to find out from you what the advice was that your mother gave you," Fogarty said with a hearty laugh.

"He told you that?" she asked sharply, and at once he felt he had said something wrong. Things that men and women said to one another when they were making love were quite different when passed on to a third party.

"Naturally, I didn't say you'd already told me," he added gravely.

"I'm glad," she said, and got up.

"You're not going?" he exclaimed. "It's still early. I can drive you home if you've any distance to go."

"I think I'd better go just the same, Father," she said with a gallant little smile, but he could have sworn there were tears in her eyes. Something had gone wrong—dreadfully wrong—but he had no idea what it was, and felt a complete fool.

"You'll keep in touch with me?" he asked.

"I promise, Father," she said with a smile.

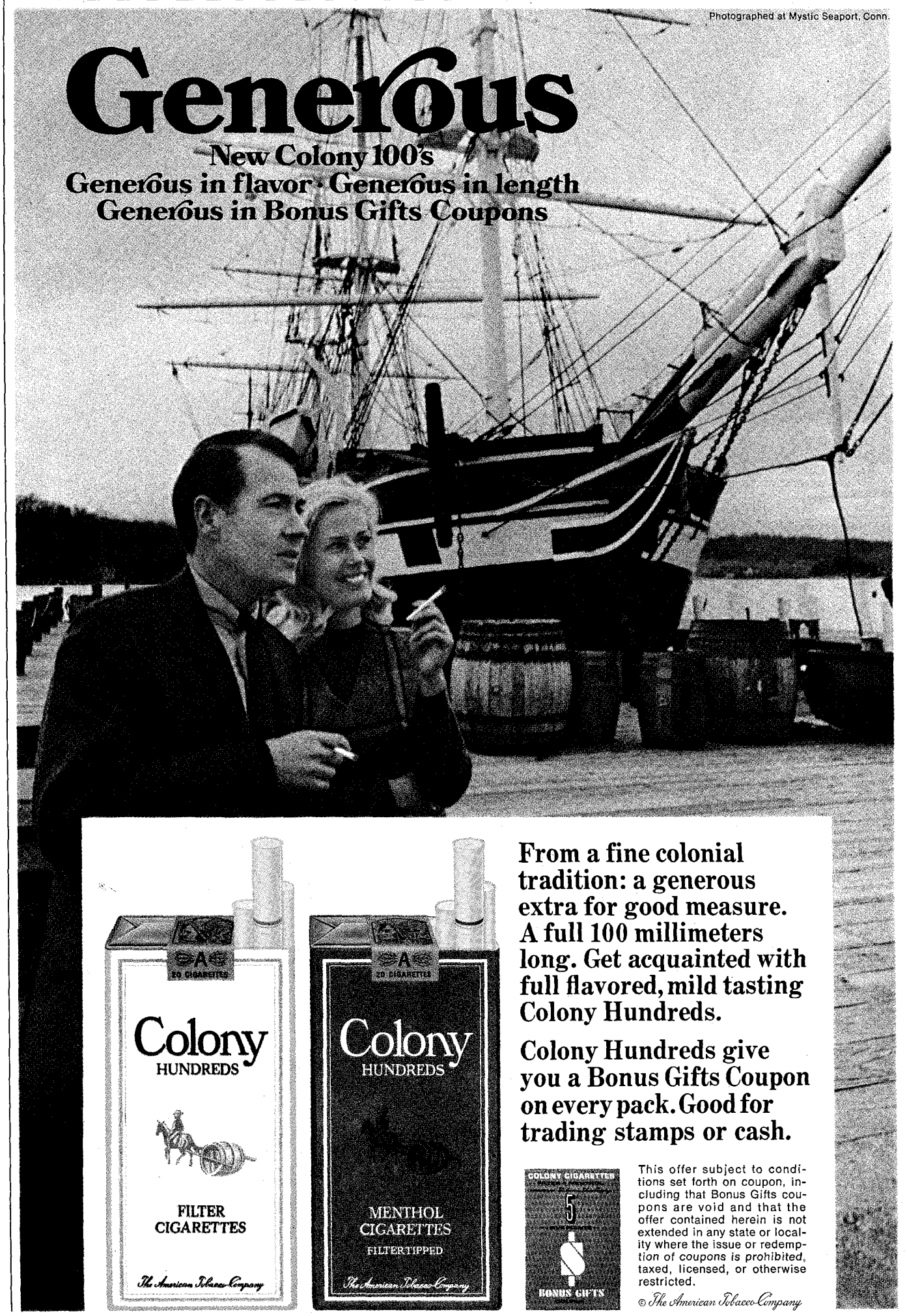
"And if that fellow annoys you again don't waste any more time. Come straight out of the shop and let me know. I promise I'll deal with him quickly and quietly. You understand that?"

"I understand, Father," she said, and he went with her down the stairs to see her to the gate.

It was only when she had gone that he realized what a complete fool he really was. The evening should not have ended like that, he knew, but what the devil had he said? It had something to do with Joyce's remark about her mother's final word of advice to her. Sheila obviously made no great secret of the story, and in some way it involved him. But how did it involve him? Her mother had told her not to steal from her employer—natural advice enough. She had told her to have nothing to do with married men because they weren't all like her daddy, which again was something any mother might have said. Neither of these maxims affected him in any way.

And then he realized what the secret was, and why Joyce had worn that complacent air of triumph as he spoke of it. The advice was not in two parts but in three, and Sheila had not told him the third because it affected him. He knew now how the evening might easily have ended; with half his mind he felt passionate and frustrated, and with the other half he saw clearly what a fool he had made of himself. How could a man who knew nothing of women deal with a woman and her infinite vagaries? There *were* women like Sheila who had to steal—steal from their employers because it was dangerous, steal from other women, steal from God if they got the chance because that was most dangerous of all. And but for a casual stupid remark, he might have been like that piece of fifty-shilling jewelry, something a slip of a girl could wear on her dress when she went to a dance.

He wondered what Sheila's mother had really said. "And lastly, don't throw temptation in a priest's way because they're not so well protected as other men are." And suddenly the loneliness he was forever trying to banish descended on him in all its black bitterness and he added aloud, "O God, we're not, we're not." □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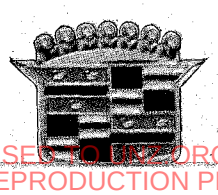

Cadillac for 1968

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Barred

By John O'Hara

He had made one bad mistake,
and now they expected
the worst of him. All right, if that was
what they expected,
that was what they would get.

Illustrated by Bill Whittingham

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It was a fact that Jimmy Bresnahan got so mad at Nora Muldoon that he was ready to kill her. He went to her house that night and her mother answered the door. "Good evening, Jimmy," said Mrs. Muldoon, showing polite surprise. "Would you like to come in?"

"Why, yes, or I'll wait on the porch," said Jimmy. "That is, Nora's expecting me."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mrs. Muldoon. "She went to the movies right after supper."

"That's funny," said Jimmy. "She was supposed to go to the Lake with me."

"You must have the wrong evening," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"Thursday. That's the night for the big orchestras. George Olsen is playing tonight. We made the date over a week ago."

"Then it must have slipped her mind. She and Isabel and Mary went uptown soon after supper," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"I was supposed to call for her at ha'-past eight."

"Well, it's that now, but the movie won't be over till after nine. Then they go for a soda. I don't expect her much before ha'-past nine. If then. Sometimes they go to Isabel's after the picture show, and Bud walks her home."

"Is it all right if I wait a little while?" said Jimmy. "I'll just sit out here on the porch."

"Well, I wouldn't count on her," said Mrs. Muldoon. "Knowing her, she wasn't dressed to go to the dance, and she's liable to stay at Isabel's till quite late. I think the whole thing must have slipped her mind."

"Are you sure she's not standing me up, Mrs. Muldoon?" said Jimmy.

"Well, I couldn't be sure of that, either," said Mrs. Muldoon. "You wouldn't be the first one, and you've never had a date with her before. Nora's as changeable as the weather. I tell her time and again, if she wants to remain popular she has to start thinking of other people's feelings."

"She is standing me up, isn't she?" said Jimmy.

"Now, I didn't say that, Jimmy. But it looks that way. I don't say she's standing you up, but I'm positive she isn't going to the Lake tonight."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Why am I so positive? Well, I just remembered, they *are* going back to Isabel's from the picture show. Yes, Isabel has a new Victrola, the table model, to take to school with her. Yes, now I remember."

"Then there's no use my waiting," said Jimmy.

"No, I honestly don't think there is. I'll tell Nora you were here promptly at ha'-past eight."

"Why is she standing me up? You know why, Mrs. Muldoon," said Jimmy.

"No, I can't exactly say I do, *if she is*."

"You know she is, and you know why. Maybe you told her to break the date with me."

"Now, Jimmy, I don't intend to stand here letting the flies in while we discuss Nora. If you have anything to say to Nora it'd be better to say it to her."

"I'm right, though. You told her to break the date with me. You won't let her go out with me, is that it?"

"She made that decision without any help from me, Jimmy. Not many mothers ——"

"That's it. It was you."

"No, it wasn't. Nora thought it over and then she thought better of it."

"With a little help from you."

"Don't get personal, Jimmy. Have more respect for your elders."

"It was you. Nora wanted to go out with me, but you wouldn't let her."

"I didn't have to say a word. Nora made up her own mind. And it's against the law to leave your car there with the motor running."

"You! You and those mothers!" said Jimmy. He heard her say something about a good thing some mothers—but he missed the rest in his angry haste to his car. He drove away noisily and recklessly, hating Mrs. Muldoon but even more hating Nora for her treachery. For a week he had been saying that Nora Muldoon was the only one of the so-called nice girls who had the courage to make a date with him. She was the prettiest of them all, the only one worth taking to a dogfight. He had taken George McLoughlin's two-dollar bet that Nora would back out at the last minute. "That shows you how much you know about girls," he had said to George. "The real pretty ones are sure of themselves."

"Maybe I don't know so much about girls, but I'm related to those Muldoons and I know Nora better than you do."

"Two bucks, two bucks," Jimmy had said.

Now, driving through the streets of the town, he recognized cars and couples in them, off to an early start for the Lake. They would all know that he had a date with Nora Muldoon—and some of them would already know that Nora had stood him up. They would have seen Nora and Isabel Murphy and Mary McCorkindale—sometimes known as Faith, Hope, and Charity—marching together to the movies. It was bad enough that Nora had broken the date, bad enough if she had broken it and stayed home; but she had made it worse by going to the movies with Isabel and Mary, passing the homes of their friends who knew she had made the date with Jimmy. She did not even pretend she was sick or something. In a way it was worse than if she had gone to the Lake with someone else. At least then she could have pretended there was a mix-up on the dates. Or *he* could have pretended it.

He had almost twelve dollars in his pocket, the family Nash, his good white linen suit—the man in the saying: all dressed up and no place to go. It was too early for the Busy Bee. Nobody went there this early. George McLoughlin would be shooting pool at the Olympic, but one of the last people he wanted to see right now was George McLoughlin. Not that George would give him the razz, but he did not want any kind of sympathy from George. Or from anybody. He would like to get Nora Muldoon by the throat and throttle her, to tear the clothes off her and make her walk down Main Street half naked. He would like to disgrace her, the dirty little double-crosser. Why not? It was what they all expected of him.

One bad thing, one really bad thing that he had told in confession and got absolution for, that had brought shame and disgrace on his mother and father and cost his father a lot of money. The whole town knew it, even if it never got in the papers. Jimmy Bresnahan caught in a raid on Sally Minzer's roadhouse by the state police. Taken to the county jail and held as a material witness because he offered resistance. The older men were let go, but he had taken a swing at a statie and they put him in the truck with the whores and locked him up overnight. Lawyers. Politics. Money. Disgrace. New Year's Day in the county jail. Hysterical mother. Angry father. Embarrassed sister. Pompous priest. Condescending neighbors. Hesitant friends. Leering acquaintances. The delayed return to college escorted by his father, and the interview with the prefect of discipline.

"Yes, we heard all about James," said the prefect of discipline. "A truism that bad news travels fast, and there always seem to be volunteer informers in cases like this. Well, Mr. Bresnahan, you did the honorable thing coming here. Father Rector put it entirely in my hands when he heard you were coming with James. I will say parenthetically, Father Rector recommended clemency in recognition of your honorable behavior, and I was inclined that way myself, but I don't say the rector's attitude hurt any. Now then, Mr. Bresnahan, the university has no *official* knowledge of James's peccadillo, misconduct, whatever you wish to call it. It took place during the vacation, hundreds of miles from here. And according to our information, James's name doesn't even appear on the county records of your home county. How fortunate indeed. Because regardless of official record, I doubt very much whether James would have been admitted as a freshman if he had such a mark on his record. You wouldn't say such a mark testified to his good character. But when a boy is home on vacation he's supposed to be out of our jurisdiction, so to speak. Back in the jurisdiction of his parents, you might say, and in view of the fact that the university got no official report on the unfortunate episode, we decided to look the other way. Taking into consideration, of course, the fact that James has a record here that's about average—not as good as some, not as bad as others. Average."

So they let him back in the university, never officially having put him out. His father reduced his allowance. "None of my money goes for prostitutes," said Mr. Bresnahan. His mother sent him five dollars a week, or he would have had little money for cigarettes and movies. That second semester he did penance, but when he got home in June it was soon apparent that the mothers and fathers of the so-called nice girls deemed the penance inadequate. He was not fully ostracized; they nodded to him when they could not avoid it. But he was no longer welcome on their porches, he was not invited to picnics, he was left out of several birthday

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parties. His father had got him a job, not a soft job in a law office where he might learn something about the profession he expected to follow, but a three-dollar-a-day job cutting brush for a surveying party with the power company. He chopped away a lot of brush and killed a dozen rattlesnakes, got browned by the sun, and learned just enough about civil engineering to confirm his preference for the law. In the evenings he played pool with George McLoughlin and spoke often of Nora Muldoon. "Why don't you ask her for a date?" said George. "All she can do is say no."

"If she says that," said Jimmy. "I haven't said two words to her all year."

"She didn't stop talking to you, did she?"

"No, but she never did say much to me," said Jimmy.

"Does she look at you with those big brown eyes?"

"Boy, those big brown eyes," said Jimmy.

"I'd like to dip my socks in her coffee, all right," said George. "Cousin or no cousin. Go ahead and ask her for a date, see what she says."

Jimmy discussed the problem with an older man, the chief of the surveying party, who had lived all over the world and had what he called his own personal League of Nations—his recollections of the women he had slept with. "Well, if she's as pretty as you say," said O'Donnell, "you can ask her anything, provided you ask her in the right way. The pretty ones you don't have to worry about. The homely mutts are the ones that sick the dogs on you. Now, this kid knows you were pinched in a whorehouse, so she isn't expecting any saint. If it was me, I'd go right up to her and say, 'What about it?' But I don't live here, and you do. I can afford to put it all on one roll of the dice, because I'll be getting out of here after Labor Day. Don't be shy. One time in Mexico City I made a play for my boss's wife, expecting to get fired and sent home. It turned out quite the opposite. She said if I hadn't made my play when I did, she was going to make the first move herself. You never know what's in their minds."

Thus encouraged, Jimmy Bresnahan blocked Nora Muldoon's progress on the sidewalk one afternoon. "I'll treat you to a malted," he said.

"Thanks, but I'm on my way to the hairdresser," said Nora Muldoon.

"How long'll you be?"

"Two hours, maybe more," she said.

"What I wanted to say was, would you care to go hear George Olsen, at the Lake?"

"You mean on a date with you?"

"Or with another couple?"

"It's next Thursday, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"All right."

"I'll stop for you at eight-thirty," said Jimmy.

"I have to be home by one," she said.

"Whatever you say," he said.

"All right," she said.

"Thanks, Nora," he said. He was grateful to her for making the transaction so simple. As he said later to George McLoughlin, she did not make him get a letter from his pastor, or promise to behave like a gentleman.

"We'll see," said George, and his skepticism led to the two-dollar bet. O'Donnell, the civil engineer, provided a piece of advice. "Get her away from that dance," said O'Donnell. "Otherwise she'll be bored to death and you'll never get another chance at her. She's ripe for plucking. If you don't get anywhere, maybe I'll have a go at her myself—or even if you do."

"She's not that kind of a girl," said Jimmy.

"My boy, they all are," said O'Donnell. "Take it from a man that's been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything, and ready to start all over again. If she's a she, she's a she."

Now, driving up and down the streets of the town while this particular she sat watching a movie, Jimmy Bresnahan fully agreed with O'Donnell's opinion of the female sex. He hated her, he hated them all. In the morning O'Donnell would want to know all about his date with Nora, and he would have nothing to tell. He hated O'Donnell for having raised his hopes, and hated him in advance for the glib explanation he would have for her having stood him up. But the only explanation worth a damn was that Nora Muldoon had wanted to humiliate him publicly, and he tried to think of a way to humiliate her that would not get him arrested.

Well, everybody expected him to show up at the Lake with Nora Muldoon. What if he showed up, not with her but with the worst tart in the county? They would all be looking for Nora Muldoon, but what if he showed up with Sally Minzer instead? And if not Sally herself—who was nothing to look at—one of Sally's girls?

He swung around in the middle of the block and headed for Sally Minzer's joint.

It was early for Sally Minzer's, but that meant that the girls would not be busy. They would have no objection to going to the Lake for a couple of hours. On the way to Sally's he imagined Nora's friends when he showed up with one of Sally's girls. Nora's girl friends would not recognize any of Sally's girls, but some of the boys would. He could imagine the whispers. "That's one of Sally Minzer's you-know-what. What happened to Nora Muldoon?"

That would be the cream of the jest, his bringing one of Sally Minzer's girls to the Lake instead of Nora. It would get back to Nora before the night was over. Some of Nora's friends were quite likely to telephone her from the Lake. As the prefect of discipline had said, there was always some volunteer informant.

It was early for Sally Minzer's place, but there were a few cars in front of the entrance and all the lights were on inside the house and in the driveway. Obviously the authorities had given Sally permission to open up again. Jimmy parked his car and walked to the barroom, where two men were sitting at a table, having drinks. They were strangers to Jimmy and they paid little attention to him. The bartender was likewise a stranger. "What'll it be?"

"Rye and ginger ale," said Jimmy. "Is Sally in?"

"Sally? Do you know her?"

"Sure I know her."

"Does she know you?"

"Sure she knows me. You're new here," said Jimmy.

"Not so new. Who will I say wants to see Sally?"

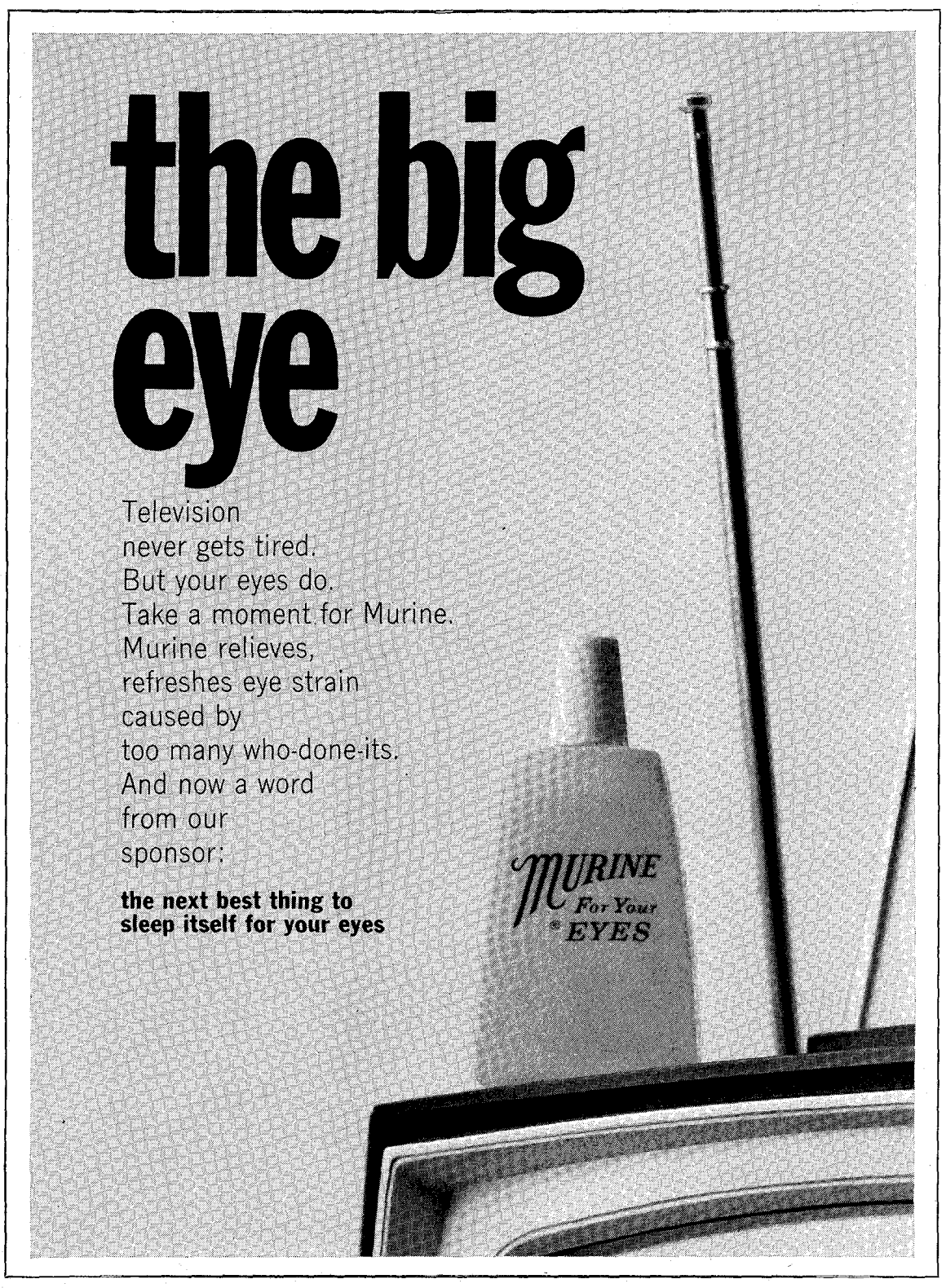
"The name is Bresnahan."

' I'll go see if she's in," said the bartender. He left the barroom, but he was not gone long. Sally Minzer came in, stared at Jimmy, and shouted, "Get him the hell out of here! Get him out! Who the hell let him in? This kid is poison. He hits cops. You, Bresnahan, get out of here and I never want to see your face again. You cost me plenty, you young punk."

"He owes for the rye," said the bartender.

"The hell with that, just get him out of here," said Sally Minzer. "And you, if you ever show your face in here again, I'll put them to work on you. *You're barred*, you understand that? *Barred.*"

The men at the table had got to their feet. "You heard what she said," said one of them. "You're barred." □



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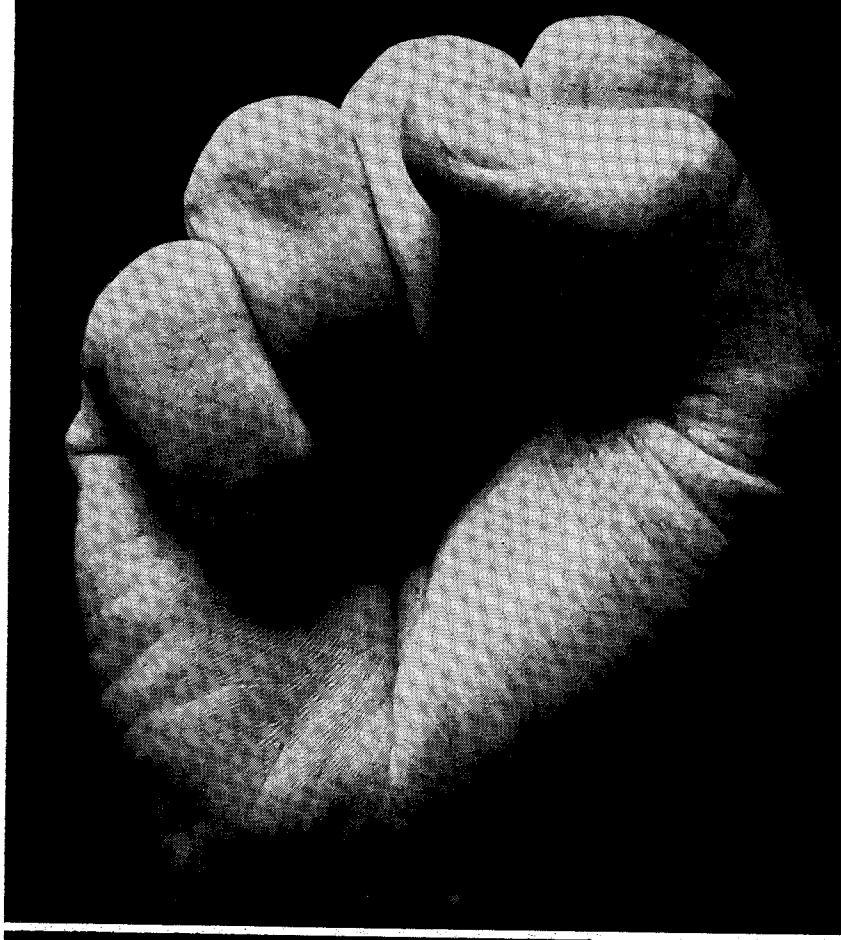

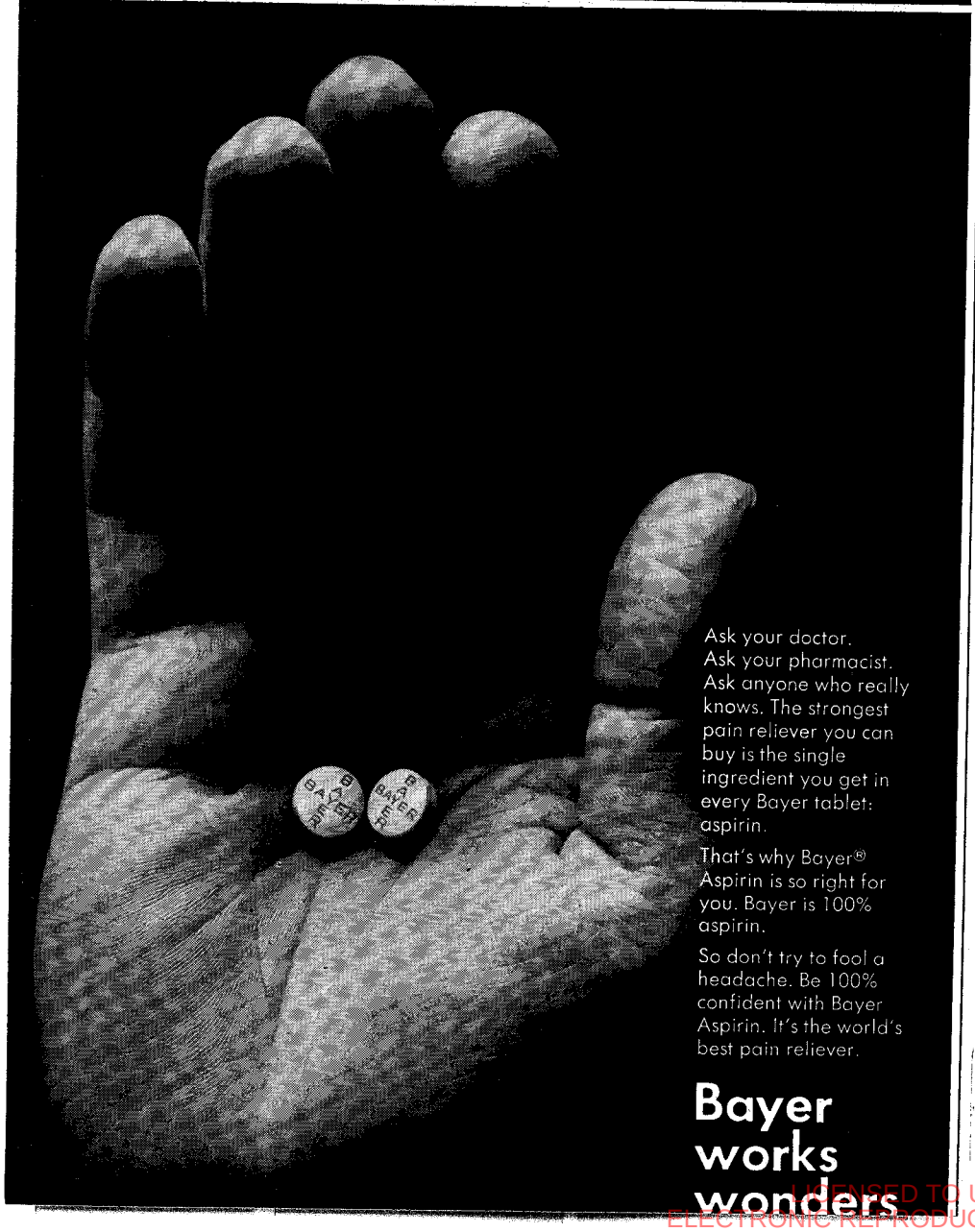

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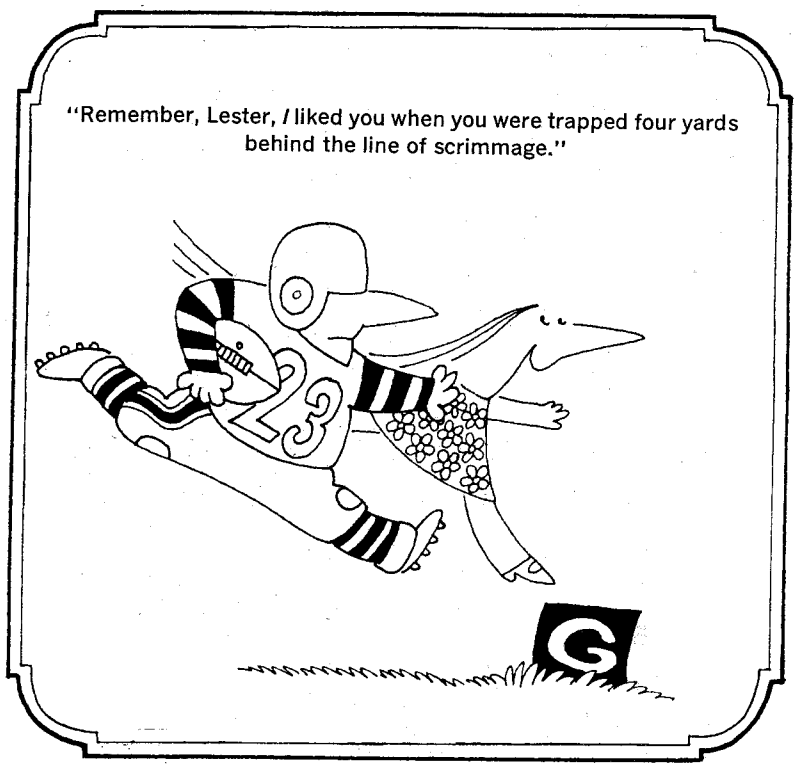
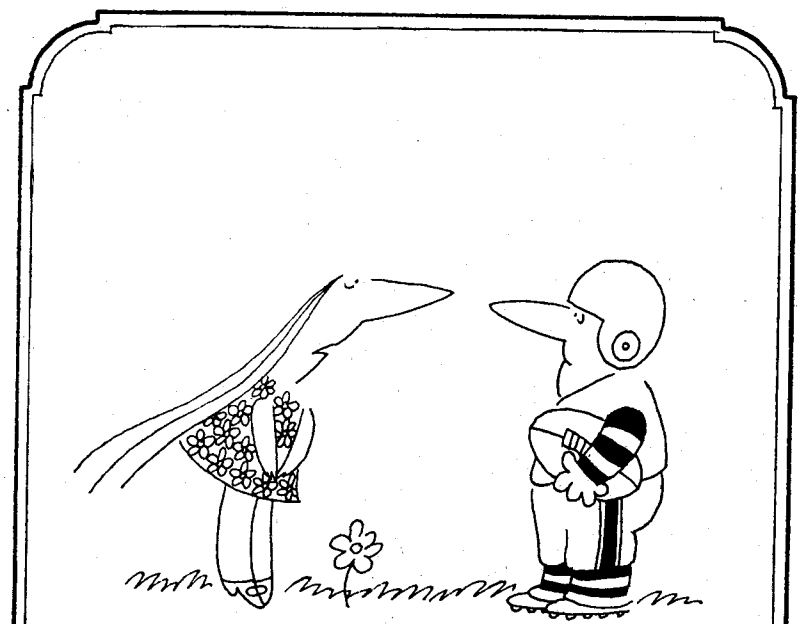
MY KIND OF PEOPLE by Barsotti



"Remember, Lester, *I* liked you when you were trapped four yards behind the line of scrimmage."

"See here, Miss, we were sent in to red-dog and we jolly well plan to red-dog."



"'*Crazy Legs*'? Is that a name for a college graduate?"

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"I'm a stock broker. One reason listed stocks generally are so popular is their profit record."

"Less than 1% of U.S. corporations, they make 70% of the profits."

Just how many stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange?

"Something over 1,200 common stocks. That represents less than 1% of the corporations in the country, so you can see the listed companies are a rather elite group."

And those few make about 70% of the profits?

"That's right. Generally, they're the big companies, the leaders. You use their products and services practically every hour of the day, and their names are household words."

Is a company's profit the main consideration when the Exchange lists it?

"That's extremely important, of course. At the time of its original listing, a company has to demonstrate to the Exchange that it has been able to earn at least $1,200,000 a year after taxes, normally for three years. And that means under competitive conditions."

For just three years?

"That's just a guideline. Every company is considered on its own merits. The Exchange wants to be satisfied that the company is a going concern, that it has a good position in its industry and prospects for maintaining that position. A good many economic factors are taken into account when a company is first listed."

To an investor, isn't a company's profit the whole story?

"No. Another big factor is that there is usually more information available about listed stocks, because the Exchange expects prompt disclosure of important facts. You can also follow price changes in the newspapers. Smart investors see another advantage in the fact that about 12,000,000 people own listed stocks. That means you can usually find a buyer or seller for listed stock when you need one quickly and easily, and at a price close to the last sale on the floor. It's a matter of supply and demand—and no investor should disregard this important factor."

When a company gets listed, does it automatically stay listed?

"There's nothing automatic about it. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for delisting, too."

Does all this mean listed stocks are right for any investor?

"Not necessarily. Every investor's circumstances are different. The best advice is to feel completely at ease about discussing your situation with a member firm broker—the amount you can invest after providing for regular expenses and emergencies; and your goal of growth, dividends, or the safety of principal that bonds might offer. Ask the broker for facts and his own opinion, then exercise your judgment. Whatever you buy, securities or anything else, carries a certain risk with it. But I think every investor who wants to share in the growth of the country should remember the advantages that listed stocks can offer."

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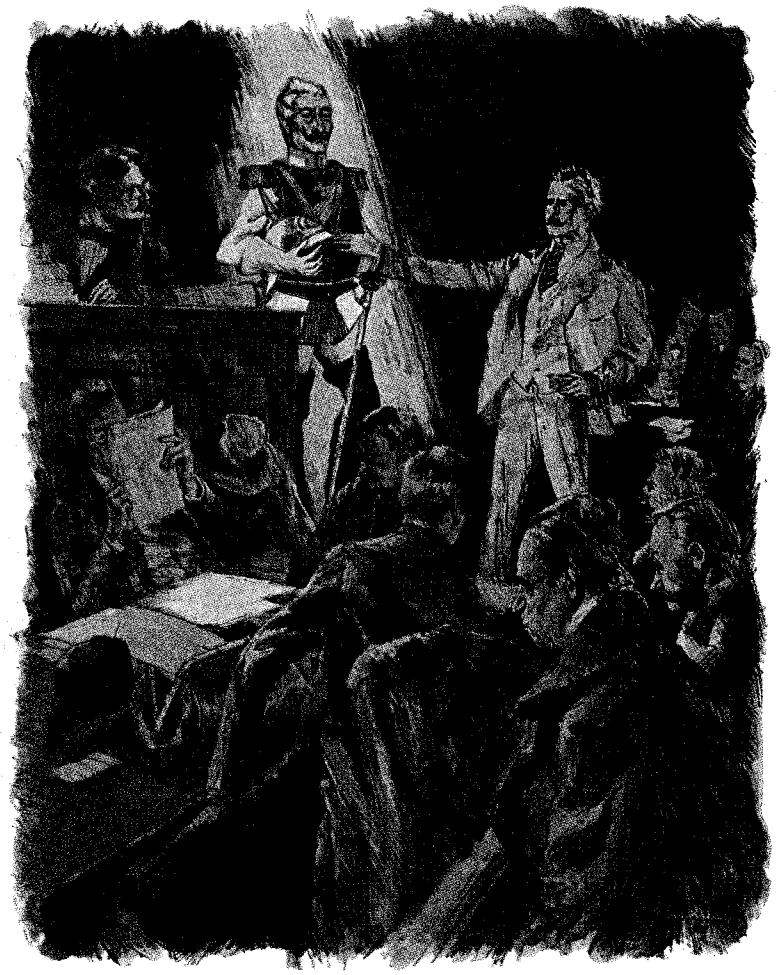
THREE TALES *By William Saroyan*



1

THE TRIAL OF THE KAISER

One of the most entertaining annual events among the Armenians of Fresno, California, was the Mock Trial, in which men who were not lawyers took the part of lawyers, and men who were not criminals pretended that they were. These were not debates, they were trials, with the roles of plaintiff, defendant, jury, judge, bailiff, witnesses, and court stenographer performed by one's friends or members of one's own family.

One year, not long after the end of the first World War, the Mock Trial concerned itself with the complicated matter of guilt—who was guilty of crime in the war?

The accused was the Kaiser of Germany, Wilhelm.

The trial was a sensation, with an incredible surprise. The accused was declared innocent by the jury and, in fact, by most of the people at the Mock Trial.

The local press did not report the results of the trial, which was conducted in the Armenian language, but the attorney for the defense, Arakel Bashmanian, felt that the least he could do was write to the Kaiser, in exile in Holland, and let him know that he had been found innocent. A letter was carefully drafted, beautifully handwritten, and mailed.

Two months later, Arakel, who earned his living working in Rosenberg's Dried Fruit Packing House, received a short, typed letter signed by the Kaiser himself, in which he thanked Arakel for his letter. In German. Nothing else. Arakel had the letter framed and hung it in his parlor for all to see. □

2

MYSTIC GAMES

When our family lived in Armenia, the long snowed-in winters of Bitlis impelled the invention of a game called My Mind, which frequently started in October and didn't end until the following April. When we came to America, the custom of the game came with us.

This is how it went: A player was supposed to say "My mind" (in Armenian, *Mytkus*) after he had accepted something—anything at all, such as a glass of water—from his opponent. But if one of the players accepted something from the other and did not say, "My mind," the other player, by saying, "*Yahdahst*," became the winner.

Frequently, a game could be started early in the evening and won in a matter of two or three hours. The rules of the game permitted trickery of any kind. To win at My Mind was a mark of wit. Kids were encouraged to take on adults, to sharpen their minds in an inexpensive way, as nothing more than pride was at stake, although now and then famous players played for other stakes: a ready-made suit from Yezdan's, for instance, or a five-dollar gold piece.

My uncle, Shag Bashmanian, the lawyer, was one of the best players of the game in the family. He frequently had games going with eight or nine people at the same time. Upon receiving anything from the hand of anybody at all, he automatically said, "*Mytkus*," which frequently puzzled a bailiff in a courtroom who had just handed him Exhibit A. Consequently, the very first time he took me on, in the parlor of our house on O Street, he was shocked when I won the game so readily.

The winning of the game wasn't difficult at all. I was nine years old. I sold

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3
FEASTING

One day my grandmother said, "Take a walk over to Black Face Missak's and tell his wife, Big Nose Myryam, I sent you for some fresh sprigs of basil. On your way back, stop at Tomato Head Torkom's and tell him I want a nickel's worth of garlic. Just next door is the house of my cousin Violent Manushak, who married Belcher Hovhan. Tell them to come here tonight for *duzhduzhzeek*."

"I don't know those people," I said.

"Of course you know them."

"Who are they?"

"Relatives and friends," the old woman said, and then she said to my mother, "Will you please tell your son who I'm talking about?"

Between them they sorted out the true names of the people, and my mother said, "Speak to the people by their true names, of course."

"What's *duzhduzhzeek*?"

"Cut-up sheep's liver stewed in onions with basil and garlic. You've eaten it many times."

"Where did those people get those names?"

"Oh, names catch up with people."

"How?"

"Somebody gives somebody else a name, and it stays."

"Has anybody given me a name?"

"Your grandmother has."

"What is it?"

"*Purrote gurrmurron* Trig."

"Protest-grumbler Trig?"

"That's right."

I didn't have far to go. The whole neighborhood was a matter of six square blocks. I stopped off to deliver the invitations for dinner, and when I got home with the (*Continued on page 70*)

ıe *Evening Herald* after school every ay, sometimes bringing home a dollar rofit for household expenses, although ıost of the time I felt satisfied if I man-ged to earn half a dollar. That night I ad gone home with forty cents and vo leftover copies of the paper.

I had had a good supper of sour cab-age stew, and I was feeling pretty good hen Shag drove up in his Apperson ackrabbit, came into the house, and be-an to tell the latest chapter in the end-ss saga of his adventures.

Feeling too good to care about man-ers, I interrupted him to say, "I think can beat you at My Mind."

He was so amazed that he burst into ughter, even while he shouted, "Who 'e you to challenge me? The greatest ayers have never fooled me. How can ou?" And then, as if to teach me a very ıick lesson, he said, "Very well, then, ıe game is on. This afternoon, as I was ying before you interrupted me, I ılled on Yezdan at his store and, tak-g a silver dollar out of my pocket, I ked him to guess the date on it, be-ıuse if he guessed right I would hand m not one silver dollar, but ten."

As he spoke, Shag brought a silver ollar out of his pocket, looked at the date, and then said, "My game with Yezdan is now in its seventh month, and so, of course, I wanted to win and get it over with. I couldn't help noticing that while Yezdan seemed to be interested in this strange offer I had just made, it wasn't very likely that he had forgotten the game, so I said to his son, 'Ara, please hold this dollar for a moment.'" And now Shag reached out to me with the dollar, as if I were Ara. I said, "*Mytkus*," and accepted the dollar. Shag was surprised, but not surprised enough to stop telling his story, which was long and funny. I laughed, as everybody else did, and handed the silver dollar to my brother, who looked at the date and said, "Eighteen seventy-four." This interruption provoked Shag into a rage that was better than half bogus, solely to scare me into forgetting the game.

"What kind of a family is this?" he shouted. "First, the little brother, and then the big brother interrupts me. But then this is the New World, isn't it? Everybody is the equal of everybody else in this world, isn't he? Well, maybe it's better to forget the old country, and the old-country rules of behavior. We are now Americans, every one of us. Let us therefore behave like Americans. I have always believed that it was brilliant of the Americans to answer the arrows and tomahawks of the wild Indians with glass beads for the women, whiskey for the men, and Christian charity for the children. You boys are children. Let me, therefore, show you a little Christian charity." He handed my brother a penny, and my brother said nothing, and then very quickly he handed me one, too, but as I took it, I said, "*Mytkus*," and he pretended not even to have heard.

Shag continued to tell his story, waiting for another opportunity to trick me, and I decided how I would trick him. Before me on the round table were the two unsold copies of the *Evening Herald*. I began to look at the front page, and then, when Shag had come to the end of his story, I read from the front page loud enough for everybody to hear: "'Pershing Says War Near End.'" And then, "'Local Attorney Opens Office in Rowell Building. Recent graduate of the law school at the University of Southern California, Arshag Bashmanian'—hey, this story's about you."

Shag leaped to the table, seized the paper, and said, "Where? Where?"

"*Yahdahst*," I said, "that's where."

"There is no story in the paper about me?" Shag said.

"No, and there isn't about me, either, but there ought to be, because I just beat you at My Mind."

"It wasn't a real game," Shag said. "*This* will be a real game, so it must be for something."

"All right, let it be for the penny you just gave me," I said.

He stayed at our house another two hours, during which time he tried unsuccessfully six times to trick me, and then I pretended to fall asleep.

"Go to bed," my mother said to my brother and me. "Both of you."

My brother shook me. I pretended to wake up, acting more than half asleep as I got to my feet, and so Shag came to hand me something, but instead of taking it I bent down, pretending to pick something off the rug on the floor, and then I said, "You must have dropped this gold piece," and I handed him his penny, again saying, "*Yahdahst*."

He was crazy about himself, and about money, and I'd got him on both.

After that, everything I ever told him about himself or about money he considered very carefully, even if we didn't have a game going. □

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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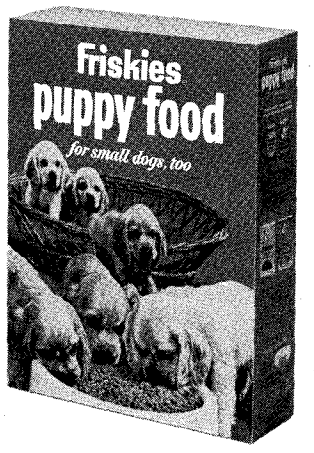

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America, America

"In this house we cook only the right wings."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

basil and garlic, there were about two dozen peeled onions in a pot on the kitchen table, and on a great porcelain platter there were about ten pounds of lamb liver, not yet cut up. On the wood-burning stove was an enormous porcelain pot, in which fat was sizzling.

I put the groceries down and was about to get out of there, when my grandmother said, "Watch this, in case some day you get a hankering for *duzhduzhzeek*. You'll know how it's made."

She and my mother went to work, the older woman on the liver, which she quickly cut into pieces no bigger than walnuts, the younger slicing the peeled onions, which she quickly dumped into the hot fat. The frying onions made a powerful sizzling sound and a very sensible smell. When all of the onions had become soft in the fat, the older woman dumped all the cut-up liver into the pot over the onions. Then she sprinkled salt and pepper into the pot, and took a great wooden spoon and mixed the onions and liver together. A new smell was coming from the pot now, and my mother was setting cloves of garlic aside on a plate, while my grandmother picked two or three dozen choice leaves from a sprig of basil.

"Hearty stuff," my grandmother said. "Onions and liver cook best with something leafy with its own strong flavor. And, of course, garlic."

"What do I care about stuff like that?"

"I know what you care," the old woman said. "I've seen you eat. Well, there isn't always going to be somebody around to cook the good food, so you might as well get the hang of it for yourself in case some day you're tired of eating the high-tone American stuff I know you think is better than our food. When that day comes, and you've got to have some *duzhduzhzeek*, you'll know how to fix it, that's all."

"Why should I want to eat *duzhduzhzeek*?"

"It's a religious dish."

"What religion is that?"

"Our religion. Many a broken man has been healed by two generous servings of *duzhduzhzeek*, and sooner or later the world breaks every man—for a moment, at any rate. *Duzhduzhzeek* is only one of two dozen dishes we have that can bring a broken man back to himself."

"Ah, that's just a lot of liver and onions," I said. "Every restaurant in town serves liver and onions."

"Not like ours," the old lady said, and now she dumped two or three dozen mashed cloves of garlic into the pot, and stirred the whole thing up with the wooden spoon.

"What's all the garlic for?"

"For the spirit," she said. "If broken, to heal it. If whole, to strengthen it. Learn, as you go. Learn a little something or other, wherever you happen to be."

"What about the basil leaves?"

"They go into the pot ten or fifteen minutes before serving," she said. "That's how *duzhduzhzeek* is made, and some day it may save your life. Now, get out of here."

I couldn't wait to go, but the smell was so good I went to the pot and looked in. The *duzhduzhzeek* didn't look anywhere near as good as it smelled.

"It will now cook very slowly for an hour," my grandmother said, "and then it will rest, so the flavor can ripen. After the guests arrive and everybody is ready, the dish is heated again, the basil leaves added. It's stirred, and then served sizzling hot. But perhaps you'd like to have a taste now."

She dug the wooden spoon deep into the pot, and brought it up full of the stuff that was making the good smell. She put the stuff on a small plate, and set the plate on the table. I looked for a fork.

"Use your fingers," she said.

The stuff was so good I thought I ought to have some more, but she said, "Out now, until supper."

I went out, and across the empty lot came my friend, Ash, and his kid brother, Vigo.

"What's that smell coming from the kitchen?"

"*Duzhduzhzeek*," I said.

"Do you eat *duzhduzhzeek*, too?" Ash said.

"Of course we do."

"I thought only my mother knew how to cook it."

"How does she do it?"

"Lots of onions, lots of cut-up liver, salt and pepper."

"What about the garlic and the fresh basil leaves?"

"We like *duzhduzhzeek* without the garlic and the basil leaves."

"How come?"

"I don't know, maybe we didn't have any garlic and basil leaves. When is it for?"

"Tonight. Tell your father and mother. Come on over."

"Is there enough?"

"A whole big potful."

"Who else is coming over?" Ash said.

"Violent Manushak and Belcher Hovhan."

"They're big eaters."

"Oh, you know them?"

"Of course I know them. They've eaten at our house many times."

"Well, come on over, anyway," I said. "There'll be enough."

By the time Ash and his family reached our house that night, almost all of the *duzhduzhzeek* was gone, but there was at least a taste for each of them. My grandmother said, "Be patient, I'll fix something else. No one is going to leave this house hungry." After less than fifteen minutes she came out with a great platter covered with a green vegetable of some kind, not spinach, but something like spinach. Into the greens a dozen or more eggs had been broken, and among the eggs and leaves were specks of golden brown pieces of garlic. All plates were filled with this new dish, and a great bowl of yoghurt placed at the center of the table, so that everybody could ladle a great blob of yoghurt over the greens.

"What is it?" I said.

"Fresh new beet greens," the old lady said. "Excellent for the mind."

Everybody ate heartily, Violent Manushak belched, and my grandmother said, "May God keep you hearty." A few minutes later Belcher Hovhan *really* belched, and the old lady said, "May you always know contentment."

God, what people, I thought. Americans are refined.

The old woman must have noticed my annoyance because, after everybody had gone home, she said, "Perhaps you do not know we consider it impolite for any who eat at our table not to show their appreciation. Courtesy varies from one country to another. Do not be too quick to find fault with our form of courtesy. Remember, nothing is finally more desirable than for each of us to be comfortable in his own person, and therefore in the world, as a member of the human race."

"That's ridiculous," I said, and I was about to explain why, when I remembered the nickname she had given me, and decided to keep my big protest-grumbling mouth shut. □

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WHAT OUR CHILDREN READ *(continued from page 29)*

and Brackman concluded that Row's 80-odd science pamphlets would never capture a large enough chunk of the market. "We sold millions of these pamphlets," Jones said. "But they were always used as supplements to the basic science courses. We realized that the teachers wanted hardbound textbooks which organized the courses for them."

To find out whether the schools would buy a new hardbound elementary science series (there were already a dozen on the market), the publisher mailed questionnaires to 2,000 elementary-school teachers and assigned 80 salesmen to interview dozens more. The firm sought to learn what the teachers wanted in a basic textbook and what they liked and disliked in the series put out by Row's competitors.

The teachers' sharpest criticism was that many of the current textbooks were little more than Dick-and-Jane readers with a smattering of science. And the science that appeared in even the better books turned out to be repetitive. For example, in the first grade all a child learned about electricity and magnetism was that a magnet picked up some objects but not others. In the second grade he identified the objects the magnet attracted as made of metal. What the teachers wanted was a textbook series that taught electricity, meteorology, astronomy and atomic energy in depth to children at earlier ages. They also wanted more experiments youngsters could do in the classroom and some accounts of how scientists thought and worked. "There was," said Jones, "a real opening in the market."

The next step was to find a science editor capable of overseeing the series. Brackman first offered the job to Zafforoni. Though Zafforoni declined, he agreed to collaborate with John Navarra in writing a book for teachers on how science should be taught in the elementary schools.

In the meantime, Hay had been hired as an editor, and his first task was the Navarra-Zafforoni book for science teachers. Late one afternoon in the spring of 1959, Bob Hay and Gordon Jones, in a seemingly casual discussion, decided to publish a standard hardbound elementary science series, to be written by Zafforoni and Navarra. (Row, Peterson merged with Harper & Brothers in 1962, becoming Harper & Row.)

Actually, Jones's decision was not quite that casual. Nor did Navarra and Zafforoni take their assignment lightly. By 1959 the authors were working 80 hours a week, and they began submitting the manuscripts for the first four grades in 1960. And in the fall of 1961, Hay started working 10 hours a day, six to seven days a week, a pace that would continue without letup for two years. First he analyzed the authors' first drafts, then he rewrote their revised versions. In this, Hay encountered a major problem: He had to fit the authors' ideas into the limited vocabularies demanded by the elementary-school teachers, who insist that the average grade-school child can cope with only the simplest words. Using standard graded readability formulas, Hay compromised, rewrote and juggled. For example, he changed the phrase "bubbles, bubbles everywhere" to "bubbles, bubbles all around," because "everywhere" was not on the vocabulary list. Nor, for that matter, was the word "bubbles." However, "bubbles" continued to float through the text.

While his superiors permitted Hay to crack the taboo against words like "bubbles," he was simply forbidden to mention Darwin's theory of evolution. "Because of the opposition of Protestant fundamentalists, our series does not mention it," he said. "In fact, no reference is made to evolution in any elementary-school science series."

While the series managed to ignore Darwin and his theory, it could not deny the existence of an even more fundamental subject, sex. "By the time youngsters get into the sixth grade," Hay said, "their hormones begin stirring around a little. They become aware of their own sexual interest. To a younger child in the fifth grade, you can teach human reproduction in a detached way. The older youngsters who are aware of sex and who know more are inclined to snicker in the classroom."

While Hay felt some schools might object to an explanation of *human* reproduction, he and the authors hoped that a description of *animal* reproduction would prove acceptable to the teachers who select books and the communities that would pay for them.

Hay defended the plan in a memo to his superiors, then showed the passage describing animal reproduction to an elementary-school principal in Evanston, a science teacher in Wilmette, Ill., the firm's seven regional managers and the Florida salesman who would be responsible for obtaining the first major state adoption of the series.

"While the principal and the teacher okayed inclusion of the sperm and egg cells," Hay recalled, "the salesman said we had gone a little too far to be safe. I got a little nervous and queasy. Suppose people in Florida look on the subject gingerly and for this reason alone your books are eliminated. Then you have made a mistake. The conclusion was to soft-pedal all the details of animal reproduction."

Hay then boiled down the passage to this single paragraph:

> Almost all mammals bring forth living young. The offspring develops inside the female's body. The growing organism receives food and oxygen from the mother. A system of blood vessels carries this nourishment to the embryo.

In effect, what he had done was dilute the description of animal reproduction by removing any mention of such terms and concepts as the egg cell and fertilization. As Hay himself put it, "We now teach reproduction without ever introducing the sperm cell."

In his office at Jersey City State College, John Navarra, the senior author, described the omission as an act of "educational statesmanship." "The final decision of what goes into the schools rests with the lay boards of education," he said. "The schools do belong to the people and the schools are an extension of the home and community. It is not our job to introduce something that subverts the community.

"It would have been distinctive to have included reproduction, but the important thing is to move the educational program forward and not start brush fires. As strongly as I feel about teaching the concepts of reproduction, you can be ahead of your time."

Toward the end of 1962 and the beginning of 1963, *Today's Basic Science* began rolling off the presses, and with the appearance of the freshly printed copies loomed the most nervewracking question of all: Would the series sell? Navarra and Zafforoni had already spent years developing, testing and writing the texts. More than a million words had passed through Bob Hay's hands. The production department had spent $100,000 on four-color illustrations. Advertising was preparing to spend $92,000 in educational journals and brochures, and sales was in the process of giving away 100,000 copies to teachers who indicated that they might be interested in using the books. In brief, the textbook publisher had already spent $525,000 and had yet to sell a single book.

The first major sales test came in February, 1963, in Florida. Seven years had passed since that state had adopted a new elementary science series, and competition promised to be stiff, for Harper & Row had not been alone in its planning. Eight publishers had submitted as many different series for consideration by a statewide textbook selection committee consisting mostly of classroom teachers. However, under the law, the committee could recommend only three different series, which the Florida State Board of Education would then approve. The decisions would prove crucial since local schools could use only those textbooks which the two groups sanctioned. In sum, if Florida selected the Harper & Row series, it would not only mean a probable sale of 200,000 books but would also indicate that the publisher had guessed right, that other schools in other states would want to adopt a series that attempted a more difficult approach to science.

The fate of *Today's Basic Science* rested with Tom Shannon, the firm's Florida salesman. Ten months before the Board of Education met to decide which books the state would adopt, Shannon and another salesman began a thousand-mile journey that took them from Pensacola to Key West. Along the way they visited 6,000 teachers, supervisors and principals and interviewed the 12 members of the all-powerful state selection committee.

Finally, at 2 P.M. on February 26, 1963, the Florida salesmen, the firm's general sales manager, Harvey Hanlon, and several dozen other bookmen filed into the ornate State Senate Chamber in Tallahassee. They were handed a booklet listing all the choices of the committee, which had met in secret during the previous week. At the top of the list were the Harper & Row books.

It was now up to Harvey Hanlon to leap the last hurdle. Under the Florida system, each publisher whose book has been recommended by a state selection committee must submit a sealed bid guaranteeing the prices he will charge for five years. Hanlon knew that if he offered to charge 10 percent more than the sum asked by his competitors, the Florida State Board of Education might reject the series even though the committee had recommended it. And rejection, Hanlon realized, could easily mean an enormous loss in sales.

Hanlon, his palms slightly moist, wrote out the Harper & Row prices, placed them in a sealed envelope and then joined the other bookmen outside the Senate Chamber. For the next hour the salesmen anxiously paced up and down the hallway while the board and the elementary-textbook selection committee met in executive session. At last the large oaken doors swung open, and the bookmen once again took their seats. A hush settled over the huge room. Thomas Bailey, state superintendent of schools, arose to announce the textbooks Florida would adopt for the next five years. Again Harper & Row had won. "I can only tell you I was relieved that it was over," said Tom Shannon. "The risks and gamble are tremendous. You spend all that time and it could all come to nothing."

As the year proceeded it seemed that *Today's Basic Science* could not be stopped. More than a half-dozen states, mostly in the South, had sought new science textbooks, and the schoolbooks they selected invariably included those published by Harper & Row. In addition, cities like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati and Omaha adopted or approved the new series.

"All this adds up to a remarkable achievement in sales—a successful selling job," Hay said in a private memorandum that he sent to the sales force. As is the typical practice of the industry, Hay also ripped into the competing texts, giving the Harper & Row salesmen a varied assortment of verbal buckshot with which they could blast the series issued by the other publishers. His strongest comments were reserved for the D.C. Heath science series, the most successful of all the elementary science texts on the market. Heath understandably had the most to lose in a sales battle with an upstart challenger, and according to the Harper & Row salesmen, the Heath bookmen were doing their best to criticize the Navarra and Zafforoni texts.

In a separate memorandum devoted just to an attack on the Heath series, Hay told his own bookmen the Heath editors had supplied the Heath salesmen with a "hair-splitting critique" of *Today's Basic Science*. He wrote: "Obviously the Heath people are employing these tactics because they find it difficult to deal with our basic program. They are desperate, frustrated and frightened. . . . If necessary, we can respond in kind to Heath's attacks."

Then in December, 1963, a bombshell exploded in Harper & Row's offices. The Newark Textbook Council, which selects books for New Jersey's largest public-school system, rejected the series even though it thought the books were the best grade-school science texts on the market. In a brief letter, the council accused the publisher of using "stereotyped middle-class" illustrations and charged that Harper & Row had failed to include any pictures or text "relating to minority groups." What the council really meant was that not one illustration in the entire series showed a Negro, child or adult.

The company decided to publish an "Intercultural Edition." The text would be exactly the same as the all-white edition, but about one third of the illustrations would portray Negroes, with a sprinkling of Orientals and Mexicans. All would be shown in poses identical to those held by the whites.

The new edition appeared within the

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year and Newark was delighted with it. But in Peoria, Ill., integrationists complained that no Negro appeared in an illustration of a symphony orchestra. The Peoria critics also found fault with a picture of a Negro father and his little girl standing on a wooden porch and gazing up at the moon and stars. The critics felt that the wooden porch reflected a lower-class background and thus was biased. Peoria ended by adopting the non-integrated edition, which showed a white father and his little girl perched on the identical wooden porch. At the same time, several school districts in Georgia turned down the "Intercultural Edition" because of an illustration showing a white and Negro boy sitting together on a large chair, and another showing Negro and white children swimming in the same pool. "Try as we will," said Bob Hay, "we will be criticized."

As a product carefully concocted for the national market, the textbook must reflect the broadest cultural and social level of the American schoolchild. This means that the textbook publisher will omit material or works that might possibly stir up regional or community prejudices or offend a particular group's point of view. Thus no hardbound literary anthology used in high school contains Shakespeare's *Othello*, because publishers are convinced that part of the southern market would reject a schoolbook that had a play about "miscegenation." Similarly, no hardbound literary anthology contains *The Merchant of Venice*, because it might offend communities that have large Jewish populations. In addition to omitting literary works that may cause trouble, publishers leave out information or change passages and illustrations that may be considered controversial.

Because mass sales are the goal, textbooks tend to sink to a level of intellectual blandness. A description of the final product appears in *High School English Textbooks*, an exhaustive survey of schoolbooks used in teaching secondary-school English. The authors, Professors James J. Lynch and Bertrand Evans, note that only a little more than half the dramas represented in the anthologies can be classified as stage plays. Most of the others are either radio or TV plays, with an occasional sprinkling of musical comedies. "Many choices," the authors comment, "seem to have been determined by quite irrelevant criteria: introduction to television and radio, teen-age mores, the celebration of holidays, and—most frequently—'entertainment,' rather than literary quality and permanence. Shakespeare is given the greatest amount of space—27 appearances of five plays, including excerpts, abridgements and adaptations—but in all the anthologies examined, this greatest of all writers in the English language . . . is given only 4.1 percent of their total space—only one sixth the attention given to miscellaneous and largely nonliterary prose. In 45 volumes (62.5 percent of the total) Shakespeare's plays are not represented at all."

Since the teachers believe that the communities that support them disapprove of controversy, it is not surprising that the schoolbooks teachers approve and select avoid topics or issues that might provoke thought among their students. And textbook publishers prefer to invest in those books that promise the widest approval and sales and hence the biggest profits. Not surprisingly, the schoolbooks that still offer the most outmoded view of man and his world are the social-studies texts, American and world history books and civics and problems-in-democracy texts.

In 1966 the Lincoln Filene Center for Citizenship and Public Affairs at Tufts University published a preliminary report on 24 elementary social-studies texts. Miss Astrid C. Anderson, the research assistant who wrote the report, notes that most grade-school social-studies texts "dwell on the theme that America got to be the way it is today because of the ax, hoe, gun and plow, aided by thrift, endurance and bravery in the face of overwhelming physical odds." Those who brought this about invariably were the English, Spanish, French and Dutch. Little or no mention is made of the crucial period of American history, the era of the greatest migration which led to the development of the cities. To view America this way, Miss Anderson writes, "is to exclude the Jew, the Greek, the Negro, the factory sweatshop worker, the Cuban, the Irish, the Italian . . ."

In "Racism in Geography," a paper prepared for the department of geography at Wayne State University, William Bunge summed up the simplistic, narrow view of today's schoolbooks. Children, he wrote, cannot help but "gain this strange historic-geographic dream that 'our' people were in West-

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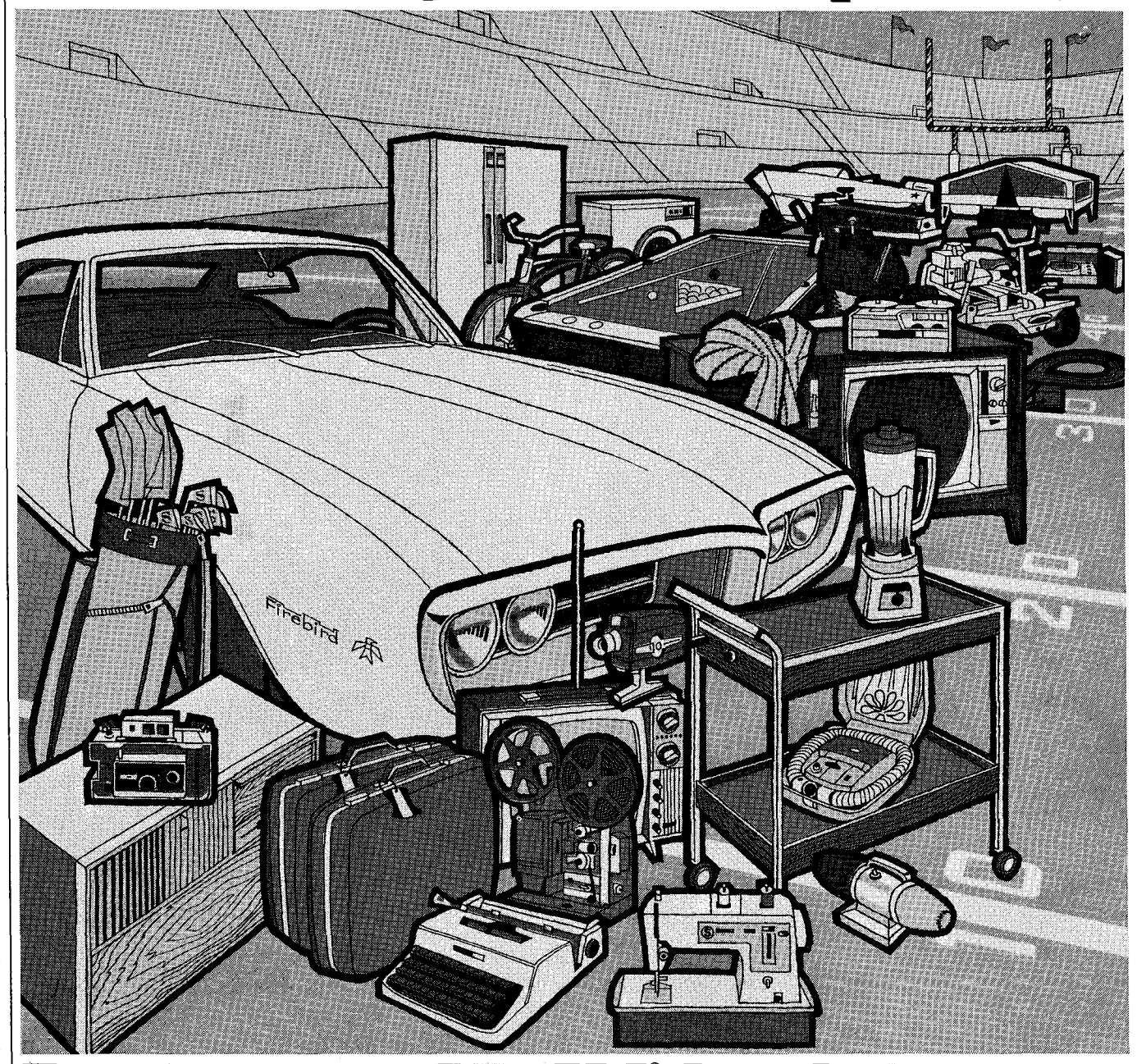

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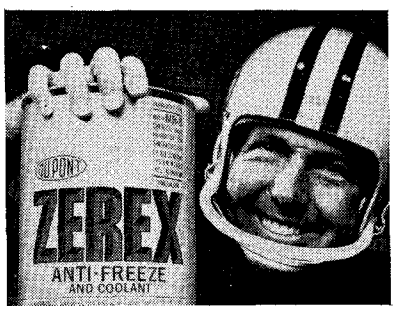

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ern Europe starting with the Renaissance. Before that 'our' people were in Greece, not as the dominant group of slaves, of course, but sitting around the temples calculating the shape and size of the earth. The Torch of Civilization just followed us about the map."

By the time he has reached the fifth grade, the student gets the first of many year-long introductions to American history. Here ethnocentricity becomes the official point of view. A typical illustration of this view can be found in Harper & Row's *The Story of Our Country*. In the chapter titled "The United States Fought a Second World War," the authors manage to attribute almost the entire Allied victory to America, with occasional assistance from England:

> Winning the Second World War required the best efforts of all Americans. More than twelve million men and women became members of the army, navy, marine corps, and coast guard. One army unit, which fought in Italy, was made up entirely of Japanese-Americans.
>
> Citizens at home worked in factories that made war equipment for the nation. They gave up food so that there would be enough to feed the soldiers. Citizens at home were permitted to use only limited amounts of gasoline so that there would be fuel for tanks and airplanes. Americans everywhere made great sacrifices to achieve victory.

In this section on how the war was fought and won, there is no mention of Stalingrad, European and Asian undergrounds, the troops of India, Australia, New Zealand, the Free French. It's as if Uncle Sam had done it all.

Many current social-studies and history books are also invested with an exaggerated sense of American perfection. Patriotic indoctrination begins with the Founding Fathers. In "History in High-School Textbooks," an illuminating essay published in *School Review*, three historians, H. J. Noah, C. E. Prince and C. R. Riggs, wrote: "Despite many studies of individual Fathers which cast doubt on the images of at least some of them as unselfish patriots, their unitary and common stereotypes have remained with remarkable persistence in the high-school textbooks. The Founding Fathers remain uniformly and without exception good and great men, disinterested promoters of the public welfare, sternly doing their duty to God and country."

More dangerous are the schoolbook accounts of the Cold War. Here the world is divided between good guys (the West) and bad guys (Communist countries). Since McKinley, America has never committed any act which may be questioned on moral grounds. Russia, on the other hand, personifies evil. The authors of "History in High-School Textbooks" report that in only one of the 12 schoolbooks they examined were they able to find an account that recognizes that "the Soviet Union is guided by historic Russian ambitions as well as by Marxist dogma. Other weaknesses follow from the original distortions," they add. "Although the mistakes, stupidities and power plays of the East are fully exposed, the mistakes, stupidities and power plays of the West tend to be omitted or played down."

To illustrate their point, they cite the accounts of Fidel Castro's rule in Cuba. In *Our Country's History*, by David Muzzey, published by Ginn, students are told: "The red hand of Communism was likewise seen at work in Cuba where dictator Castro broke with the Catholic Church, confiscated all American-owned properties, and openly boasted of military aid from Russia and China."

What, ask the three historians, is one to make of the implication that breaking "with the Catholic Church" and confiscation "of all American-owned properties" are clear evidence of Communist inspiration? Could it not be also said that these acts reflect nationalistic aspirations? And if this is one's interpretation, how does the historian—and student—view Martin Luther, Henry VIII and George Washington? According to Muzzey's interpretation, they would have to be counted among the first Communists.

"The textbooks examined," the three historians declare, "leave the impression that Russian actions are sly, evilly motivated and subversive, while Western moves represent honest, disinterested and generous statesmanship. Nowhere is it even hinted at that responsible thinkers about the Cold War might hold the kind of view expressed by George F. Kennan in *Russia, the Atom and the West:* 'The Russians are not always wrong, any more than we are always right. Our task, in any case, is to make up our minds independently.'

"Because we in the West prize highly independent, critical thought in the attainment of truth," conclude Noah, Prince and Riggs, "it is especially incumbent on us to make sure that our textbooks reflect this free tradition and do not distort history or invent historical 'facts.' It is a grave charge to make, but the conclusion is inescapable: under this treatment our students' minds tend to be closed, not widened. Students whose history reading is largely confined to the textbook (and there are many such) are subjected to a brainwashing as complete as it is dangerous."

Among the perversions committed in the name of education, few equal the American schoolbook's treatment of the Negro and his history. For more than 150 years he was presented to millions of children, both black and white, as a subhuman, incapable of achieving culture, happy in servitude, a passive outsider in the development and struggles of the American people. Until the 1960's, the American youngster saw an almost completely white world in his textbooks. No Negro child ever romped with Spot, no Negro child ever performed a scientific experiment, no Negro child was ever portrayed as reading a book, hitting a baseball, playing a musical instrument.

As the student continued his education, he would rarely find a schoolbook that mentioned the 5,000 Negro troops who fought in the American Revolution, the 168,000 Negro soldiers who joined the Union Army and who took part in 450 battles, the 30,000 Negroes who joined the Union Navy, the 14 Negro Congressional Medal of Honor winners in the Civil War. Nor would he learn about the suffering of the slaves as they were transported to American shores or the slave rebellions. The student would encounter brief mention of Crispus Attucks, Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver and, if the publisher was possessed of sufficient courage, Ralph Bunche. In this way the schools and the textbooks not only deprived the Negro child of a sense of his own worth and dignity but robbed the white child of any understanding of the Negro's history.

Then in the 1960's, nearly a hundred years after the Emancipation, textbook publishers began putting the Negro into the schoolbooks. Not only did black children romp with Dick and Jane but they and their parents joined their white counterparts in many of the normal activities that Americans, including Negroes, have been participating in for generations. Even more significant, the Negro's contribution to American history was being recognized, so that he no longer appeared as the happy, dancing slave who had had emancipation thrust upon him. The driving force behind this change was the Negro Revolution, which opened the schoolbook market by forcing the big-city boards of education and school systems to demand integrated textbooks. In part because of organized Negro protests and the subsequent pressures brought to bear on publishers by Detroit, New York City, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, there have been impressive improvements in the treatment of the Negro in junior- and senior-high-school history texts.

While taking an important step forward in integrating grade-school books, a number of publishers have simultaneously perpetuated segregated education by continuing to sell all-white, or what one editor called "mint julep," editions of the same books. For example, Scott, Foresman, the nation's largest elementary-school publisher, is still selling integrated and all-white editions of its grade-school social-studies, health and reading series. In the integrated readers apple-cheeked, blond Jane and Sally and their brother Dick play with three Negro children, Penny, Pam and Mike. In the segregated edition all the children are white.

These are not the only differences. Chicago's fourth-graders, who use the integrated Scott, Foresman reader, learn about Benjamin Banneker, the Negro astronomer, while youngsters in the same grade in some southern—and some northern—communities read instead about Paul Revere. In the integrated sixth-grade reader, children learn about the African slave trade and how a Negro boy saves a white playmate from drowning. In the "mint julep" edition both stories are omitted.

At least three large publishers, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Harcourt, Brace & World, and Silver Burdett, have agreed to give up the lucrative southern market if textbook selection committees insist on all-white texts of new series in subject areas they have not previously covered. Publishers with big investments in existing "mint julep" editions generally continue to sell them.

So far three southern states, Virginia, Mississippi and Louisiana, have adopted integrated texts. Craig Senft, of General Learning Corp., spoke of his experience as president of Silver Burdett: "The first question the chairman of the Louisiana textbook selection committee used to ask was: 'You got any niggers in your book?' The publisher's representative would say, 'No, sir.' Two years ago we decided we would not produce one series for Detroit and New York and another for the South. Some of our friends said, 'You are absolutely crazy. You'll ruin the company.' Our really difficult decision was whether we should submit integrated texts in states like Louisiana. We did, and in December, 1965, Louisiana adopted both our integrated music and science series."

Although textbook publishers may be considered creators of a mass-market

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"So," said Scattergood, "I took to looking around a bit, and of all the girls there was, Mandy, it looked to me that you would be the only one to make the kind of wife I want. Yes, sir. I says to myself, 'Mandy Randle's the one for me.' So I washed up the buggy and hitched up the horse and came right out. I been comin' ever since, because that there first impression of mine has been bore out by facts. I'm askin' you, Mandy, will you be Missis Baines?"

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product—over 151 million grade- and high-school textbooks were purchased in 1966—the industry itself remains only a multimillion-dollar midget among the multibillion-dollar giants like steel and cars. In fact, despite the important role textbooks play in education, schools spend one and one half to two percent of their total budget on books. This can be explained by the fact that textbooks are relatively inexpensive. In 1966 the average cost of a hard-bound book for a grade-school child came to $2.26; for a high-school student, $3.42.

Yet, as small as it is in comparison to other mass producers, the textbook industry is in the process of becoming a very big business indeed. Schoolbook publishers in 1966 sold $440 million worth of elementary- and high-school textbooks. This is an increase of more than 750 percent over 1945 sales and reflects the postwar baby bcom.

As so often happens when an industry becomes highly successful, individual companies begin to lose their corporate identity. In fact, during the past decade, few industries in America have been so consumed by the twin fevers of merger and acquisition as textbook publishing. In 1958 there were more than 62 elementary- and high-school houses. Today there are 56. At one time many of these firms specialized in grade or secondary texts and thus went after only one part of the school market. But as the market expanded, they sought an inexpensive device for their own quick growth so that they could meet the soaring demand for schoolbooks. The solution was merger, and the results were publishing giants like Harcourt, Brace & World and Holt, Rinehart & Winston, that now embrace the entire school market from kindergarten through college.

But this was only the beginning. What may turn out to be the wave of the future was the entry of the huge electronic firms into educational publishing. In 1963, I.B.M. made its first acquisition in 30 years when it purchased Science Research Associates, a Chicago-based educational publisher, for $62 million worth of I.B.M. stock. Others that followed in quick succession were: Xerox, which bought American Education Publications, a publisher of weekly newspapers and math and science journals for 16.5 million schoolchildren, and General Electric, which joined forces with Time, Inc., to form General Learning Corp., a $37.5 million publisher of educational materials. Added to that marriage were Silver Burdett, the textbook subsidiary of Time, Inc., and the brains of a thousand General Electric Ph.D.'s. All these mergers and acquisitions were followed in 1966 by Raytheon's purchase of D. C. Heath and R.C.A.'s ingestion of Random House. In 1967, CBS and Holt, Rinehart & Winston announced their merger.

A dozen or so major firms account for over 60 percent of the schoolbooks sold. There are now four giants in the field: Scott, Foresman in suburban Chicago and Ginn in Boston, the two biggest elementary publishers, and in New York, Harcourt, Brace & World, and Holt, Rinehart & Winston, the two largest secondary-school publishers. These firms are followed in New York and New Jersey by McGraw-Hill, Prentice-Hall, Crowell-Collier & Macmillan, Silver Burdett, and American Book Company. In Chicago there is Follett and in nearby Evanston, Ill., the textbook division of Harper & Row. And finally, there are the Boston firms of D.C. Heath, Allyn & Bacon, Houghton Mifflin, and Addison-Wesley, the outrider and fastest-growing company in the industry.

Almost all of these firms are 50 to a hundred years old. In contrast, Addison-Wesley, a small printing company and college publisher during World War II, did not enter schoolbook publishing until 1958. Four years later, Addison-Wesley brought forth its first-grade school series, a collection of math books that use color and graphic designs to show how math works. This visual approach proved so popular that Addison-Wesley's sales rocketed from $8.3 million in 1964 to nearly $16 million in 1965, and the firm is now preparing to take on the entire school market, something which no company has done from a dead start for over a quarter of a century. As a way of urging its employees to reach even greater heights, the company recently posted a brief note on the cafeteria bulletin board. The notice said that if anyone had bothered to buy a single share of Addison-Wesley stock for $200 in 1947, it would be worth $80,000.

The whole industry is engaged, along with the schools, in a tremendous revolution. The forces that started the American educational revolution were nurtured by the scientific and technological shock brought about by World War II. They gained great strength in the competition of the Cold War and through the intense concern of a few brilliant educators like Dr. Jerome Bruner, the director of Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, and Dr. Jerrold R. Zacharias, the M.I.T. physicist. It had finally become apparent that the schools of the 1950's were failing to prepare the nation's children for the complexities of the new age. (There was an early response to this at Scott, Foresman, which was spending $10 million to develop the New Math that was to revolutionize the teaching of this subject.) The knowledge explosion could overwhelm the world's most advanced technological society if future generations were incapable of developing the new skills demanded of them.

In November, 1956, a solution was suggested when the Federal Government made its first grant for textbook development. Since then the Government has given over $56 million to scholars and teachers who have created new teaching techniques and textbooks and teachers' guides in high-school physics, biology, chemistry, foreign languages, and elementary- and high-school mathematics. Most of this money was funneled through the National Science Foundation, an independent agency of the Federal Government. Once the books with their new approaches to learning were written and tested in the schools, they were then turned over to commercial textbook publishers who sold the books and paid royalties to the Government. At the same time, additional millions in government funds were poured into teacher-retraining programs.

An instructive illustration of the educationa revolution can be seen in the achievements of, and the difficulties that beset, the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study (B.S.C.S.), a nonprofit,

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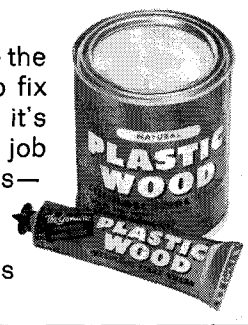

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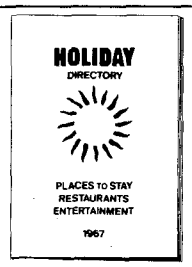

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independent group of scientists and teachers who have dramatically changed the teaching of high-school biology. Established by the American Institute of Biological Sciences in January, 1959, the B.S.C.S. spent four years and nearly eight million dollars in federal funds developing, writing and testing three new biology textbooks, laboratory guides and teachers' manuals.

Before the publication of the B.S.C.S. biology books in 1963, the typical high-school student spent endless hours memorizing the names of animals and plants and analyzing the tissue and cell structure of hearts, brains, stomachs and livers. Little attention was given to laboratory experiments or to how scientists think. Under the B.S.C.S. program, today's 10th-grade students spend twice as much time in the laboratory, where they are taught to cross fruit flies to learn about sex-linked inheritance, and where they inject testosterone into male chickens to discover the effects of reproductive hormones. And in the texts themselves the youngsters study human reproduction, birth control, race and intelligence, and evolution, topics that until 1963 were considered too controversial by most publishers and many teachers.

Even though the B.S.C.S. calls for more sophisticated teaching, the textbooks have proved a success in the schools. Three out of four schools that have adopted new biology texts since 1963 have chosen B.S.C.S. materials. This means that by 1965 some 700,000 out of two million 10th-graders were learning biology the new way, and by the end of this year that figure could grow to 1.6 million.

While the B.S.C.S. represents a great forward leap in textbook publishing, the new biology program also reflects some of the hurdles even the most eminent educators must leap before they can get their books accepted by the schools. The trouble began with the way the B.S.C.S. dealt with sex; it culminated in an extraordinary "Monkey War" fought on the battlefields of Texas.

The B.S.C.S. group realized from the start that their most difficult fight would be winning acceptance of material that had been considered controversial in the past. One of the B.S.C.S.'s first battles raged around an illustrated account of human reproduction, a startling advance over the conventional high-school texts which, until 1963, rarely went beyond the sex life of sunflowers and earthworms.

As part of its nationwide testing program in 1961, B.S.C.S. sent 2,300 orange-covered copies of what was to become one of their three books, *Molecules to Man*, to 10 schools in Dade County, Florida. Shortly before Christmas, county school officials became alarmed when they discovered that the experimental textbooks contained diagrams of the human male and female reproductive systems.

They asked the B.S.C.S. to remove the offending illustrations. When this request was denied, they threatened to cut out the pages. But the B.S.C.S. explained that the books were the property of the study group, and the pages could not be deleted. Undaunted, school officials gave the 2,300 copies to a group of teachers who spent the Christmas vacation blacking out the illustrations with crayons.

"You can imagine the chagrin among the officials," said Arnold B. Grobman, former B.S.C.S. director, "when the students quickly discovered that they could view the pictures very easily by holding the books up to the light. Finally some sanity prevailed, and the books are now widely used in Miami with the 'offensive' illustrations found on pages 279 and 280 of the commercial edition."

The Dade County attack proved to be only a preliminary skirmish. The major battles came after the books were published; they centered on the text's defense and full-length treatment of Charles Darwin's theory of evolution.

The fight over whether evolution should be taught in American schools first made national headlines in 1925, when Tennessee charged John Thomas Scopes with breaking a new state law that forbade any teacher in a publicly supported school to teach "any theory that denies the story of the Divine creation of man as taught in the Bible and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals."

The great "Monkey Trial" in Dayton, Tenn., was a national sensation. Scopes was found guilty and the judge fined him $100. A year later the Tennessee Supreme Court reversed Scope's conviction on a legal technicality but left the state's anti-evolution law untested. In May, 1967, the Tennessee Legislature finally repealed the law. However, similar statutes are still in force in Arkansas and Mississippi. The B.S.C.S. texts encountered some anti-evolution tremors in Alabama, New Mexico, Kentucky, California and Arizona, with mixed results, but it was in Texas that the "Down with Darwin" earthquake struck in full force in the summer of 1964—some 105 years after Darwin announced his theories.

Before describing these events and their outcome, let us pause briefly to consider how textbook selection works in Texas.

In all the eastern states and throughout most of the Midwest and Far West, textbook publishers sell their wares in what is known as open territory. This means that each school or district selects the books its children will use. In contrast, all the southern and most of the southwestern states appoint state screening committees that must first select or approve the textbooks before the individual schools can buy them. Under a state adoption system, a small group of officials or a state textbook selection committee can wield a considerable amount of economic power over the publishers.

Texas—which annually buys some $16 million worth of schoolbooks—each year sets up a screening committee of 15 educators who select textbooks. The Texas committee can recommend up to five schoolbooks in each subject, and this list then goes to the State Board of Education for final approval. Since all the textbooks the board approves are paid for with state funds, the local schools invariably choose books that the committee and Board of Education have sanctioned. Thus the only way a publisher can hope to sell to the largest state-controlled market in the country is to win the approval of the state's officials.

In due course, the three B.S.C.S. books came up for possible selection in Texas, and the Texas "Monkey Trial" was set off by a mild-mannered, gray-

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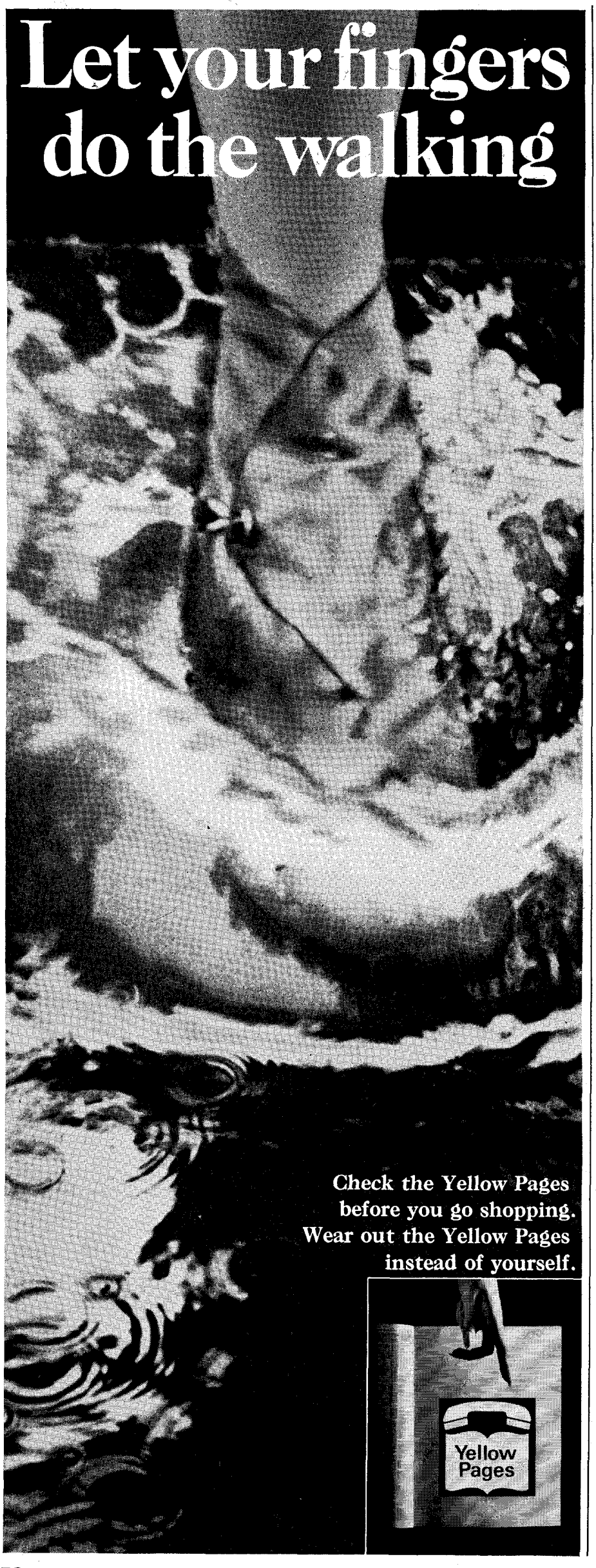
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haired, 53-year-old preacher named Reuel Lemmons. Lemmons, who lives in Austin, edits *Firm Foundation*, a weekly newspaper that is mailed to 30,000 members of the Church of Christ, a fundamentalist sect with over 600,000 adherents in Texas alone.

In the spring of 1964, Lemmons had learned that Texas was considering adopting the B.S.C.S. books. Girding for battle, he wrote a scathing editorial which *Firm Foundation* published on June 30. Titled "An Extremely Dangerous Biology Textbook Coming," the editorial described the B.S.C.S. texts as "Godless" and "atheistic." Lemmons's greatest ire was reserved for Houghton Mifflin's *Molecules to Man*, one of the three B.S.C.S. texts.

"It is pure evolution from cover to cover, completely materialistic and completely atheistic," he thundered. "Unless something is done quickly, these are the texts your children will be studying in biology next fall." He asked his readers to petition, phone and write their congressmen, the Texas Education Agency, newspapers, the P.T.A., and local school officials.

The response was extraordinary even for Texas, whose citizens are encouraged by state authorities to protest against the adoption of any textbook they do not like. During the campaign which lasted through the summer and fall, the fundamentalists made speeches on the radio, collected hundreds of petitions, and bombarded state and local officials with thousands of letters.

Their attack reached fever pitch on October 14, when the state selection committee held its annual public textbook hearing in a Texas Education Agency conference room crammed with folding chairs and TV cameras. By 9 A.M. more than 200 people had gathered.

The hearing began with a prayer asking guidance in the committee's deliberations. One of the first witnesses was Reuel Lemmons. A tall, spare man, he stepped before the committee and declared, "If the First Amendment forbids the teaching of the Bible's account of creation, then that same amendment should forbid the teaching of an anti-creation theory." Reaching his peroration, the preacher warned, "This theory (of evolution) which these texts would teach our children for many years to come will undermine faith in God and in the spiritual, and to that extent undermine America, whose motto is—'In God We Trust.'" Lemmons was followed by a farmer, a housewife, a dentist and two college professors, eventually over a dozen witnesses who sought to have the textbooks banned or changed.

As the publishers' salesmen and editors rose to the defense of the textbooks, they tried to mollify the critics by reaffirming that no atheist had a hand in writing, producing or selling the B.S.C.S. material. "The authors," declared Gordon Hjalmarson, the B.S.C.S. editor at Houghton Mifflin, "are for most cases native-born American Christians. . . . as Mr. [Fay] Brown [the firm's top Texas salesman] has indicated, he teaches Sunday school in Dallas. The supervisor of the Blue Version writing team representing the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, Dr. [Claude] Welch, has been an elder in the United Church of Christ. I am at the present time and have been for the last two years a deacon in the Congregational Church in my home town."

The next day the selection committee met in secret and, the following day, announced that it had recommended not one but all three of the new biology books.

The battle, however, was not over. Dr. J. W. Edgar, the state commissioner of education, could remove three of the five biology books the committee had recommended. Again the fundamentalists protested, but the commissioner upheld the committee's selections. The final decision now rested with the 21 elected members of the State Board of Education. Another campaign, another hearing, and finally in November, 1964, the *Sweetwater Texas Reporter* emblazoned its edition with the headline: DARWIN DECLARED WINNER IN TEXAS 'MONKEY WAR.'

The victory had a price. Along with the tremendous power it wields in textbook selection, the state of Texas also has an impressive power of censorship—they go hand in hand. Under Texas law, every publisher who submits a textbook for adoption must sign a contract in which he agrees "to make revisions in content as the State Board of Education may direct, authorize and demand."

And Texas authorities do insist upon changes, and publishers do make them. And because publishers find it less costly to issue a single, nationwide edition, they will frequently incorporate these changes in future editions sold throughout the country. In short, it is possible for one state to determine the content of textbooks used from Maine to Oregon. And on occasion the state of Texas does just that.

Thus while the Texas fundamentalists were fulminating, and before the first public hearing was held, a quiet censorship battle was being waged behind the scenes. Members of the textbook committee told Houghton Mifflin's salesmen that several changes would have to be made in *Molecules to Man*, chief target of the fundamentalists, before there could be any sales in Texas.

But no changes could be made without the approval of the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study. The only recourse was to send the Texas comments to Michigan State University's Claude Welch, the B.S.C.S. writing supervisor of *Molecules to Man*.

On October 2, some 12 days before the selection committee held its public hearing, Fay Brown, the manager of Houghton Mifflin's Dallas office, wrote the state commissioner of education that the changes would be made. In his letter Brown declared: "Even though *Molecules to Man* represents the most thoroughly tested project in history, the authors and publishers welcome any constructive suggestions which will enhance the scientific-inquiry approach to biology for all students." The changes Fay Brown listed as enhancing scientific-inquiry include the following:

In the original version the authors had written: "Evolution is not a faith, but a scientific theory. The theory has been developed to account for a body of facts."

This was changed to read: "Evolution is not a *belief*, nor an *observational fact*—it is a scientific theory."

In another change the publisher and Dr. Welch had substituted the word "modified" for "strengthened" in the sentence, "Like all scientific theory, the theory of evolution has been both

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strengthened [now read 'modified'] and revised as research disclosed more and more facts."

In still other changes, the B.S.C.S. replaced, "Biologists are *convinced* that the human species evolved from nonhuman forms," with: "Many biologists *assume* that the human species evolved from nonhuman forms." They also deleted the sentence, "To biologists there is no longer any reasonable doubt that evolution occurs."

Dr. Claude Welch, who authorized the changes, insists they are "minor" and in no way "reduced the logic of our presentation of evolution." Of the pages upon pages of requests for revisions submitted, he declared he "flatly rejected" 99.9 percent of them. "I approved the ones listed in [Fay] Brown's letter," Dr. Welch went on, "simply because the changes seem to make good sense. I certainly don't see what the fuss is about."

In the opinion of Prof. George Gaylord Simpson, Alexander Agassiz professor of vertebrate paleontology at Harvard and one of the nation's top scientists, "the fuss" transcends Darwin's theory. "With only one exception," he said, "the changes follow a tradition of ignorant, red-neck anti-rationalism and anti-evolutionism. They deliberately batten on the vulgar misapprehension that a scientific theory is guesswork, hence as likely to be wrong as right." He added that such a view "is particularly dangerous when it is incorporated in a young person's study of science, which should show him at least the rudiments of rational thinking in the scientific way."

For all that, the texts *do* cover evolution and other previously taboo subjects and Texas *did* adopt them.

Yet with all this one must remember that the dubious changes made as the result of the Texas adoption will be incorporated into future printings that will be sold to schools throughout the United States. As previously noted, this is common practice.

His greeting was warm, almost effusive. He wore a red jacket over a bright red tie rippling down a gray shirt. His silver hair was parted in the middle. All along one wall of his spacious office were group photographs of the nation's most eminent scientists, all friends or acquaintances of the man I had come to see, Dr. Jerrold R. Zacharias, professor of physics at M.I.T.

During most of his academic career, Dr. Zacharias had been absorbed in such esoteric fields of research as the hyperfine structure of atomic hydrogen, deuterium and chlorine, and the nuclear moments of those elements and their isotopes. He was one of the developers of the atomic beam clock, an extraordinarily precise device that loses only one hundredth of a second a year. More recently, however, Dr. Zacharias has been busy in another area—he and his colleagues have wrought an educational revolution.

In our time and in our country, anti-intellectuals found sustenance in the tensions of the Cold War and a leader in the late Senator McCarthy. In such an atmosphere the search for truth was frequently considered an act of subversion, and the intellectual was looked upon as the purveyor of heresy. During this period Dr. Zacharias began serving as a member of the committee of scientists who advised the President. Distressed by the public witch hunts, he also witnessed the privately expressed fears of Russian scientific achievements. Then, in 1956, Professor Zacharias arose to address his colleagues.

"We had been briefed to the point of boredom on how the Russians were getting ahead of us technologically," he recalled. "Finally I spoke up. The problem was not the Russians, but the anti-intellectualism which had pervaded our colleges and schools and which was getting into our children. 'Shouldn't we understand this problem?' I asked."

At first no one responded.

"The only way I know how to do anything," Professor Zacharias said, "is to start with the specific and go to the general." The specific that he knew best was physics. He was concerned, too, with the dull way this discipline was being taught in the schools, and he was deeply concerned with the textbooks then in use; he felt that they grossly misrepresented the subject he loved.

Dr. Zacharias went to the National Science Foundation, and in November, 1956, he received his first grant of $303,000 to do something about improving the teaching of the most difficult of sciences. In the meantime he had received promises of aid from top scientists at Harvard, Cornell, the University of Illinois, M.I.T. and the Bell Telephone Laboratories. "None of this was done by institutional relation-

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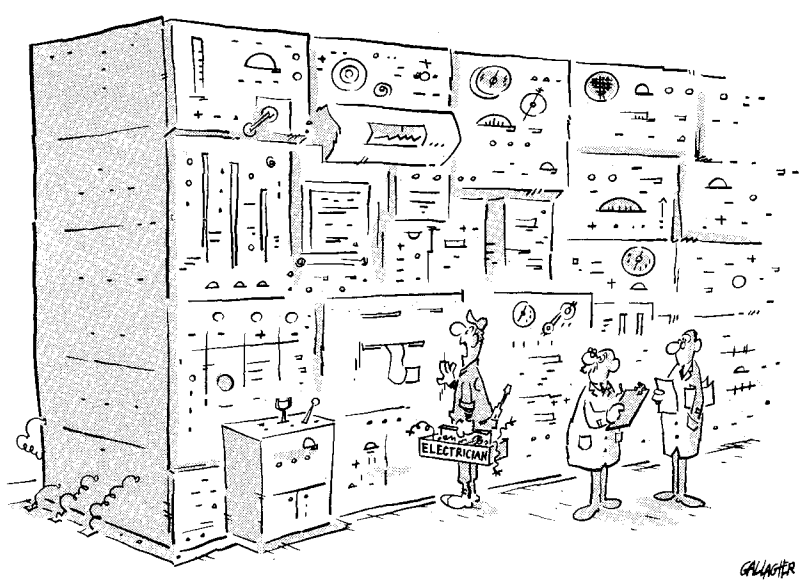

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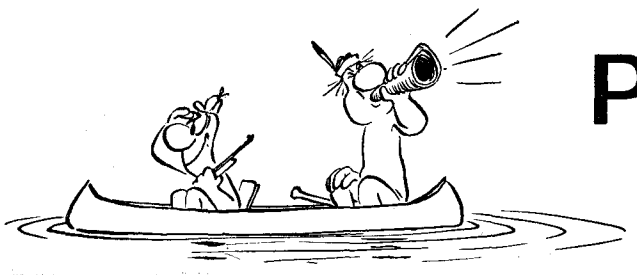

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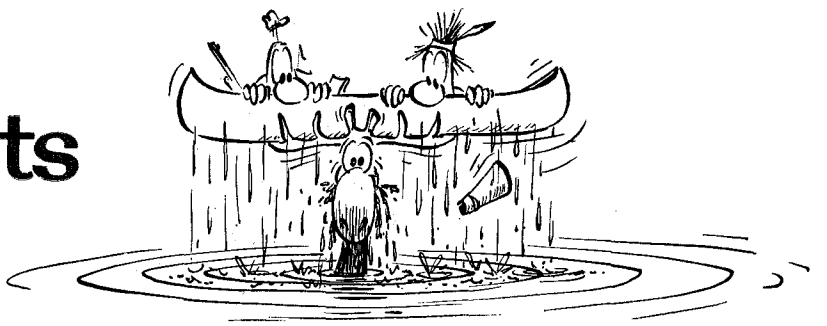

"But dear, wouldn't it be simpler to place a 'soul brother' sign in our window?"

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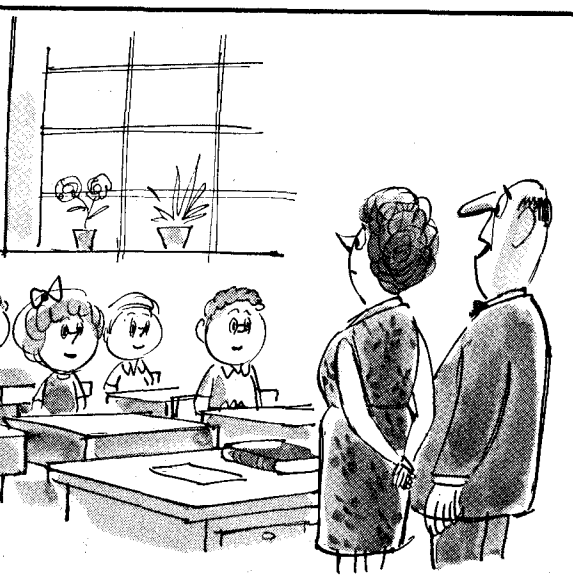
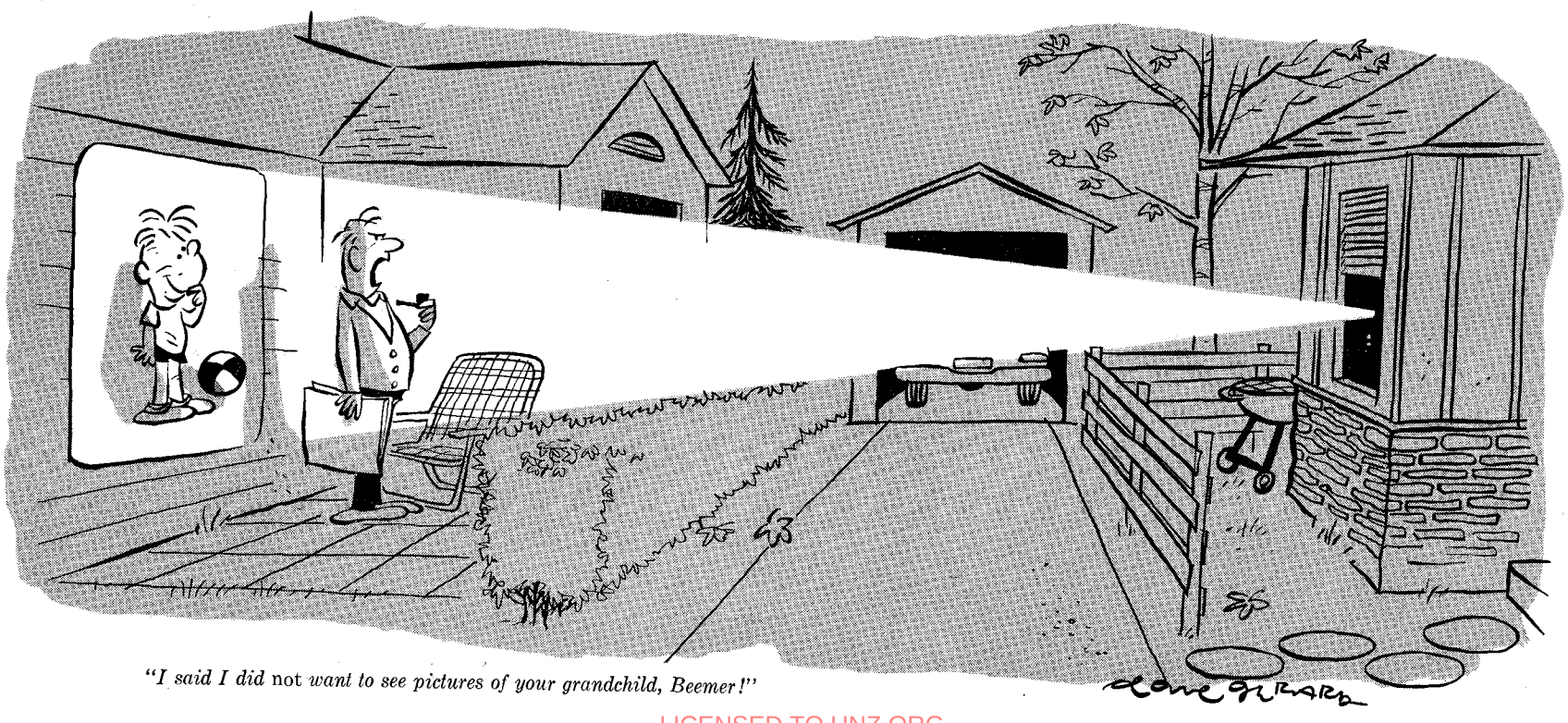


"I see what you mean about that one being poorly motivated."



"I said I did not *want to see pictures of your grandchild, Beemer!"*

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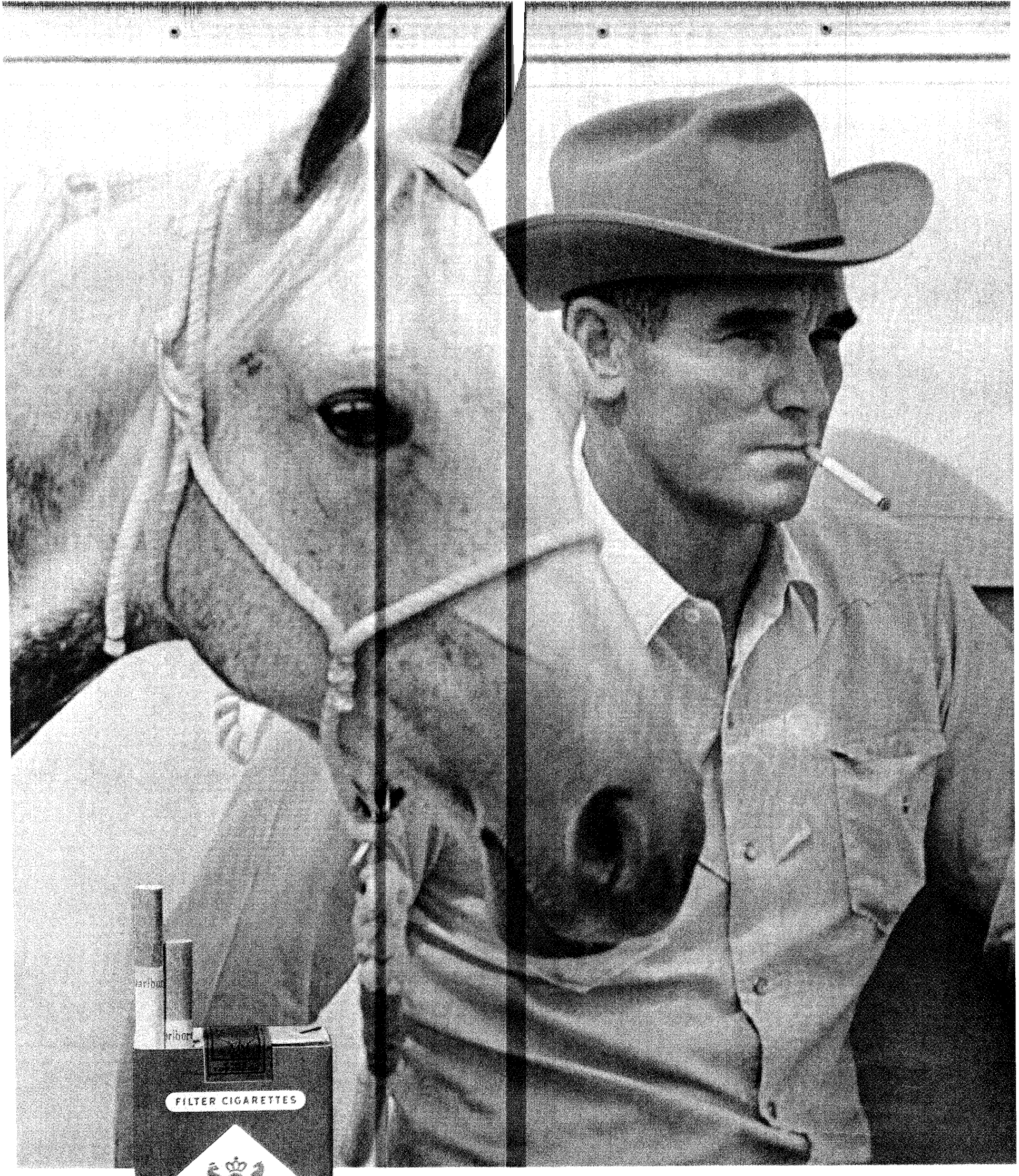

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(*continued from page 79*)

ships," he said. "It was just us boys." The group rapidly expanded and became known as the Physical Science Study Committee—the first of the curriculum reform groups. Four years and over five million dollars later, the first hardbound P.S.S.C. textbook appeared in the schools, along with a series of movies and laboratory guides filled with new experiments. Turned over to D.C. Heath for commercial publication, the P.S.S.C. text is now being used by half the high-school physics students in the United States.

But the new physics program was only the beginning. Since the National Science Foundation made its first grant to the P.S.S.C. in November, 1956, millions in federal funds have been distributed by the N.S.F. to other study groups. Among them: $21 million for math; $1[illegible] million for biology; $4 million for chemistry; and more than $13 million for a variety of elementary-science study groups.

Perhaps the most important promise of these new programs is that learning can become a fascinating experience for both teachers and students. An example is the discovery method now used to teach many subjects. Its most dramatic application is in the Cuisenaire Rods, consisting of 72 wooden sticks ranging in length from 1 to 10 centimeters. By playing with the sticks, with the aid of a teacher, children discover all the mathematical operations, including multiplication, factoring and division, fractions and proportions.

Then consider what has happened to the teaching of foreign languages, a subject in the past that was learned by rote and taught by drill.

Until 1961 almost every youngster who studied French, German, Spanish or Russian was given a combination grammar book and reader. "He would spend two years translating sentences like, 'My aunt's purple umbrella is under the bench in the park,'" recalled Mary Thompson with a quiver of horror. Miss Thompson, who directed the federally funded language revolution, added, "The only objectives in teaching foreign languages were reading and translation. It was a deadening process with no relation to the fact that these are living languages. Few children ever learned how to listen and speak."

Today a child in the seventh grade who studies French under the new program learns to speak before he learns to read and write. Within two years a youngster is reading excerpts from modern French novels, poetry and newspapers, and carrying on ordinary conversations in French.

The dramatic changes that are sweeping the teaching of foreign languages, science and math are only beginning to touch the two vital remaining disciplines, humanities and social studies. But here, too, a whole new world of learning is about to burst upon the schools. As in the sciences, millions of dollars in federal, foundation and university grants are being poured into over 140 research and development programs in literature, American history, economics and civics.

At Harvard, Dr. Donald Oliver, a professor of education and a social scientist, is experimenting with a senior-high-school social-studies program that presents the great controversial issues of the past and present. Readings include an excerpt from Kenneth Roberts's novel, *Oliver Wiswell*, describing the persecution of a liberal Tory family by the rebelling Americans, the trial of Galileo, and an account of how a Boston mob killed a United States marshal who was returning a Negro slave to his owner in the South under the Fugitive Slave Law. The youngsters are then bombarded with a series of highly charged questions that involve them in conflicts of conscience and values.

Many scholars complain that the traditional history textbooks attempt to cover too much history and thus do not have the space to present more than a brief summary of events and preordained conclusions. All that youngsters get is "one damned event after another," says Peter Wolffe.

Wolffe until recently had a top editorial role in a social-studies program that is being created by Education Development Center (formerly Educational Services, Inc.), a nonprofit organization of university scholars and schoolteachers. One of E.D.C.'s most interesting projects is a course on colonial history for 12-year-olds that is based almost entirely on original sources and documents. The aim is twofold: to teach eighth-graders American history and at the same time to train them to think like historians.

For example, an experimental section on the Battle of Lexington poses a startlingly simple question: "What happened on April 19, 1775, at Lexington, Massachusetts?" The student quickly learns that the answer is not simple. The youngsters are given six written versions of the battle. They include three accounts composed by English soldiers and three by Americans. The eighth-graders are then asked to show where the British and Americans agreed and disagreed, and finally to construct their own version of what happened.

Though much of this new material has been subsidized by the Federal Government and private foundations, the publishing houses are risking their own money for some of the research and in some cases paying all the costs. Indeed, for the first time in the history of textbook publishing almost every major house can boast of at least one innovation in a field that had barely changed for nearly half a century.

Yet all these improvements just begin to touch on the increasingly complex problems that the schools will face in the future. For example, numbers.

"Just to maintain the class ratio of thirty students to one teacher," declared Craig Senft, "half our college graduates will have to go into teaching by 1970. But lacking the human resources, we will have to turn to technology, to introduce totally new concepts of teaching. We may have to build schools completely run by computers. We may have to build learning rooms in every home where a child sits at a console, presses a button and retrieves whatever information he needs. We may turn to educational TV and have a master teacher teach a thousand classrooms at once. All these things are technologically possible now. What we don't know is how to use these tools effectively in the teaching process."

And indeed, here lies the problem: what to put in the machines so that they will become effective teachers? It is for this reason that six of the nation's largest electronics firms—Xerox, General Electric, I.B.M., Raytheon, CBS and R.C.A.—have recently acquired or joined forces with publishers who, it is hoped, will supply or supplement the human brain matter that will turn computers into teachers.

The most advanced electronically run educational system produced to date is the creation of Dr. Patrick C. Suppes, director of Stanford's Institute for Mathematical Studies in the Social Sciences. Dr. Suppes, financed by $2.5 million from the Carnegie Corporation, the National Science Foundation, and the U.S. Office of Education, has programmed an I.B.M. computer that is attempting to teach reading and math to 100 first-graders in East Palo Alto's Brentwood School, where 80 percent of the children are Negro.

For example, in one reading lesson a child is asked to combine the initial sounds *r*, *p* and *b* with the endings *an*, *at* and *ag*, and to make *ban*, *pan*, *ran*, *bat*, *pat*, *rat*, *bag* and *rag*. As each word is flashed on the screen, the youngster, who is also wearing earphones, hears a woman's taped voice pronounce it. Then the voice, always pleasant, always patient, asks the child to touch or write the word *ran* on a cathode-ray tube using an electronic light pen. (He can also respond by typing his answer or by pushing one of several multiple-choice buttons.) If the youngster picks the correct answer, the voice tells him so. If he touches *ban*, then he gets a remedial drill in initial sounds. If he chooses *rag* instead of *ran*, the machine goes over previous lessons because he probably does not understand the lesson being taught.

The Suppes system was first put into use in September, 1966, and it is too early to tell whether it will prove effective. However, if the Suppes programmed computer or others like it should work, it could totally revolutionize education in the elementary and high schools and colleges. For the computer possesses a crucial device that no human being can produce: total and instant recall of all the information that has been fed into it. This means that it eventually may be able to serve as an individual instructor that will take into account the strengths and weaknesses of each child. It would do this by modifying the curriculum fed into it on the basis of each student's responses. More drill in the same lesson for one child. A remedial lesson for another. Quick advancement for a third.

In the new age, not only will human have to program the computer and therefore do its original thinking, but once it has been programmed the teacher will have more time to think, to give individual attention to each child and to teach what the computer cannot manage. Moreover, no machine, however clever its masters, can provide the inspiration that comes from a human being who himself is inspired by the subject he loves and the young mind he is trying to awaken. Finally, no computer with its extraordinary recall, no mass TV class, no self-winding film that a five-year-old can operate, will ever replace the reading book, although some of these devices may radically change the textbook as we have studied it.

"There will be hundreds of books some in paperback, some in hard cover some stored on the classroom shelves others in the school computer," says Craig Senft. "Each book will be different and cover a part of each subject in depth. As Dean Francis Chase of the University of Chicago put it, the biggest revolution in education will come from a better use of books."

The promise is great. At last, after two centuries of what must now seem like imperceptible progress, education is being touched by the visionaries. With the questions they ask, with the dreams that possess them, they may yet open a world of wonder to the children they seek to teach.

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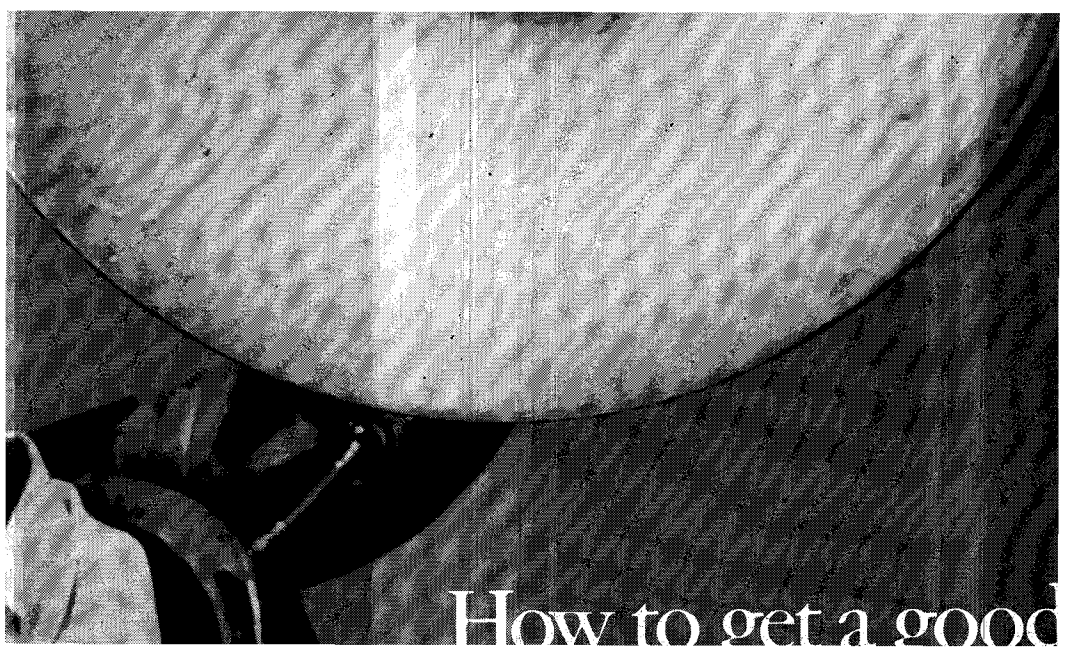

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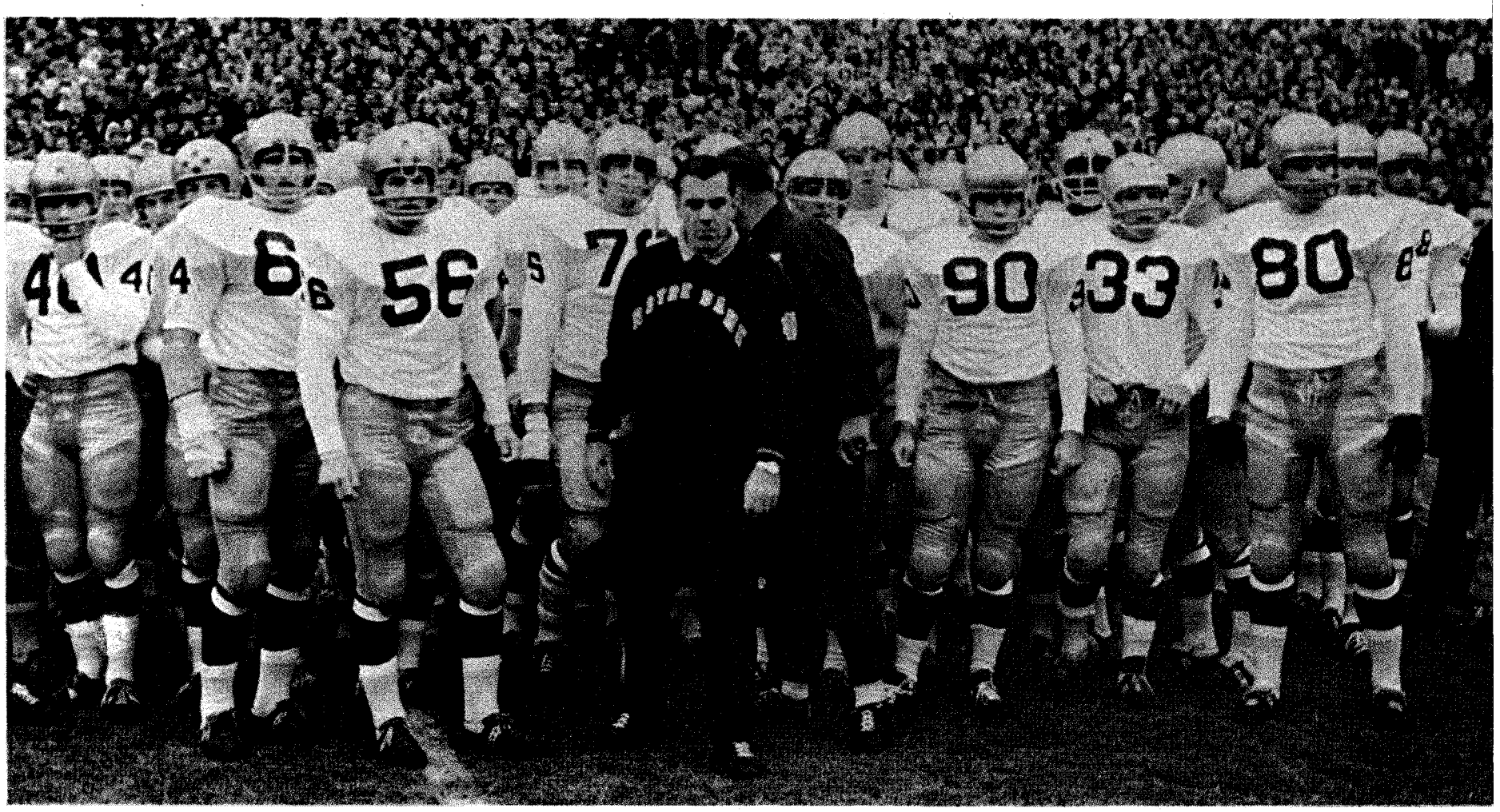


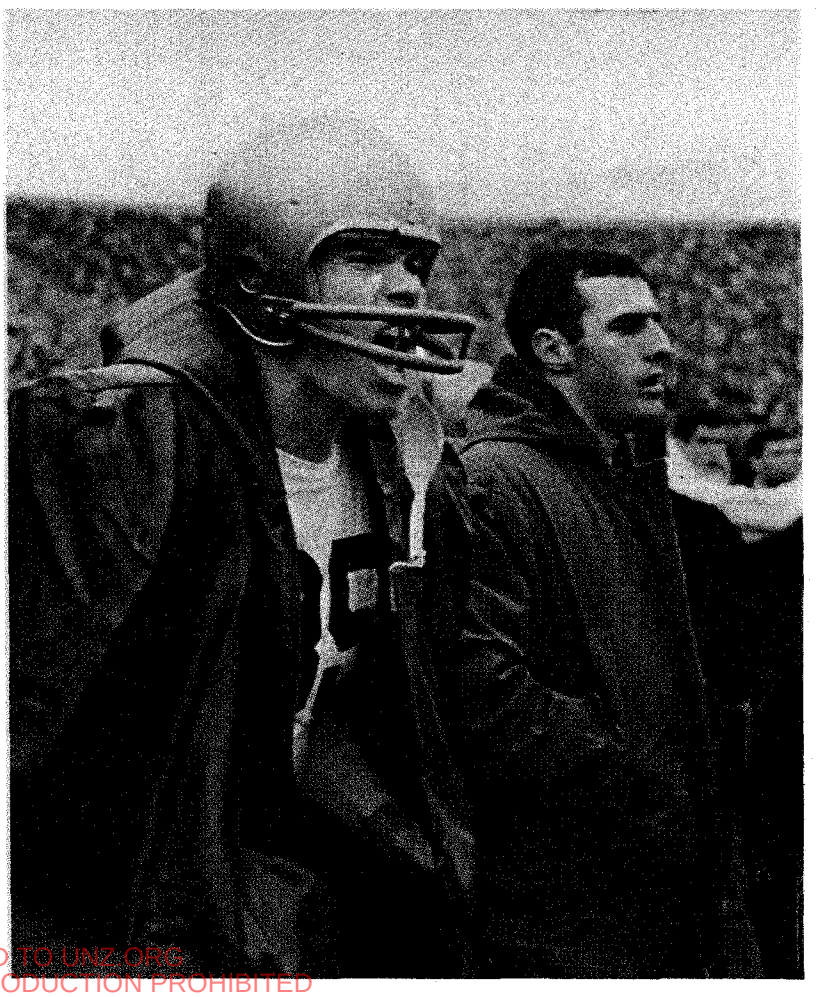
Stern Ara Parseghian, in blue sweatshirt, leads Notre Dame Fighting Irish band.

We're number one!

By John Bowers

They came through the stadium tunnel in their bulky football gear, still as polite and gentle as they had been on campus. It was a wet, gray afternoon, and earlier a few had looked wistfully toward heaven and said practice might be called off if the rain really came down. Terry Hanratty, the quarterback, had his left leg taped from calf to upper thigh because of a pulled hamstring muscle. Jim Seymour, the pass-catching end, wore high-top shoes to protect an injured ankle. As the team hustled shoulder to shoulder through the darkened passageway, someone went, "Moooooo!" It got a great laugh—the last one, as it turned out, of the afternoon.

On the field Ara Parseghian, the intense, dark-eyed head coach, sent the squad through brisk calisthenics. The team ran through plays, the defense in white jerseys, the offense in blue. Hanratty barked signals (he is soft spoken in person), hobbled back into the pocket, and rifled an overhand pass, which he threw like a rock, and Seymour caught it waist high.



Seymour and Hanratty yell for more fight.

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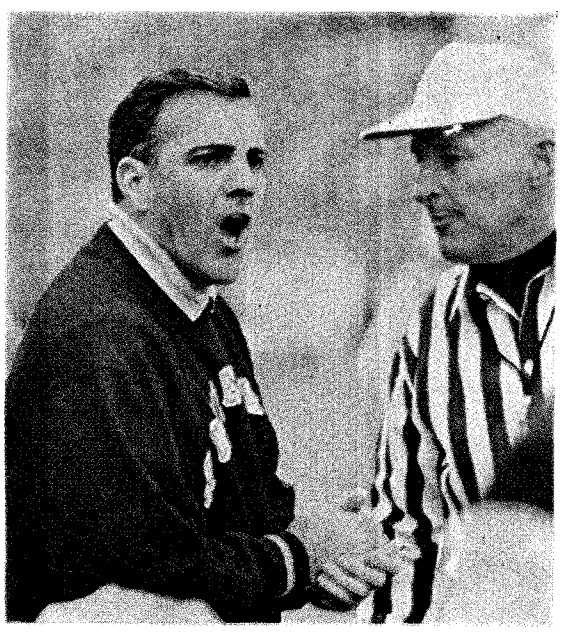
At Michigan State stadium, end Jim Seymour makes a spectacular leap to grasp a pass from quarterback Terry Hanratty, foiling interception attempt of Sterling Armstrong (31).



Coach Parseghian berates a game official about a decision in Michigan State game, which ended in 10–10 tie.

"*Where were you!*" Stamping his foot, Parseghian shouted to a player who had muffed a block: "Stand over here! Right there! Now you get your nose out of his hip pocket!"

This was Notre Dame, preparing for the 1967 season. It had a veteran defensive secondary, two topnotch quarterbacks, and a six-foot-five, 270-pound tackle named Kevin Hardy. The captain of the team, Rocky Bleier, had been a starting halfback in 1966. This was the team that won the national championship in the polls last year, with only a 10–10 tie against Michigan State to impair the record, and here they came again, with Seymour and Hanratty likely to establish themselves as the best college pass-catching combination available. Experts were saying that Notre Dame would again be the team to beat, if anyone could possibly beat them.

The practice went through split-second timing, a horn sounding to change one phase of the drill to another. Occasionally the coaches would run through a play themselves. Parseghian, for instance, took a snap from center and threw a left-handed bullet pass (it overshot the receiver). No one took a drink of water or sat down. Finally Parseghian mumbled something offhandedly, with a shrug, and some 20 players lit out as if being fired upon. One boy was traveling so blindly that he upended himself over a roadway fireplug. Parseghian had just told the first-string offensive and defensive teams they were through for the day.

"We run off that field like that so the coaches can't call us back," Jim Seymour said later. "We hear them trying to, we just keep on chugging. We get in that clubhouse, and we get off that gear."

The second-string teams remained on the field with Coley O'Brien, Hanratty's sub, as quarterback. "OK," Parseghian said. "Now we hit."

The blue and white teams lined up. "Look him in the eye," John Ray, the defensive coach, bellowed to an end. 'Look that Italian in the eye!" "Two . . . two . . . two," O'Brien called roughly, the ball snapped, and a loud grunt sounded that

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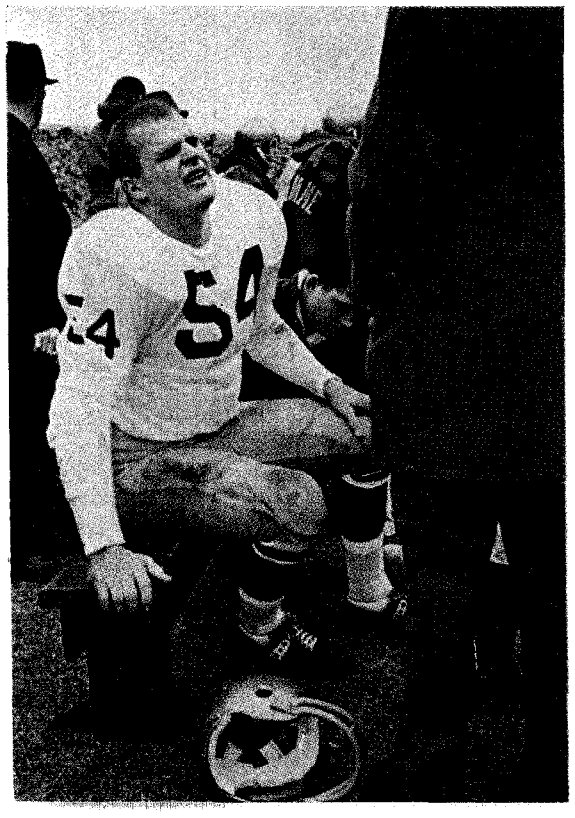
trailed off into a near-moan. Elbows swung, gear clicked and bodies collided. A halfback went gracefully off-tackle but was met from the side by a linebacker who took him down. One boy lay gasping on his stomach. The other players barely glanced at him, as if it were too private a sight. Trainer Gene Paszkiet and a doctor in gray rain gear trotted out, ripped the player's pant leg at the knee, and moved the cartilage back and forth. Parseghian reacted like the players, barely flicking his eye on the injured boy. "You get so you can tell if a boy's seriously hurt," he said later.

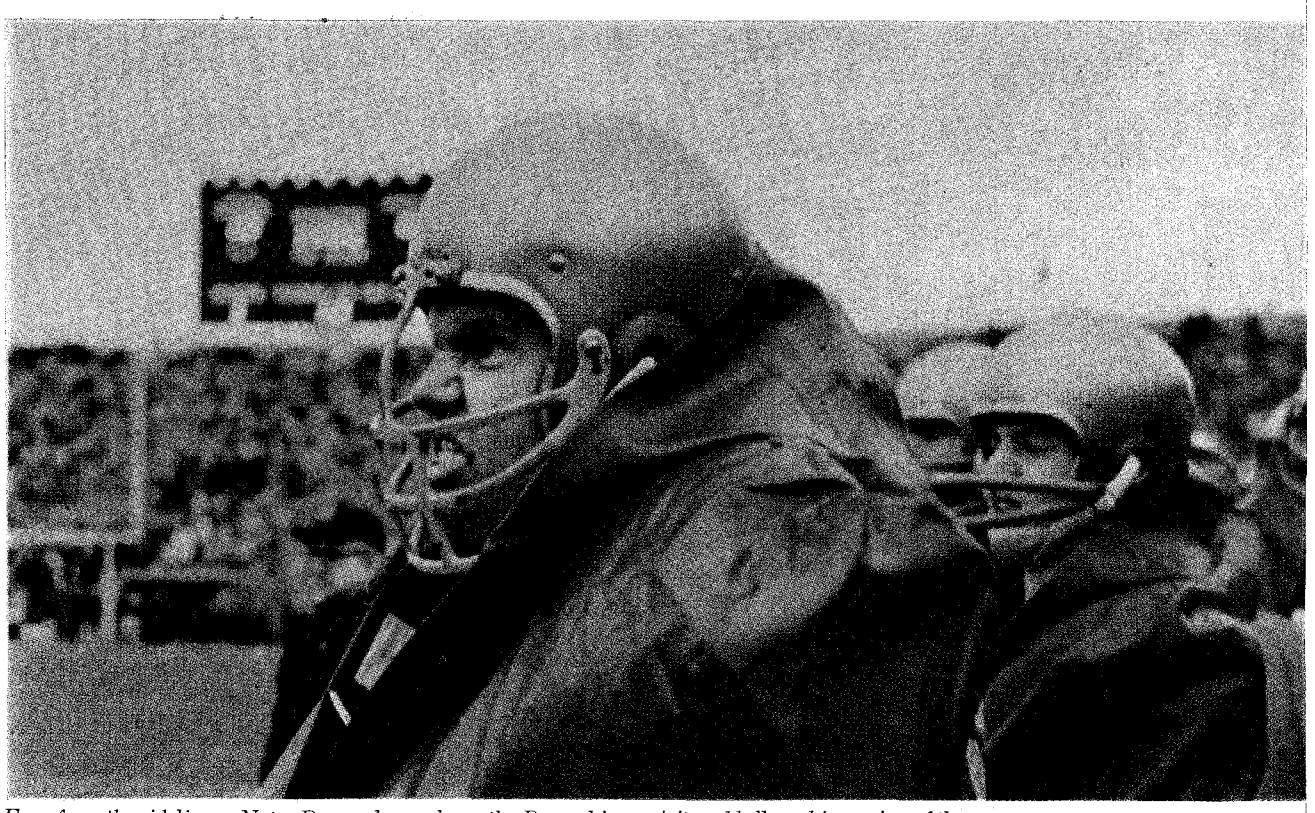
The scrimmage continued. Soon blood showed on the bridge of a nose, on jerseys, on the back of a calf. A hefty lineman trotted before the trainer, his head swinging crazily. "I can't see, I think one of my contacts popped out," he said.

Another boy lay wriggling on his back, the second knee injury of the day. The coaches kept up a steady blast of commands. "Have *courage*," one yelled. "You act like my weak sister. Get in there!" *Pride* was another word thrown out often: "Where's your *pride!* Don't back off from him!" For a missed assignment the coaches would smack a player hard on the shoulder pads, jiggle a face mask, and one applied the point of a shoe to the big behind of a squatting lineman. "If you've got to puke, go over to the side and come back!"

A fullback named Ed Ziegler, an agile, head-butting runner, was having trouble blocking, and a pass play broke down abruptly as five huge linemen came tearing through for Coley O'Brien. "*Good God, look out!*" Everyone—coaches, reporters, a priest—fled for his life. "Get somebody else in there for Ziegler!" Parseghian yelled. "I don't care who. Ziegler—what's the matter with you! *You trying to get the coaches killed?*" After a few plays and little yardage gained, Parseghian sent Ziegler back in. The fullback immediately threw a vicious block.

Winning the national championship in 1966 (AP, UPI and Football Writers Association polls), Notre Dame's football team scored 362 points to their opponents' 38, and had only the tie with arch-rival Michigan State to damage the record. The tie still rankles, and everyone at Notre Dame has an explanation why the Fighting Irish acted as they did in the final seconds of play, when they had the ball and a long way to go to the goal line. To win, it seemed, they would have to pass, but they





Even from the sideline, a Notre Dame player shows the Parseghian spirit and bellows his version of the VICTORY MARCH.

ran with the ball. "I notice that you ask why *we didn't try to win*," Parseghian said to an outsider who had brought up the sensitive question once again. "What makes you think we couldn't have scored on the ground? They were shooting only four men through the line—everybody else was dropping back for the long one. We had our *best chance* on the ground. Anyhow," relaxing, studying the tip of one of the rare cigars he allows himself, "years from now the record'll still show that Notre Dame was number one in 1966 when everybody has forgotten all about that tie."

In 1963, the year before Parseghian took over, Notre Dame won two and lost seven with Hugh Devore as coach. Indeed, despite the folklore of the Fighting Irish, their football record has been remarkably spotty. Under Rockne they won almost always, of course (105–12), but under Coach Elmer Layden, one of Rockne's Four Horsemen, they did only fairly well (47–13)—and then Frank Leahy arrived, and it was victory time once more (87–11). After the feast came the famines. Under Terry Brennan (1954–58) Notre Dame won 32 but lost 18, and under Joe Kuharich (1959–62), Notre Dame was a loser (17–23)—although players from that era say the Notre Dame "spirit" was the same then as now. Parseghian won nine and lost one his first year at Notre Dame in 1964. The next year he lost two, but then came 1966. The days of Rockne and Leahy had returned. "We are lucky to get you, Ara," Francis Wallace, a writer and former president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, told him, "and you are lucky to get us."

Parseghian has a corner office in the Rockne Memorial building that bathes in the morning sun. Sketches of Notre Dame coaches from Rockne through himself hang on the wall, as do a framed *Time* magazine cover of Hanratty and Seymour and a signed message from Pope Paul. Parseghian is a Presbyterian of French and Armenian descent. His mother wanted a girl and kept Ara in long curls and dresses until he was three. In high school he played on the football team, his parents unaware of the fact until the day they discovered his picture in football gear in the local newspaper in Akron, Ohio. He played for Miami University of Ohio in the 1948 Sun Bowl, and lasted one year in the Cleveland Browns' backfield before a hip injury ended his professional football career. He coached at Miami University in Ohio and at Northwestern before coming to Notre Dame. At Northwestern he stopped what had looked like a permanent losing cycle for the Wildcats, posting four straight wins over Kuharich at Notre Dame. His teams there were always better than expected, and he was reputed to get superhuman effort out of average players.

Against Michigan State last year, center George Goeddeke twisted a knee. Shortly after, he was back in the game.

Parseghian belongs to that breed of men who have to win. His players stifle outcries of pain, live under harsh discipline and never question the authority of any coach. His system would never work with a professional team, but at Notre Dame it fits like a glove.

During the season Parseghian works from 6:30 in the morning until 10 at night, with lunch taken at his desk. "I know what it takes to win," he says, "and I just by gum do it." In his office he sits tautly with a leg up on his desk, one hand moving as he talks. When a touchy point comes up—the Michigan State tie—his leg comes down, his eyes flash, and both hands begin chopping the air. Image is very important to him. He has never smoked a cigarette and only started to drink socially in his 30's. His players have impeccable manners, dress neatly and have their hair cut regularly—things the public notices. Their grades come under awesome scrutiny.

Parseghian players are disciplined to place one knee on the ground during the "information periods." These respites are not called "time outs," because that might suggest someone was tired. If a player is injured he must try to get off the field under his own steam. "Never let 'em know you're hurt," defensive coach Ray preaches. Parseghian players get a blue star on their helmets for each

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Mascot disguised as a leprechaun beseeches the team to show pride . . . and courage . . . and win once more.

pass interception. Each night at the training table Parseghian picks out players to praise or reprimand for that day's showing. "They're the finest players in the country," a student says, "but I have a feeling that if they were caught in a building that was on fire, they'd all burn up if nobody told them what to do. . . ."

At Notre Dame, all day long a ball of some description floats in the air. Footballs are winged back and forth between rawboned youths in tight chinos. Other youths in Bermudas push basketballs up on outdoor courts, and somewhere on a path near St. Mary's Lake a fat boy in a sweatsuit and neck towel is forever joggling along.

Last fall before the Duke game the traditional Friday night pep rally was held in the old, dirt-floor fieldhouse. The Marching Band had paraded around the campus earlier, and now it strutted through the door, playing the famous Notre Dame *Victory March* that can still send a chill up the spine. The football players and all coaches except Parseghian sat serenely in the balcony while thousands of students screamed, "We want Ara! We want Ara! WE WANT ARA!"

"He'll be here in five minutes," a student leader remonstrated.

Jim Lynch, captain of the team, half rose from his chair, and the chanting ground to a halt. Coaches and players took turns speaking. "We've given up . . . twenty-eight points this year," Coach Ray said. "*That's twenty-eight points too much!*"

A student dressed as a leprechaun did a jig, fists shot up, and the *Victory March* broke out again.

"Tomorrow some of us are going to play our last game here," a defensive lineman, bordering on tears, said to the crowd. "But we're not going to be forgotten! We're going out AND KILL DUKE!"

Rolls of toilet paper streamed through the air. The *Victory March* sounded again. Hanratty and Seymour sat beside each other in the upper tier, their cheeks shining, their hair combed down. Seymour had his usual deadpan expression, but Hanratty would occasionally have a private thought that would make him smile in a remote sort of way. Seymour was 19 years old and Hanratty was 18.

The next day Notre Dame beat Duke 64–0. Seymour, in high-top shoes and sweatbands on his wrists, took in a touchdown pass with ease. Hanratty threw for two touchdowns, and once ran for 48 yards before the last Duke defender between him and the goal line brought him down. Hanratty then slammed the ball down in disgust. Parseghian, in a blue sweatshirt with Notre Dame written across the chest, paced up and down before the bench, exploding occasionally in shouts. "ARA, ARA, ARA!" came from the stands. Sunlight glanced off Notre Dame's Golden Dome in the distance; the *Victory March* once more.

In the locker room after the game most players dawdled. Jim Seymour, however, tore through showering and dressing. His well-to-do parents and a girl were waiting for him in a restaurant. "Man, I've got to scoot," he said, scribbling another autograph for one of the many little boys who were darting through the locker room like mice. Hanratty removed his gear in slow motion, the private near-smile on his face. By the time he got to the shower it was empty, and he dreamily let the water cascade down on him. Beside the shower is a metal plaque of George Gipp's famous deathbed lines to Knute Rockne: TELL THEM TO GO IN THERE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT AND WIN JUST ONE FOR THE GIPPER. Cardboard signs around the locker room say, MAKE YOUR OPPONENTS FEAR YOU AND RESPECT YOU. WE RESPECT ALL—FEAR NONE and WE HAVE NO BREAKING POINT! Near the door is a sign with one word: PRIDE!

Walking later on the campus, Hanratty had the light, almost tippy-toed stride that many backfield men and boxers have. He carried books in his throwing hand, nodding to a few students he passed, and they nodded back as if he were just another Joe. Hanratty is very shy around outsiders, and his talk is riddled with "yes, sirs," and "no, sirs." He rooms with two boys not on the team (there is no athletes' dorm at Notre Dame). He is majoring in a subject called Communication Arts, and off the field he is quiet, gentle, his humor self-deprecating. ("These are the finest boys in the world," Parseghian had said, his head raised solemnly. "The kind you'd want your daughter to marry.") Yet one could not forget the way Hanratty had stayed in the Michigan State game with a shoulder separation until Parseghian had noticed the injury and turned him over to the doctor. He had remained in a cast until late December, frequently having to take pills to sleep. He liked to hit, and he liked to throw overhand as if he held a rock—his favorite target, Seymour.

"I can tell now by his hands if the secondary's got him covered," Hanratty said. "We can understand each other's moves real well."

Jim Seymour has large brown eyes, big hands that are never still, and hair that is long by Notre Dame standards, but which would be called a crew cut at Berkeley. He yells greetings to youths who hang out of dormitory windows or loiter by campus buildings. "Hey, man, how's the beard coming?" he says in his jerky, faintly hippie style to a young man with a lot of fuzz on his chin. Seymour has moonlighted from football as a pop disc jockey for WSND, the campus radio station. He likes to interject a jivey comment or two between records.

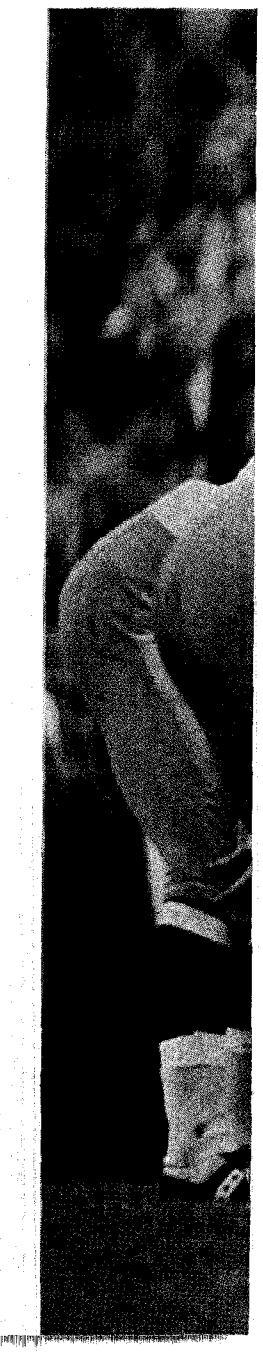
"When I'm with my girl, though, on the weekend," he says, "I dig Dionne Warwick or Streisand in the background, you know what I mean."

Seymour's two older brothers (one played at West Point) used to toss the ball around in the Seymour front yard, and Jim has been running and catching balls ever since. About the tight Notre Dame discipline he says, "If you get out of line, they give you a talking to that makes you feel about this tall"; he holds his thumb and forefinger up with an inch between. "I don't mean about just football. If you goof up in public or your grades slip. Image is very important here."

As he got set to tear for a class, he suddenly reached in a side pocket and pulled out a pistol. "Get a load of this," he said, firing two times to the side of a startled visitor. *Bang, bang*. It was a cap pistol. Jim maintains a 2.0 (C) average, and after he plays his last football game he wants to become a sports announcer. Seeing him lope across a bright, green campus that has not a speck of litter on it, you wish him well.

In the basement of the venerable Administration Building, with the Golden Dome on top, Mike DeCicco sat in an office that was once, he tells you, a toilet. A dark, volatile man, he is the academic counselor for the athletes. He sends a standard form to all professors teaching athletes, and the professors report on how well the boys are doing. If someone shows danger of slipping below the passing mark, DeCicco runs in a tutor. (About 33 athletic scholarships are given out yearly at Notre Dame.) An I.B.M. machine tells DeCicco when an athlete has definitely failed, and then he must inform the player. "We don't care who he is," De Cicco said. "If he fails in grades, then he doesn't play. But the percentage of athletes failing is very, very slight, almost nonexistent. We keep on them, and there's pride, you know. There is——, who I hear is a wise guy on the team, always bragging and acting superior. I'd hate to be in his shoes when the team finally zeros in on him on the field, incidentally. But around me he's always so mannerly, saying, 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir,' all the time. Now don't get me wrong. Most of these boys are the finest in the world. The kind you'd want your sister to marry. . . ."

Coley O'Brien has striking blue eyes, fine blond hair, and is extremely soft-spoken on and off the field. Only his neck—which is very thick—gives a hint of his being a football player. Before the Navy game last fall he found that he had diabetes. He then began giving himself injections of Insulin, not slowing down on his football career at all. He trotted into the Michigan State game after Hanratty was hurt in the first quarter, and immediately zinged passes all over the place. "The real reason Notre Dame didn't try the long bomb in the final seconds," someone close to the team said, "was because Coley started fading then. He hadn't taken enough Insulin that day—not knowing he was going to have to play



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Photographs by Rich Clarkson

practically the entire game. He was munching candy bars at the end, trying to get his strength up, but he just couldn't throw the long one. . . ." The next week against Southern Cal he completed 21 out of 31 passes, tying a Notre Dame record.

In scrimmage Coley had run around right end once on a pass-option play, plowing into a storm of towering, grunting, arm-swinging linemen. Now he stood in The Huddle, the campus hangout, a cut on his lower lip. Blaring rock 'n' roll came from the jukebox, but Coley paid us attention. Didn't he ever have any second thoughts about playing football, weren't there times in a game when he wished he were anywhere else but on the field? "Never in the game itself," he said in his soft voice. "I like to run and hit. It's on those good, sunny afternoons I have second thoughts. Other guys are going off to a show or playing golf, and you have to practice. That hurts. . . ."

Tom Schoen, the impressive defensive back who returns kicks and intercepts passes, has the face of a choirboy—and charges with such headlong abandon into the opposition that he was knocked woozy in the Michigan State game last season and left stretched out cold against Southern Cal. Now he sat in his dormitory room, flipping a small pillow in the air. "I didn't like Notre Dame at first," he said in a jerky style. "No one seemed to be having any fun. I wished back then I'd gone to Florida where the good times were. But I got over it."

What was it like in the dressing room right before kickoff? "Boy, it's tense. Coach Parseghian makes a speech like you never heard before, then turns us over to a priest for a quick 'Hail, Mary.' When we run out on that field our adrenaline is going a mile a minute, and tears can be in your eyes. I never feel all right really until I make my first punt return. Until then I can't relax."

What made him fight so hard? "I've always been that way, and it's partly Notre Dame too. I never could stand not winning, even as a little kid. At anything. Checkers, croquet, you name it."

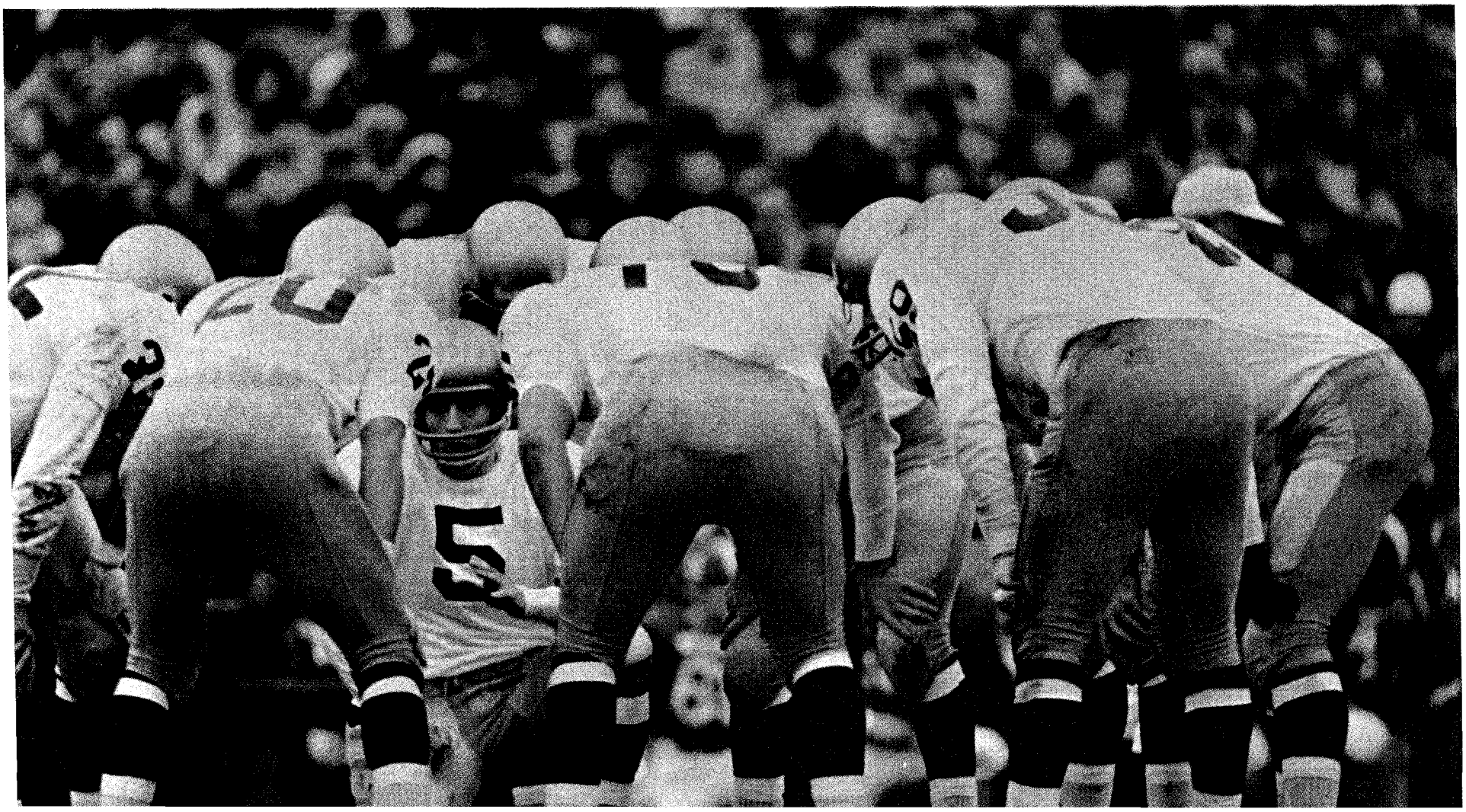
The public may think that the Fighting Irish shine only on the football field, but the emphasis on pride and spirit goes far beyond one sport. Nowhere is it better shown than in the Bengal Bouts, the annual boxing tournament at Notre Dame, in which Tom Schoen fought last March.

Strong, hot lights shone over the canvas ring in the fieldhouse, and students sat all the way up to the rafters. In the first bout a grimacing fighter came out of a brisk exchange with his right arm hanging down. The shoulder had been dislocated, and a knot had popped up the size of a baseball. Between rounds a second in his corner jerked the arm crisply, and the knot disappeared. But it came up again after the next rough clinch, and the arm fell lifeless once more. He fought on, though, and when it was announced that he had lost on a decision, he kicked at the canvas, ashamed.

In other bouts the nose or mouth would often be injured right away, and bright red blood would show. It fell on silk trunks, on canvas and—if the head was jolted near the ropes—into the ringside seats where the spectators leaned back and forth as if on a rolling ship. One fighter was so keyed up that he broke into sobs when he lost on a decision. "*Crybaby, crybaby!*" came the hoot. Two students, who went at each other in a rather prissy manner, were scorned. When two brothers with Irish names slugged it out toe to toe, the stands went wild. Schoen won a decision over a tanklike youth who had run from his corner at the opening gong and popped him squarely on the jaw. Schoen's knees had buckled, but he kept pounding away. "I'd sparred with him before, and he'd never fought like that," Schoen said later. "I guess he thought he'd get some glory if he could put away a football guy. But I wasn't about to let him beat me."

They tell about how the late Ian Fleming—creator of James Bond—used to win foot races at Eton. Before each important match he was supposedly given a good caning by a master, and he then led the pack toward the finish line, with blood trickling down the back of his legs, his upper lip stiff. The story is supposed to say something, beyond Fleming, about how the English public-school system works. At Notre Dame these days they talk about how linebacker Mike McGill ran off the field in the Oklahoma game last fall with torn ligaments in his knee, requiring major surgery the following Monday. He didn't cry out, no one helped him, and the Sooners never realized how badly he was hurt. *That* shows something, beyond McGill, about how Notre Dame works. □

In huddle's center, Quarterback Hanratty assembles his chargers before leading them to defend No. 1 position.



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Editorial

Vietnam: no exit

It is a tribute to some vestigial sense of right and wrong that we still cling to nice legalities, like elections and constitutions, even in such an essentially lawless mess as the war in Vietnam. There was little real choice, of course, in the recent voting in South Vietnam. The Communists, who actually govern much of the country, were barred, and so were all leftists and "neutralists." But the formalities were observed. Millions of peasants were given the opportunity to vote for the continued rule of Generals Thieu and Ky, and so they did. It was interesting to note that the generals' strongest competition came from the civilian who most nearly resembled a "peace candidate," and that the civilian candidates won a combined total of almost two thirds of the votes. But the generals were united, for once, and so, with a third of the votes, representing one tenth of the population, they won.

Now that this plebiscite is over, what does it add up to? A few months ago Washington optimists liked to argue that the gathering of a constituent assembly, the writing of a constitution, and the election of a president would tend to create a semblance of popular government, a justification for our claim of defending South Vietnam's right to self-determination. Ideally, if the Thieu-Ky regime really represented anything more than the army officer corps, it might institute a few social reforms and might even rally the apathetic populace into support of the war. It might also have the authority to negotiate seriously with the Communists. But it seems more likely that both Washington and Saigon will consider the election as a justification for still fiercer escalation of the fighting. The generals have already announced publicly that they want more American troops to fight their war for them. Now that they have the people's votes in their pockets, who is to deny them?

We may carp about the rigging of elections in South Vietnam, but President Johnson was justified in arguing that "we cannot impose impossible standards for a young nation at war." When it comes to manipulating things, the inexperienced Vietnamese can learn their lessons from masters. It might be edifying for them to recall, for instance, how Lyndon Johnson portrayed Barry Goldwater as a warmonger until the 1964 election was over and then proceeded to carry out Goldwater's policies. More recently, they might have been edified if they had watched some distinguished United States senators trying to squirm out of a trap that Johnson had set for them. The scene was the chamber of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, just after Johnson had authorized U.S. bombers to raid targets within 10 miles of the Chinese border, and Senator Fulbright wanted to know how such warlike acts could be committed without congressional approval. Under Secretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach replied by citing the Tonkin Gulf resolution that the senators themselves had passed back in the comparatively halcyon days of 1964: "The Congress approves and supports the determination of the President, as Commander in Chief, to take all necessary measures . . . to prevent further aggression."

"Didn't that resolution," Katzenbach asked, "authorize the President to use the Armed Forces of the United States in whatever way was necessary? Didn't it?" Fulbright, who had sponsored the resolution, could only complain that the measure had been "drafted by the executive," that it had been passed "without any consideration," that he himself had "misinterpreted it," and that "it wasn't clear to me." Next day the President was solicitous. "If we have acted unwisely or improperly," he said, the senators could simply abandon the President and repeal the resolution—a step with political consequences that none of the senators felt like risking.

The President, too, is facing an election, and it now looks as though Vietnam will be one of the biggest issues. Johnson will have to go before the people and defend his conduct of the "limited" war—and according to the latest polls more than 60 percent disapprove of his conduct. What keeps the President on his feet, however, is that his opponents are divided between those who want more fighting and those who want less.

What, then, can the Republicans offer as an alternative? Traditionally, they have been even more bellicose than the President. The congressional leaders, Senator Dirksen and Representative Ford, and the past presidential nominees, Goldwater and Nixon, have differed from Johnson only in calling for more bombing. But just as traditionally, the Republicans have proclaimed themselves the party of peace, and none of them has forgotten that Dwight Eisenhower was elected partly because of his implicit promise to end the Korean War. Some of the most prominent presidential prospects, notably Governor Romney and Senator Percy, have hinted their opposition to the war and indicated that they could find means to settle it.

But if Lyndon Johnson is trapped in a war he can't win or end, he knows very well how to trap his opponents, and he has a year in which to preempt their alternatives. If the Republicans contemplate a "war" candidate, Johnson can increase the fighting until his opponent has nothing left to advocate but the bombing of China. If the Republicans contemplate a "peace" candidate, Johnson can launch such a variety of "peace offensives" that his opponent has nothing left to advocate but outright surrender. And if the Republicans try to attack from both flanks at once, Johnson can, as he has in the past, wage both peace and war with such fury that he smothers all opposition. The prospect may then be that the American voter has as little choice as the Vietnamese who dutifully cast their votes for Generals Thieu and Ky.

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